Vol. XL, No. 1 January 1st Toronto, January 1, 1927

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"



"HER SNOW-MAN," PAINTED FOR MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE BY M. S. MUSSELMAN.

10¢ W. A. Fraser—Arthur Hunt Chute—Norman Reilly Raine *Twice-*

TO THIS FILM ON TEETH

TODAY'S LEADING DENTAL OPINION ASCRIBES MANY TOOTH AND GUM DISORDERS

To gain clearer teeth and healthy gums, many authorities advise that film be combated daily, a new way



The sophisticated woman subjects her teeth to a rigid inspection — for upon teeth smiles depend. So Pepsodent, widely urged by leading dental authorities for its therapeutic and prophylactic action, becomes a factor in modern beauty culture

MOST persons teeth and gums are imperiled according to many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively a new way in tooth cleansing is being advised A way that differs in formula and effect from previously accepted methods It is the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

For years dental science sought ways to fight film Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated — removed every day from the teeth

Film was found to cling to teeth, to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay Film was found to be the basis of tartar Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film removing method Ordinary brushing was found ineffective Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent



Curdles and removes film . . . Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums — Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube Brush teeth this way for 10 days, Note how thoroughly film is removed The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips, the gums then should start to firm and harden





FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company Dept. 1336, 191 George St., Toronto, Ont., Canada. Only one tube to a family.

Name

Address

U. S. Office and Laboratories 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill U.S.A London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London S. E. 1 The Pepsodent Co. (Australia) Ltd 127 Clarence St. Sydney N.S.W



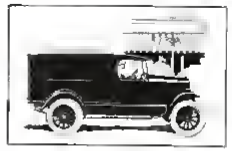
For 1927 the most complete line of 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks

THE HARVESTER organization announces a complete line of improved Speed Trucks of six distinct chassis designs to meet every requirement for loads up to 1½ tons.

Model S is built to carry a 1½-ton load. It comes equipped with a 4 or 6-cylinder power plant and with any type of body for hauling and delivery.

Model SL — safe and low and easy to work with — is a 1½-ton chassis with either a 4- or 6-cylinder engine and has a wheelbase of 160 inches. The top of the frame is only 24 inches from the ground.

Model SD is a handy specially-built 1½-ton chassis with a wheelbase of 110 inches, designed for dump or tractor work It is ideal for general contracting, road building, and trailer hauling



For light, quick haulage we suggest our "Special Delivery" — a fast and sturdy model for ½ ton loads. Any type of body.

Every International Speed Truck is a truck from the ground up — not a rebuilt passenger car. Engine, clutch, transmission, axles, springs, frame, and all the other essentials are the result of 22 years of truck building experience.

Whether your loads run to bulk or weight, whether your business calls for style and distinction or plain utility in its hauling equipment — there is a 4- or 6-cylinder Speed Truck in either a 1¼ or 1½-ton chassis made to meet your needs exactly.

The International line also includes Heavy-Duty Trucks up to 5 tons capacity Motor Coaches and the McCormick Deering Industrial Tractor

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF CANADA Ltd
HAMILTON CANADA

Western Branches—Brandon Winnipeg, Man. Calgary Edmonton Lethbridge Alta Estevan N Battleford Regina Saskatoon Yorkton Sask. Vancouver B. C.
Eastern Branches—Hamilton London Ottawa, Ont. Montreal Quebec Que. St John N. B.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS





"I WAS SO TROUBLED WITH CONSTIPATION that two months ago I was just about giving up my work. One night I was talking to one of the boys and he told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so. Now I am no longer bothered with constipation and I feel fine. My work is a pleasure instead of a grind and I have Fleischmann's Yeast to thank for my good health."
W. J. KELLY, Calgary, Alta.

"I USED TO SUFFER GREATLY FROM INDIGESTION with the form of it is headaches and biliousness. I tried many kinds of medicines which my friends were continually recommending to me and finally, on someone's suggestion, I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I began taking three cakes a day and soon found that my headaches and biliousness were gradually disappearing. In a short time I was no longer troubled with them. Even after I was entirely free of my ailments, however, I took a further guarantee of good health. I continued taking Fleischmann's Yeast; two cakes a day."
MRS. J. H. FLEMING, Regina, Sask.

Enter—Health, Energy, Ambition

This simple food conquers constipation, corrects skin and stomach disorders *in an easy, natural way*



NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal—on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-13, The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

WHEN I WENT TO THE OLYMPIC GAMES I was unable to obtain Flesch mann's Yeast in this city and began to be troubled with small boils. My trainer said this was customary with athletes unless they ate Yeast or took some tonic. I had eaten Yeast for several years at home and consequently had been saved these physical discomforts. On my return I ate Fleischmann's Yeast regularly and, in splendid physical condition, won first in the Amateur Championship of North and South America—which I won.
CHARLES BELLAMY, Vancouver, B. C.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation

I FOUND MYSELF QUITE RUN DOWN due to the continuous strain of many social activities. I grew nervous, lost energy and became easily irritated. A number of people recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I took it for a short while but noticing no great improvement, discontinued. Later I realized this was not a fair trial and began taking Yeast again regularly. In three months everyone commented on my improvement. Fleischmann's Yeast is a wonderful tonic."
MRS. W. CLARK, Hamilton, Ont.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS MADE IN CANADA

JANUARY 1, 1927

SUBSCRIPTION: TWO DOLLARS A YEAR TEN CENTS PER COPY

MACLEAN'S

Editor H. NAPIER MOORE Associate Editor W. A. IRWIN

VOLUME XL NUMBER ONE

COPYRIGHT 1926 BY THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

Where the West Begins

It may be Atlantic Coast, Pacific Shore or Prairie—wherever invincible faith is found

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

DECORATION BY L. A. C. PANTON

HOPE has been ever turning toward the West. The Wise Men of the East were journeying westward when they followed the star. Leif Erickson was making his westing when "over the great white shoulder of the world he came." The prairie schooners were facing the sunset as they lunshered on toward Oregon.

According to poetic fancy, Tir-nan-og, the Land of the Ever Young, existed over the western seas. Although that realm no longer lures across unknown horizons, may we not with truth say that Canada has become the heir of Tir nan-og? The hope of the world is here in this Last Best West.

But Canada is a vast Doctrine stretched out from sea to sea. Just where in this broad land does that magic place we call the West begin?

When Sieur de Monts landed at Port Royal, the Annapolis valley that stretched before him was the West.

When Cartier stood for the first time on the heights of Mount Royal and gazed at the forest and wilderness beneath, he was then gazing at the farthest West.

A generation ago Northern Ontario was reckoned West. In time, that elusive term moved on to Fort Garry, to a cow town, Calgary, to a trading post, Vancouver.

The old West together with the old frontier is passing. To-day the transcontinental traverses the trail of the fur traders while an Eaton store has supplanted the tepee of Chief Pie-a-Pot.

Here and there, an old timer tells of the roaring days of the Indian, of the buffalo hunt, and of that open country that satisfied one's longings as to what a country should be. When some latter-day mint begins to talk about the West, he exclaims sententiously:

"Hell! this ain't the West! There ain't no such place no more. Gotta go up in the Peace River country or along by Hudson's Bay."

Such remarks bring us back to the conjecture: Just where does the West begin?

WHEN we go to Nova Scotia and hear certain decadent descendents of that province lamenting about brave days gone, and crying out "Ichabod! Ichabod!" we are sure that here is not the West.

When we stand on Shaughnessy Heights, in Vancouver, and listen to the croakers calling their plaint "Mortgage Heights" depicting the bold men who let off more than he could chew, when we listen to such, we are sure that this is not the West.

At Sydney Cape Breton contemplating its vast resource of iron and coal at Tidewater Charlie Schwab exclaims: "I tell you the day will come when Sydney will out rival Pittsburgh."

When we hear that invincible faith on the farthest end of Cape Breton Island, there the West begins.

Sir Henry Thornton stands gazing at Vancouver harbor with its vista of the Orient, and exclaims: "This is the best bet on the North American continent."

Here again is the voice of the West sounding on the shores of the Pacific.

The West begins with the Land of our Dreams. The West begins where ever the audacious heart dares to answer to the call of vision, whether on the Atlantic coast, on the Pacific shore, or on the prairies that roll between.

WE HEAR a deal about the desirability of peopling our open spaces. The best preparation that we can make to attract, and to hold new settlers is to foster in Canada the true western spirit of practical idealism. With that spirit alive in our midst the country will speak for itself.

Our statesmanship in the future must think not merely in terms of balanced budgets, but in terms of the home, as expressed in the well-being of the mother and the child.

It is not enough to make this country a good place in which to do business. Our problem is to make Canada a good place in which to dwell. Don't let anyone run away with the idea that that problem has been solved. As we strive to better our condition it is to be hoped that we will follow the vision splendid of our pioneers, rather than the mirage of alien iconoclasts.

The man with the hoe, the carping critic, and the visionless drudge can never hope to become true citizens of the West. It was the hope of something better than this that brought our fathers to this land, that hope must carry on.

The little gray home in the West must continue to beckon here with more of happiness and beauty, with more of kindliness and love.

The West begins with the gipsy trail, with the lure of the open spaces, begins with a breed of hard-faced mystics, who are dreaming, and who at the same time are keeping their feet upon the toiling earth.



The West is always dissatisfied, yearning and striving for something better. This was the spirit of the late Sir William MacKenzie. There was a time when MacKenzie could have quit his railroading schemes with millions, but he was no mere money-grubber. "Something left behind the ranges" would not let MacKenzie rest. He attempted great tasks with great daring. He failed in his ultimate aim, but the West can understand him, for the West is full of glorious failures. The present may see MacKenzie as a reckless plunger, another day reaping his reward, may applaud his courage.

LET the embittered cynic sneer at that word idealism. That word is the very breath of our new land. The West is her best self in true as long she remains Utopian.

God deliver me from a machine made cut-and-dried civilization. No matter how settled down and staid others may become, Canada must remain plastic, changing impressionable, allurier, to the restless spirit of the path-finder and the pioneer.

This Canada of ours must become enshrined in living hearts, not merely as the Dominion of wheat and iron, but as the Dominion of our dreams.

The Stick of Candy

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GOLDHAMMER

Fellows: A fool, a drunkard, and a worthless dog



Joe scrubbed his face and ears until Matilda stopped him

AT A battered hitching post in front of the general store Joe waited for the nine-horse load of logs which he would shortly drive through a half-mile of mud. To that he looked forward with pleasure, for although he had been born in the form of a mule it was his pride that he could move a load as well or even better than his friends who had long legs to stand on. In Dunder Falls, where he had always lived, they called him Joe the Horse.

Joe would have been quite happy if it had not been for the loafers on the store porch. The spring drive of logs was coming down the Dunder River and now, at the edge of the evening, dozens of idle river drivers swaggered about the village. Whole-hearted men, but sometimes rough and thick of feeling. Although Joe understood few of the remarks that were hurled at him, he felt the ridicule in them and in the gusts of laughter that swept the porch. That Joe was like all the rest of that strange world in which he found himself living. Why should they be unfriendly to him because he was strong enough to do the work of a horse?

Most of Joe was magnificently beautiful, even in the blue denim jaeger-aged overalls which he wore. He stood upon the earth solidly, like a well shaped mountain; his great thighs and shoulders filled the coarse cloth that covered him and stretched it to such lines as artists draw when they idealize human strength. His neck was a smooth, thick column, but the head that topped that neck had gone awry. From the ears upward Joe's head was like a cone with the point rounded off.

"Flies bother you, Horsey?" called one of the loafers, drawing a round cracker.

Joe understood that. He was capable of articulate speech and he could have answered in words, but his ideas were so few and so simple that he seldom talked. His world was one of feeling. So now he shook his head and stamped as he had ever horses stamp at a pestering gnat when they were annoyed. The light box wagon behind him shook and the wheels turned slightly, for a homemade harness that fitted about his shoulders held up the shafts.

"Whoa, Joe!" Jonathan Gaines came out of the store carrying a bag of feed over his shoulder. He dumped it into the wagon and went back for another.

Gaines was a tall, thin hipped and very poor man who gave Joe the Horse a living in return for what work he could do. The mud was too deep for a truck and so he had driven Jim up from his farm on the flats below Dunder Falls. A careful man does not like to take a team of real horses out of the barn oftener than they have worked all day, and Gaines was a careful man. Ordinarily he used Joe for hauling only on the farm because of the looks of the thing.



Joe did not like to go where so many people were. Nobody ever tried to harm him, but he knew that he was not of the human tribe. Perhaps No; men or women or children had ever loved Joe the Horse. The beasts greeted him as brother—dogs, horses, all the farm animals and even those in the woods—treated him as one of themselves but Joe longed always and in vain to have some human being look at him with the light and warmth which he sometimes saw there for each other. Any things were they looked at him once and then they spoke or they spoke to dogs and horses. Jim's face was not repulsive but the stare in his blue eyes and the rugged incoherence of his features revealed that he was not as other men, even without sight of that strangely shaped head.

Joe rested his mighty hands upon the gnawed hitching post and waited while Gaines filled the wagon with sacks which brought grunts from out of the middle of him as he swung them up. Soon Joe would have the fun of pitting his own strength against the lush deep mud that dragged at the wheels. Unload and take off rubber boots in wood shed. He had been taught that by Matilda Gaines, whose floors were always clean. Supper and bed. Warm sleep was good. They let him stay in the attic over the kitchen wing and gave him enough old army cast-offs to keep warm. Gaines saw to it that all his animals had what they needed to eat and tight shelter from the weather. They worked for their feed.

The thickles and the gullies broke out from three to four and a half feet deep. Joe could have understood some of the things that brought laughter to the porch he might have got angry. However, he never had been angry at man or beast. It was because of this and of his ability to work that he was given a degree of liberty, with a man to tell him what to do; he was valuable help and his patience was never-ending. Once a boy had thrown mud in his face. He had wiped it away puzzled. Why? Joe had known sorrow but not anger.

Nearly everything except local work, and sleep puzzled Joe the Horse. Life seemed no more real than his dreams. At night, he went through strange experiences without leaving his bed; saw Jonathan Gaines drive a horse at breakneck speed with a girl beside him in the Sunday carriage—a girl with bright hair and very red cheeks. In the morning, there was Gaines at the breakfast table drinking skim milk and saying no word as he looked at his wife, a woman whose hair was drawn back into a prim knot and whose eyes smouldered black in a pale face. To Jim this breakfast table was as unreal as the things he saw while he was asleep.

He felt as though something he could not see held him back as the harness did and would not let him get near the inside of anything. The men on the porch were like men in a dream. Would he wake up, sometime out of this dream just as he woke up in the morning and found himself looking at the rafters of the attic? He hoped so. It might be then that some human being would treat him or the horses did. They quickened at his step on the barn floor, and when he went into their stalls they rubbed soft noses against his face and made playful bites with their lips.

A great roar of delight from the river drivers made him bring down his gaze from the lurky at which he had been staring. It was a matter of seconds before he understood that this time an other man was involved with him in the joke. Slush Peabody, who was either drunk or sick most of the time was coming on legs that let him swing from side to side. Joe knew him only as a man who was very tired, neither friend nor enemy. Slush was holding something in his hand and looking at Joe with a grin. It was a red and white-striped rubber candy, rich with the odor of peppermint.

The loose mouth of Slush quirked, he glanced over his shoulder seeking approval of the audience. Sober he would have known that nobody gave him approval—but now he was lifted out of his normal gray self-dislike into a belief that he stood shoulder to shoulder with those strong and confident men who watched him.

"Watch me make 'im pull loose, boys" he cried. "Look out he don't bite, Slush!"

"He'll get poisoned if he bites Peabody!"

The candy wavered in the uncertain grasp of Slush. Joe the Horse loved sweets, and in the plain lore of the Gaines family there was seldom enough for his great body. He wanted that candy but he did not immediately reach for it, for he was not able to reconcile two conflicting feelings: the gift of something good and the mocking unfriendliness which had increased with the coming of Peabody. Sometimes people pretended to give him things and then snatched them away. So he waited blinking.

The candy advanced teasingly. Suddenly the manquet was broken. A man on the porch drew back his arm and threw something that hit the cheek of Slush. An ox-horn full of tobacco dropped into the mud. Slush winced and swung half around; into his face and into the depths of his blurry eyes came a message which Joe the Horse could understand as he could not understand spoken language. Fear that was not of the body. They had hurt Slush inside of him; they were making him afraid.

Slush turned again and looked full at Joe the Horse. While a man could count ten they saw each other's thoughts. Slush put a hand up to the wet stain upon his cheek and slowly scrubbed at it. A sad kindliness wiped away the evil lines; a warmth of pity rose to his eyes.

"You are me Joe," he muttered. "You are!"

He put the stick of candy into the now confidently outstretched hand of Joe and went uncertainly away along the board sidewalk. A few disappointed gibes followed him.

Joe the Horse stripped the candy with his white teeth and crunched happily. This was a treat such as he rarely had. Gaines did not seem to know that he was fed candy. The people who had had Joe before Jonathan Gaines had known it, and shared with him whenever they had any, but they had not been able to feed and clothe him and one day a man with an air of authority had come and taken Joe to the Gaines farm.

THE heart of Joe warmed toward Peabody all the unfriendliness in the air forgotten. There had been more than the stick of candy. With animal instinct, Joe had seen real fellowship in the eyes of Slush for a moment they had stood and looked at each other as brothers. It would have pleased Joe to have Slush stray near him. The unwholesome smell of hard whiskey gone, retain hard not mattered. That was part of the bad dream, like the ridicule. What had mattered was the look upon the face of Slush and the feeling that went with the gift.

Now Jonathan Gaines came out of the store with the last bag of feed. He placed the load carefully and roped it, before he untied the halting rope that dangled from the neck of Joe the Horse. Now he spoke with him, he was, among other things a justice of the peace.

"Giddap Joe!"

Joe the Horse mourning slowly on the last delicious fragments, settled his shoulders against the harness and grasped the thrashtair hands sharply with billocks of muscle. Carefully and with great pride in this thing which he could do so well he arranged the wagon so that it would clear the hitching post. He drew that load through the mud with rare and unwavering power. He would show people how well he could draw!

Down the steep winding street of the village, rubber boots sticking out of the mud with a nice smack. All that weight behind moving just so. For the Horse wanted it to move. Hold back, or pull and lighten a little and it had to come. Now Joe felt happy again, doing this thing which he liked, and this evening there was a glow like the sunset all through him because of Slush Peabody. At least a man had looked at him, if only for an instant, just as the horses and the dogs did.

The river of Dunder Falls swept to meet them and the boots of Joe thumped upon the wooden bridge. A great smooth brown mass of water turning over the dam and breaking to creamy white upon the rocks below. Joe liked the thunder of the waters in the spring but he liked still more the pounding of black logs when they reared and capered among the rocks. Now they were all held back above the dam and they would come when the river drivers let them. Strong the water was, and so were the logs.

Joe went on unfalteringly with his load, now and then stealing a glance backward toward the rails. His road went along the river to the haze white house and the big barns which belonged to Jonathan Gaines. Rich river land, with dashing rapids just below and the little above. Every spring the river overflowed its banks. Joe smiled at it in understanding, knowing how strong it felt.

In the wretched Joe remembered to take off his boots. Matilda Gaines was watching him as he came into the kitchen. She pointed toward the sink.

"Wash that!"

Joe scrubbed his face and neck and ears until Matilda stopped him. Then he sat down at the table and waited eagerly but quietly, smiling like a dog at the odors which drifted from the stove and the load Matilda Gaines brought with a quick awkward step. Jonathan gave him a reasonably good plateful of salt pork and potatoes also hot bread and butter and tea and a piece of dried apple pie none too sweet. Matilda was careful with sugar when she cooked, that was one of the ways in which the Gaines family had reached affluence. To-night Joe did not mind the lack of sweet things so much; the feeling of the candy was still with him.

Jaws moved and knives clicked against plates. Once in a while, Jonathan said: "Pass the butter!" or "More tea!" After a time, Gaines settled back in his chair and began to pick his teeth. He did not smoke. Joe was a little uneasy for all through the meal he had felt depression from Jonathan Gaines, usually the feeling in the kitchen when they ate a meal was jaw-grey and dull.

Water's raisin last," said Gaines, after a time in a low voice.

Matilda shivered and her hands moved jerkily as they piled up dishes for the washing.

"It gives me the creeps," she said. "Every spring I'm afraid of it!"

"It ain't the water that I'm afraid of," Gaines growled. "If anything takes the dam out it'll be the logs."

"Oh Lord!" she groaned, and dropped wearily into a chair. "You don't mean they think the dam'll go?"

"The dams all right!" snapped Gaines irritably. "It's them logs! They've ten thousand standard backed up the river from the millpond. If the boom that holds 'em busts, they'll take out the dam certain sure. That'll flood us, and them logs'll batter every building on the place to pieces!"

"Can't they do nothing? All them cursin' river drivers? They're worked enough to do most anything—"

"They've done all they can! Gaines pushed away from the table. "They worked all day putting extry chains on the boom. Two men broke their legs and one was most drowned."

He went out of doors as he often did when his wife began to worry, and Joe the Horse knew that he would go through the twilight to look at the dark river which swirled with deep growling noises. That afternoon it had flooded the meadow by the bend and crept nearly up to the horse barn. Joe understood that Jonathan and Matilda Gaines were afraid of the river and the logs. Strange. For his part he was not afraid. If the horses needed help, something would tell him, and he and they would go to higher ground. It was plain that there was nothing to fear.

Matilda lighted one kerosene lamp and began to wash dishes with an occasional long, uneasy sigh. After a time Jonathan came in out of the darkness but he did not take off his coat and hat.

"It's still raising," he said, grimly. "Guess I'll set up to-night. Better light the lantern for me, and turn it down low as it won't waste oil."

Matilda Gaines groaned and with nervous haste brought the lantern from the woodshed. She set it beside the chair of her husband, lighted and turned so low that them was only a tiny glow visible above the burner. Gaines sat by a window staring out into the night which his vision could not penetrate.

JOE watched them, with a melancholy caught from them. The woman reflected from a mantle mirror. Maybe they were awake and he would understand what made them afraid if he would wake up. Perhaps his world understand why Matilda brought a big bark and let the room where no one except company was allowed to go. It was the same bark she always got on the day when he was kept from working.

Matilda opened the bark and began to talk in a loud, high voice, something like singing. A little like the sound a dog makes when he puts his nose up in the moonlight and talks. Joe understood the dog but not this talk, with the book. He felt that it had something to do with the river and the logs.

The night wore on, while Jim sat immobile and not

Continued on page 47



"If the boom that holds 'em busts," snapped Gaines. "they'll take out the boom certain sure. That'll flood us and them logs'll batter every building on the place to pieces!"



Whenever you buy a graded egg, Government regulations have made sure of its reputation. Government grading and inspection of eggs has increased our annual consumption from sixteen to twenty-one dozen per capita.

Government Service—and You

ARTICLE ONE: NURTURING OUR AGRICULTURE

The story of what the government is doing to keep Canada's seven billion dollar farm up-to-date

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

IT IS not likely that the name of Louis Hébert will give you a thrill to look, it is not likely that you ever heard of him—for Louis landed in Quebec in the year of grace 1617, an obscure French farmer armed with a rude spade, fortified by a stout heart and commenced to clear away and cultivate what is now part of that venerable city's upper town. But his name should live, not because he was a pioneer, not because he planted apple trees, but because he was Canada's first real farmer. It is true that twelve years before a party of settlers under de Monts attempted agriculture and grew small patches of maize, pumpkins and beans at Port Royal, and that Poutrincourt brought cows to Canada in 1608. These earnest people, however, were amateurs. Hébert was the real thing, and from his first spade-turned furrow has developed the very life and foundation of our Dominion.

Louis would have turned in his simple peasant grave could he have foreseen that little more than three hundred years later there would be under cultivation in this country more than 58,000,000 acres, that the annual value of Canadian field crops would total $1,153,385,000 and that the gross agricultural wealth of this country including the current crop, of course, exceeds seven and one half *billions* of dollars.

Statistics are dry rations, but they contain plenty of nutriment. They are useful, too, in posing the fellow who says he is a merchant, or a plumber or a member of any other occupation or profession, and therefore cannot see how the welfare of the farmer affects him. Occasionally, too, they can be interesting as when for instance, they show that for every thousand acres under cultivation two hundred years ago there are now *a million*; that, in the same space of time, livestock has increased from 58,964 to nearly twenty-one million and that the annual production of wheat, barley, oats, peas and corn has grown from less than one-half million bushels to nine hundred and nine and one half million bushels. It is not the purpose of this article however, to describe in detail the growth and development of agriculture in Canada, but rather to tell what is being done for those engaged in this key industry by the Federal Government—the Department of Agriculture—at Ottawa.

The men directly responsible for the policy of the Department of Agriculture is the minister—Hon. W. R. Motherwell. And it is significant that Mr. Motherwell is a practical farmer—not a man who has inherited broad prairie acres, but a pioneer, a homesteader, who broke virgin soil, made it produce and made it pay.

He built his own home on the Saskatchewan prairie, stone by stone with the aid of another man. He built his career, stone by stone of solid achievement. As Provincial Minister of Agriculture he gave Saskatchewan the best farming administration it had ever known. He was one of the moving spirits behind the formation of the Grain Growers' Association and its first president. All his thought and energy then, as to-day, were bent upon improving and elevating the business of farming. He is a farmer to the core, not brilliant perhaps in a flashy sense, but with a native intelligence that carries him over the road to his unerring goals as surely as unerringly as the ox team with which he trekked in from Brandon to the Abernethy district forty-four years ago.

He is practical, and sound because he is what he is—a practical farmer who made a success of applying scientific methods to his own land before setting out to teach others.

No department of government, however, can be explained in terms of one minister only, in the case of the Department of Agriculture the qualities of leadership possessed by its deputy minister, Dr. J. H. Grisdale, have had a great deal to do with its success. Dr. Grisdales' work as an administrator has won for him a reputation that extends to every rural corner of the Dominion.

Answering the Gentlemen From Missouri

WHEN the department was established in 1868, it was cluttered with barnacles, that is it was responsible for many functions by no means agricultural, but, one by one, they were lopped off, until to-day it concerns itself solely with agriculture.

The farmer is a being who takes little upon trust, but practical demonstration hits home every time, provided that demonstration is not too sudden or startling, or contrary to deeply-rooted conviction. He wants to be shown, and that is the thing the Department of Agriculture sets out to do. As an example of the affair of the rival cheese factories.

In 1912 two small cheese factories less than a mile apart, were in violent competition with each other at the village of Finch, Ontario. Antagonism was keen and there was bitter feeling between the adherents of each to the detriment of the dairy farmers of the district generally. For a considerable time the Government had left the need of a place wherein to test the results of its experiments in cheese-making and in the marketing of milk and cream and to climb the value of its conclusions by subjecting them to actual competitive business conditions. So it bought out the rivals, joined their activities under one roof, put the joint concern in charge of the Dairy Branch of the department, added building and equipment and named it the Finch Dairy Station.

The objectives of the station briefly were to control and operate a model combined cheese factory, creamery and milk and cream shipping station and to study the economies of dairy factory operation by actual contact with the problems which confronted other dairy manufacturers throughout the Dominion.



The production of registered seed is a science in itself. Here a Government inspector is seen testing the crop in the field.

There is not space to enter into the details of its thirteen years of operation, but the results are enlightening. All of the purposes for which the station was established were carried out. It was conducted just as any other business and the benefit of its experience was made available to manufacturers and dairymen throughout Canada without cost to them.

When the first joint meeting to discuss the taking over of the old factories was held, the rival factions kept to opposite sides of the meeting hall. When the station was sold by the Government to private enterprise in January, 1923, all of the dairy farmers of the district were its patrons. It kept running the year round, thus providing a market for winter milk. In 1912 the quantity of milk received was about two million pounds. This had increased until the receipt in 1924 was more than eleven and one quarter million pounds. An unnecessary situation—and hundreds of similar ones exist in this country—was wiped out, and the prosperity of a countryside assured.

The market for the patron's output was widened to include milk and cream shipments, as well as cheese; the possibility of winter operation at a profit was proved sound, and it was possible to pay patrons, in premiums, over a period of eight years, one hundred thousand dollars more than they would have received had they continued to make cheese only.

With the extra equipment installed, it was possible immediately to supply the market with the product which at the moment was most in demand, thereby securing the best prices always. Improved methods of manufacture of dollars and cents value to the trade throughout Canada were demonstrated commercially and although patrons were charged full rates for manufacturing and received no undue advantage because of government operation, the whole experiment did not cost the tax-payers of Canada one cent.

After charging the account with all expenditures, including the price paid for the two old factories and compensation for another that was closed, and every item of expense on both capital and maintenance account, the final disposal of the factory left a balance to the good. So much for government ownership under the Dairy Branch of the Federal Department of Agriculture.

Translating Science into Dollars and Cents

THE key to the whole government effort to provide service to agriculture is found in this method of practical demonstration. When it comes to husbandry, tests are carried out on the experimental farms, stations and sub-stations scattered across the country from ocean to ocean. The central and most important experimental farm is at Ottawa. Others are at Nappan, Nova Scotia; Brandon, Manitoba; Indian Head, Saskatchewan; and Agassiz, British Columbia. Prince Edward Island has one experimental station; Nova Scotia has two and New Brunswick one. Quebec has five, Ontario three, Manitoba two, Saskatchewan four, Alberta three and British Columbia four. In addition to these, are the sub-stations for minor experiments and observation at Beaver Lodge, Fort Vermilion and Salmon Arm, British Columbia, Betsiamites, Quebec, and Swede Creek, Yukon Territory, and at Fort Smith, Fort Resolution and Fort Providence, in the North West Territory, which are conducted by the Mission Fathers.

The necessity for the existence of these experimental farms may be gauged by the statement of E. S. Archibald, Director of the Government Experimental Farms, who said recently that the annual losses in Canadian field crops alone totaled an appalling total.



HON. W. R. MOTHERWELL,
Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion.

Grain taints cause a yearly loss of upwards of twelve million dollars. Grain rusts tap the farmer for five to fifty million annually and potato losses run from two to five million. Other losses are due to ignorance, in certain sections, as to moisture content or cultural methods, or to lack of suitable types and varieties of crops. Some parts of Canada which used to produce high crops have slumped alarmingly.

In some instances no satisfactory remedy for the loss has been discovered, in others ultimate causes both natural and human, have been ferreted out and millions saved to the farming industry. On the one hand squads of chemists, bacteriologists, pathologists, botanists, entomologists, agrostologists and cerealists are constantly engaged in digging up new knowledge while, on the other a small army of field men—trained demonstrators, practical farmers and in some cases the scientists themselves—is constantly employed in teaching the individual farmer how to apply that knowledge.

It is obvious that the farmers cannot afford to devote their land to experimentation. They must produce however little. So the government does the experimenting for them through the experimental farms. At present more than three thousand separate main experiments are being carried out, some of them running over a period of years and embracing subjects running all the way from livestock breeding and dairying, to the study of seeds and their demonstration of farm economics.

Detail of the full activities of the experimental farms would fill many volumes, but an excellent illustration of the value of their work lies in the new world-famous Marquis wheat, developed after years of patient endeavor by Dr. William Saunders. This wheat, secured by crossing Red Fife and a variety from India which had the qualities lacking in the Canadian product, has brought untold millions of dollars to Canadian farmers and has increased the yield of the prairies by seventy five million bushels annually. In addition through the quality of earlier maturing it has made possible the cultivation of vast areas in the north on which it was not practicable to grow Red Fife.

But the end is not yet. There is rising upon the agricultural horizon a new star—Garnet wheat—which promises in many areas, to out-do even Marquis. This child of Omega—a wheat from near Archangel, Russia—and Gehun—a wheat obtained 11,000 feet up in the Indian Himalayas—and various other strains introduced through long years of cross-breeding and elimination, has a yield approximately the same as that of Marquis with the added advantage that it matures from one to two weeks before Marquis. It is now awaiting the result of the final milling and baking tests before being announced to the world. If its accomplishments are such as its sponsors believe the effect will be tremendous, for not only will it lessen the risk of crop destruction by inclement weather, insects and fungus infestation, but it will open up for cultivation vast territories of the north.

Will You Have a Cucumber or an Aeroplane?

THE service given the farmer is almost without bounds. If he wishes to grow certain vegetables and is in doubt as to the kind which will do best in his particular soil by application to the department, he may have this doubt solved and be given advice based upon not one but perhaps dozens of tests, thus insuring him success at the first planting.

The horticulturist need not guess as to the best types of blooms. In the government greenhouses he may see the culled-out—one might almost say the distilled—result of thousands of dressed brought finally to a limited number of perfect strains. If he is in a part of Canada distant from the greenhouses he can get the information by writing for it and the seeds to boot if he wishes. Government-bred cucumbers, although only twelve to the basket, have brought the canny market price as grade baskets containing twenty and they are available to everyone with a genuine wish to grow them.

No matter is too large nor too small for the attention of the department. It will experiment the growing of grass on lawn and golf courses. It will set airplanes winging through space armed with spore traps to prove that the crop destroying rust is carried miles high through the air and it will advise you as to the best means of combating parasites in laying hens, which brings us to the subject of poultry raising in Canada and the department's relation thereto.

You may get the latter

Continued on page 34



Keen-eyed government inspectors see that no inferior seed slips by. Here is one at his work, certifying a registered consignment.



'Everything was jake, until one day I heard Marianne telling Parker she's sorry but she has promised Bud that we Moore to go to the movies. Parker says it's all right, but I don't like the way he looks at Moore

One Seat—Fifteen Bucks

A new angle on the triangle play as applied to the science of hockey

By JOHN HOWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

FIFTEEN bucks! And it cost you two! You're no piker, now are you son?"

"Fifteen hard round iron smackeroos is what I said. And if you don't want the only seat there is to be had in this burg, say so. I know where I can get fifteen. Maybe more."

Well, sighed the buyer. "It's only once a year a guy can see an Allen Cup game. Gimme it."

The scalper looked nervously about him before producing the precious pasteboard. He accepted the five and the tax that were peeled from a healthy roll and looked as if he were sorry he hadn't asked twenty-five.

"Don't you know I could get thirty days for doing you this favor?" he muttered as he pocketed the bills. "Much obliged." The ever-changing crowd that oiled about the hotel rounded a swollen-eyed bum.

An obliging burglar—and the purchaser, looking after him. "I wonder what he made on that thing?"

He held the ticket in his hand as he crossed the rotunda and found a seat.

Fifteen bones to see a hockey game! Good Lord! That used to be a week's pay. He spoke aloud.

"Pardon me?" said a polite voice from the next chair.

"Sorry. Me. Guess I was thinkin' out loud. A burglar just hung it on me for about thirteen dollars and I didn't even require him to carry a gun. I just had to have a seat at the hockey game to-night, and I couldn't get one no place. Tried everywhere. The fellow over here at the cigar stand dipped me oil to this tease James guy and I wanted to see my two boys so bad I fell."

The man in the next chair looked at his neighbor.

"I'm in town for that game myself. My boy played on the Toronto team. One ticket was all he could get for me. He says that if the Arena held twenty thousand they'd jam it to-night. You said my two boys. What might that mean?

The victim of Jesse James grinned apologetically.

"Well, I've got a couple of real good friends playing to-night. They both used to play hockey for me. Kind of against each other on the same team, you might say. I sure had to see them at it to-night."

"Against each other on the same team?" said the surprised neighbor, turning for a good look at the speaker.

He saw a stout, hearty man of more than middle age. The clothes and the lodge emblems more than any air or accent spoke of the small town. The black felt hat pushed back on his head left to view a few gray hairs slicked down just a little too low over one blue eye. Probably a sporting barber or, perhaps, the station agent—

Well, I'll tell you. It's a bit of a story, too. I'm Joe Morrison and I keep a drug store in Campbellville. That's up the northern line of the old Grand Trunk a ways—"

"You're a druggist?" interrupted the neighbor. "Why so am I. I run a chain of stores over in Middleton."

Do you? Well that's odd—Say you gain't to eat here? Yes? Well let's go into the dining room and eat while I tell you about my two boys—

WELL, Mr. Higbee, that's your name, I guess, at least it's the name of the varsity goal-keeper. I got into the drug business more or less by accident. I used to run the Grand Central Hotel in Campbellville until they put the old bar out of business. Then there didn't seem to be much use staying in the hotel game so I began to figure some way of making a few dollars that had sort of stuck to me during the years spent in peddling booze. That's not my way of referring to my business, but there was women in the town that used to and a lot more. The preacher was one of the women.

Seemed to me that the town needed a bit more of a drug store than a couple of shelves in Jim Dobson's general store so I opened up. I hired me a regular chemist with a diploma and everything, got in a stock of drugs and patent medicine, installed a swell soda fountain and a cigar counter and I was all set. Say, Mr. Higbee, you're a druggist too. Can you tell me why I do nearly all my business in something else than drugs? Always seemed funny to me.

"Well, you'll be wonderin' what all this has to do with hockey. It has plenty, especially the soda fountain.

I'd always been the moosier of the hockey team in Campbellville, run the rink, sort of cinched the boys and generally made sure we had a team that could trim the boys from Dutton and Elton and the other little burgs around the town. Unless you've lived in one of these little Ontario towns you ain't got any idea how hot they can get over a game of hockey. I've seen lots of farmers bet the price of a darn good cow on their team and the way they treat the referee! Say, it's a shame.

Well, this winter we didn't operate in the O.H.A. They suspended half my team of the year before for violatin' the residence rule and I figured we'd do just as well if we played exhibition games and bet on them judicious. Most of the boys agreed with me so I sets out to gather me up a team. I don't have any trouble landing a goal-keeper. There's an old fellow in our town that's forgotten more about playing goal than most of these city stars'll ever dream of. He was sure thing. Last year's defence was a sure thing too. Smith and Barnes were both big boys with all the courage in the world and most of the strength. Their idea of how to play defence was to knock over every guy they saw with the other team's jersey on. Parties could rush pretty good too. There was a new guy at the store that said he could play left wing and a couple of kids around town that were good enough for subs, but that left me needing a center and a right wing awful bad.

You see Mr. Higbee, this drug store of mine, while it had two bottles in the window, one with red stuff in it and the other half of blue, didn't hardly pay its way. I needed a team that could be bet on reasonable if the winter wasn't going to leave a dent in the bank roll. So I go out after a centre.

I inquire around a bit, and I hear of a kid about twenty or so that's been burning them up in his school league. He's through school and working in a flour and feed place of his dad's. Well, when I offer him thirty-five a week and an easy job in the drug business he grabs it quick. Now all I need's a right winger. I get one all right, but it was kind of funny.

My chemist up and quit on me. I had to go behind the bar, I mean the counter, myself for a couple of days and let the doctors mix up their own prescriptions while I put on ad in the city papers. I get about sixteen replies and one of them is from a guy called Parker—yes, the same guy—and he says that he'd be interested. Mr. Higbee plays a little hockey; right wing preferred. I didn't want to write him. I called him long distance right that same day.

Well, that left me all set to clean up a bit more than my expenses on the team that winter. Parker and Moore, that's the kid that played center—yes, Mr. Higbee, it's the same Moore—both report in good order and go to work in the store and on the ice. They're both real good. Moore's a natural born hockey player with a shot like a bullet and Parker well, I've seen a lot of good guys but I never seen one who could beat a defence like he could. He was faster than Moore and he had down near as hard a shot. They were both good boys, worked hard in the store and harder on the ice. The way they went, it looked like the Campbellville team would have three defence men and two forwards, but those two forwards! Boy!



'A burglar just hung it on me for about thirteen dollars and I didn't even require him to have a gun. I just had to have a seat at the game

I NEVER did find out why Parker took a job up there with me, but I heard a couple of hints that make me think maybe he got into a land of a jam in the store he was in down here and he wanted to drop out of sight for a while. Some mix up over money, I guess, with him the goat.

Well, anyway, I os set for some questions about a guy that can play sixty minutes hockey and check back all the way like Bullets Parker can. I'm satisfied to let things run along smooth with us seppin a game every couple of days and the bank roll doin' real well. The store begins to pick up too. These two hockey playing heroes get to be real favorites in the town and I begin to get all the cigar trade. They're both nice looking boys, too, and the girls begin to drop in for hot chocolate and such stuff. The trade in hockey sticks and harness and that kind of thing gets to be real good.

It's the soda fountain does the damage. Parker, he's too busy to bother with it. Besides he's a Phi B. got a certificate to prove it, and he don't let jerking any soda. Moore seemed to like fiddlin' around with the taps and things for a while, but then he read a story about a drug store cowboy' and he was off it. Mr. I'd hew liked the thing only I couldn't get out of the habit of mopping up the counter and sayin', "Well, what'll it be to-day?" I tried that on a fellow that wanted a dry ginger ale once, and he hasn't been in since.

Well, Mr. Higbee, just about this time Marianne Temple comes home on account of her sister being ill or something. By the way, when she left Campbellville she spelled it Mary Ann, and that's what she was christened too. Well, it seems that Mary Ann or Marianne, you can take your pick, had picked up a little about soda fountains when she was in the city, and when she hears that I can use somebody she does me the favor of taking the job. In some ways it's a fine stunt. Marianne is a swell looking little girl with a pair of blue eyes and a bobbed thatch, also a figure—but I'm an old man and I shouldn't think of such things. Well, she brings in a lot of trade from the sporty youngsters, and the girls keep coming in to gaze at Parker and Moore. And me I keep unlocking the register every night and near break my arm patting myself on the back.

Everything was jake until one day I hear Marianne telling Parker she's sorry but she has promised Bud that's Moore to go to the movies with him that night. Parker says it's all right but I don't like the way he looks at Bud. That's the first idea I have of the trouble I'm in for. And it ain't the last, not by a long way.

Those two birds both fall for this Marianne kid and they both fall hard. I suppose both of them being away from home and all, had a good deal to do with it, and then they were there in the store all day. I suppose I should have seen it coming.

Well, I didn't care much what they did as long as they kept on playing hockey the way they'd proved they could. Only they did not.

First I began to notice that they didn't hardly speak to each other, except just when they had to in the store. Then I began to see that the old exhilaration wasn't working on the ice. Where Moore would start off on centre, Parker wasn't going with him the way he did the first few games. Instead of hitting the defence two abreast, and sometimes three when that left winger woke up they began trying solo stuff which is not at all to the good in hockey.

You see when these boys hit the defence they never knew what they were going to do. They might shoot and go in for the rebound, or they might pass the puck and go in for the return pass, or they might carry the puck through for a close-in shot. Pretty hard to stop that kind of stuff, eh? I'll say so. Well, that kind of combination disappeared and instead it began to look as if these two guys wanted to be just as strange with each other as if they was playin' on opposite teams, instead of trying hard to work together for the goals that would win games for the team and money for me and other deserving citizens of Campbellville.

Well, things drift along until it's near the first of March and there's only one game left that amounts to anything. Marianne is stringing both the boys along, running here with one and there with the other and the two of them are going around up in the car a mile one day and down in the cellar the next. They begin to take it out on me too. Parker comes and tells me that Moore is hogging the puck and won't pass it at all. Moore says the same thing about Parker. And Marianne says they're both lovely boys. And there we all are!

Well, I figured that these two fellows were natural born hockey players and that when they got into a real game that they'd forget all about their little differences and think about scoring goals and winning the game. Not to mention my money. I never did know much about love, anyway.

Continued on page 51



"I pointed out to them a pretty picture of the other end of the rink where Marianne was doing her stuff"



She was busily engaged in telling the Merion goal-keeper how wonderful he was. He seemed to be enjoying it

The Great Hush, Hush!

A Canadian newspaperman's impressions of the Imperial Conference

By ONE WHO WAS THERE

TELL it not to Goth publish it not in the streets of Askelon But behind those mysterious doors of Number Ten Downing Street, the Imperial Conference is sitting

You may think you are interested But you aren't really

You may think you would like to know, you may think that people in the Dominions even have a right to know, what Dominion delegates are doing Really, really such irreverent curiosity! Don't you know that you are not to know, or at any rate you are not to know officially until the pious resolutions have all been passed and the captains and the kings have departed

For of all post war conferences, the Imperial Conference of 1926 should go down in history as The Great Hush Hush! Certainly none could have surrounded itself with more mystery One might have imagined oneself back in the days of the old colonial conferences when the public had to content itself with the tremendous announcements that the conference had met and that it had adjourned

But let us leave that for a moment Let us leave the old house with its shadows of Pitt and Peel of Disraeli and Gladstone with its memories of lighter moments when Granville read love letters to his colleagues Let us stroll along Downing Street and from this house of many secrets let us pass down the way If we cannot view the Imperial Conference from within we can at least view it from without

A few snapshots? Well perhaps!

The Maharajah and His Bodyguard

BENEATH a sombre archway in that short, sombre London street, a dark-glinted figure is waiting An oddly incongruous figure November drizzle and mist sweep through avenue and alley The grimy buildings look grimier, more forbidding than ever Automobiles with huge flags on their radiators slip through the police with the easy nonchalance of the privileged A few newspaper photographers dash across with their cameras They take hurried snapshots, are hurried back to the side whence they came A reporter or two try to cross They are absent an welcome as sherbet in Iceland Messengers with red despatch boxes hurry to and fro And beneath the foreign office archway, the slim figure shivers, stamps, paces backward and forward in an effort to keep warm His European overcoat is buttoned to the neck White cotton trousers show beneath. The dark face is surmounted by a white turban.

He is the personal attendant, bodyguard, call him what you will, of the Maharajah of Burdwan, representative at the Imperial Conference of the Ruling Princes of India.

Across Downing Street, the door of Number Ten opens Silk-hatted figures! Rapidly, waiting automobiles pick them up whirl them away One figure, taller, darker than the rest, emerges In a flash the alert, observing attendant appears beside him an immature shadow, dogging him everywhere One laughs to see so diminutive a bodyguard to such a giant of a man Maharajah and abbreviated shadow alike disappear into Whitehall

And now from the door of Number Ten we see all of them from the Imperial Conference, some great, some achieving greatness, some pining to have greatness thrust upon them Delegates all let us take a few of them in turn.

A Contented Country Squire

HERE is Baldwin prime minister of England, with the air of a contented country squire, impressing one rather as a man who would infinitely prefer smoking a quiet pipe in the corner with a match thumbed minute to plunging himself into the hurly burly of coal strikes. He has a happy knack of putting a case concisely, effectively with a few words of whimsical humor

There is Cosgrave, president of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State, for so the Free State calls its premier And was there ever such a topsy-turvy career as that of Cosgrave? Slight, fair-haired, boyish almost in appearance, Cosgrave has none of the traditional look of the rebel Yet not a decade since Cosgrave lay under sentence of death Only by the grace of a late commutation did he miss the firing squad Now he chats with the King, and receives the elite in style at Claridge's.

There is Hertzog, spoken of by those who meet him most as a doctrinaire as one who builds his world on a phrase and sticks to it, come what may The present Imperial Conference had not begun before Hertzog set cables buzzing round and round the Empire and made the pundits of Whitehall wonder as clear old Pepys used to wonder in the navy office many years ago—where we are coming to the Lord knows! Nor has Hertzog, despite his reputation, the look of a rebel He is head of the South African Nationalists the party which contains in its constitution a provision that South Africa shall have the right to secede from the Empire.

Yet Hertzog belies even his military rank. Although he is known as 'General' Hertzog, he has the quiet, detached air of the university professor surveying the world from the studious precincts of the class-room

Bruce and Coates

TAKE the other end of the political chain The tall figures of Bruce, of Australia and Coates of New Zealand, saunter down Downing Street together Both sharply oppose any attempt to weaken the imperial tie although Bruce with one eye on Australian politics, sees less sharp in his emphasis of Australian autonomy And Markenzie King, of Canada steps into his car, looking happy and contented at peace with the Empire and the world.

Or again, there is Monroe of Newfoundland, who looks the part of the business man. Monroe never tires of extolling the virtues and beauties of Newfoundland and the Newfoundlanders One of his favorite stories has to do with the British seaman who go to Newfoundland to marry, and the native seamen of Newfoundland who think nothing of going into the woods cutting down a few trees building a ship, sailing out to the banks for cod, and then without any knowledge of navigation other than rule of thumb taking their ship to Portugal and selling their fish One gathers from Monroe—although no doubt, he doesn't intend it—one gathers that the exports of the oldest colony are girls and codfish. There is a freshness a frankness about Monroe's imperial politics which, even if his position is not acceptable is a change from much hair-splitting reasoning and finely-spun argument

Listen to his words at the very opening of the conference:

'The lesson I would bring from Newfoundland to-

Continued on page 50



The chief delegates to the Imperial Conference of 1926 photographed after a Government dinner at Lancaster House Front row, left to right, President T Cosgrave Ireland, General Hertzog South Africa, Premier Mackenzie King Canada, Premier Stanley Baldwin Great Britain, Premier S M Bruce Australia, Premier J G Coates New Zealand, and Premier W S Monroe Newfoundland Back row, left to right The Maharajah of Burdwan, Lord Birkenhead, Right Honorable Winston Churchill and Lord Balfour



'The Sun's Symphony'

Camera Study by J. Vanderpant

Lens Revelations

The story of a camera artist who is revealing the spirit of Canada

By CONSTANCE ERROL

WHENEVER European critics have had an opportunity of viewing and appraising an exhibition of pictures by Canadian artists, they have discovered in them something new in their experience They have tried to express this sense of an altogether new note in representational art by constantly describing the work of the artists in the jargon of the studio They have talked of directness of presentation of bold and forthright brush work of spaciousness and breadth What they actually see and find so difficult to describe is the physical aspect of Canada itself Which is magnificent and unique

No sensitive artist can expose himself to the awful beauty of Canada its prodigal infinity of landscape, its Jovian mountains and stereo boasting forests, without feeling stir within him an imperative urge to record through some medium or the other, those things which, in turn stun and ravish him

This Canada of ours has a beauty which seems relentlessly to hold the artist lift his eyes from a contemplation of the pretty, the daintily composed the pleasing merely to a wide-eyed realization of a grandeur which boldly may be declared epic

And so John Vanderpant working with vibrations of light as his brush and palette found it

The Artist Discovers Canada

JOHN VANDERPANT brings us something which is as unusual as it is arresting A student of Amsterdam and Leydn Universities and a writer and poet of note, he came to Canada in 1911 At first he settled on the prairie where the loneliness of the land the sparse habitation the contrast between all he saw and his native Holland nearly killed forever his sense of the artistic. In vain he tried to become accustomed to his surroundings and in despair, finally, he came to the Pacific Coast Here he made the acquaintance of H U Knight of Victoria, a pioneer in the art of pictorial photography in British Columbia and, almost unconsciously his eyes were opened to a beauty, different to all he had known at home but with a vast appeal of its own

Immediately he began to express through his camera the emotions produced in him by Canada in all its moods and seasons though during the past three years only, has he exhibited at international salons and made for himself a reputation as a Canadian artist

One of his first critics, commenting on a London exhibition while praising Mr Vanderpant's work suggested that it lacked national character and was undoubtedly influenced by the artists early surroundings Very carefully Mr Vanderpant examined the truth of this and in so doing woke to the knowledge that Canada as a country has a beauty and character which may not be confounded with that of any other country

Then followed a realization of the strength of the country of the men and women who had made it, of the colossal work that must still be done to develop it for the vast body of people who will later enjoy it, and this sense of power and virility has crept into Mr Vanderpant's work In deed, he might well be called the Brangwyn of pictorial photography so wonderfully does he portray the toilers at dock and elevator, the workers on construction gangs With the imagination of an artist of strength and virility he has swept aside many of the conventionalities of camera art and has shown us beauty rugged naked and stark



JOHN VANDERPANT, F.R.P.S.

Other striking studies by this artist in Photography will be found on pages 20 and 22 of this issue

A man of about medium height Mr Vanderpant draws one's notice first by his eyes which are dreamy in repose but which meet one with the directness and simplicity of a child He has a genuine interest in an astonishing number of things and when engaged in work or play his whole face lights up with animation and enthusiasm He is broad-minded, generous and absolutely honest in his outlook on life When his work is praised he is pleased accepting the praise as entirely honest As he himself explains 'Really the true artist should be the humblest man on this planet Like the scientist who realises he knows very little he is to my mind no more than the channel the interpreter between the beauty which is and the masses who want to understand it Artistic ability to me is a great privilege which carries with it the duty to use it to the best advantage for the benefit not of oneself but of mankind.'

This is his creed and he lives it Every spare moment is taken up with this urge to express a national beauty, and all his simple pleasures are so arranged that he himself may be in close touch with Nature and so a fit medium through which she may be expressed

While Mr Vanderpant's main interest is in pictorial work as a portrait photographer he also has gained an international reputation a catching in an almost uncanny way the very spirit and character of the sitter His portraits are more than mere likenesses of men and women they are studies or pictures which one buys to hang on the wall without having seen or known the original How he gets these results Mr Vanderpant explains in this manner

There are three ways in which a portrait photograph may be made The first one which is generally practised is to do a routine job and get the money for it The second one the way which I always try to practise is to use every effort to express character and feeling through the print The third is the result of inspiration possible only when the sitter makes a special appeal to the artist and suggests pictorial possibilities to him The result of the first style is the retouched and beautified mask of the face while the general public has been educated to like the second is a living print which need not be always a

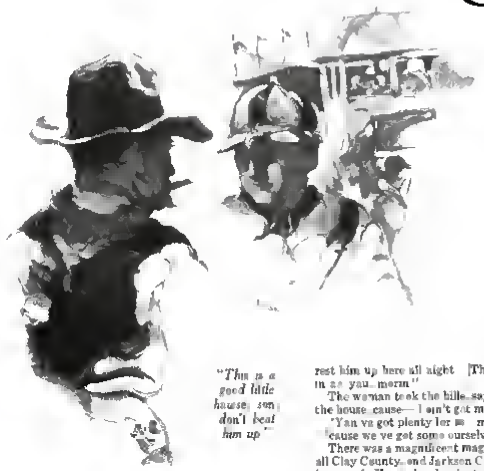
Continued on page 46

Conscience Money

Wherein poetic justice is dispensed

By W. A. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. C. VALENTINE



"This is a good little hawse; you don't beat him up"

SIX mounted men with one led horse plodding along the dusty road in the twilight, stopped as the one who rode in front lifted a hand. They had just emerged from a straggling forest of oak and ash and at their left was a dying farm—a dead farm and like a crude tombstone a groggy log house stood between the road and some straggling buildings by grace of words horse and stables.

"How far we be from Kansas City, Tuck?" the man who rode in front asked.

"I'd say six or eight miles, Howard."

"This is kinder the way all it," Howard said, "we don't want to be hangin' round em fair grounds all night nor in the mornin', what we want is to get there 'baut noon, enter Jim Malone in some race that suits—cheap—quarters—get the purse soon as we can an' lade away."

"That's 'bout right," somebody concurred.

The leader added: "We'll try for a camp here at this farm. There'll be stablin' for Jim Malone anyhow, an' it don't matter 'bout our bewam."

As they turned into a lane bordered each side by drunken fences six razor-back hogs came on the run voicing a plaintive squeal of hunger, and they could see in a little field to the left, the gaunt frames of three half-starved cows. Desolation, hopeless misery, was stamped on everything in sight. In the front yard, blossomed chips, hacked up billets of wood, a rusty buckeaw leaned groggily against a buck, and the woodpile was just a collection of gnarled twisted sycamore limbs.

"I reckon God's jumped over this farm when He's been 'round helpin' the sparrer," Buck remarked drily.

"I calc'late the boss him got a still back in 'em woods, an' when he's full up of moonshine all this junk seems good an' proper," Bill White declared.

They saw a lacey ghost like woman's love for a second at a window from which a calico curtain had been twitched to one side; then the calico blotted out the warn, tired face.

In the chip yard, Howard indicated the rough door with a thumb and Bill White slid to the ground, and knocked on the wooden panel. The men sitting their horses had each slipped a hand to the butt of a tarty five gun.

There was no response to the knock; and Bill White lifted the latch, but the door had been barred. The men could hear Bill expostulating with somebody within, then he beckoned to Howard. Howard dismounted, and at the door he could hear a woman's querulous voice telling them to go away. But Howard's voice was soft, the leisurely Missourian's voice with its mellowing drawl, and he explained that all they wanted was water for their horses and a pot of coffee for themselves.

Finally the door swung open, displaying the ever present atmosphere of privation. Behind a tall gaunt woman, two children, a boy and girl, stood peering around her skirts at the intruders. The woman's eyes held misery, trouble, apprehension, suspicion—they were furtive, like the eyes of a hunted fox.

The leader of the riders drew some bills from his pocket, and selecting three or four of small denomination said: "Here, Marm, we want that you'll accept pay for the trouble. We've got a race hawse with us that we're takin' in to the Fair Grounds for racin' to-morrer an' we want to rest him up here all night. That's why we kinder hu'st in as you—marm."

The woman took the bills, saying: "I ain't got much in the house, cause—I don't get much but—"

"You've got plenty for us, marm," Howard answered, "cause we've got some ourselves."

There was a magnificent magnetism about the speaker; all Clay County, and Jackson County, almost all Missouri knew of Howard's loseinating personality and his allection for poor people, for the ordinary strugglers and the men who rode with him had imbibed this appealing spirit.

So by the time they had finished a simple supper they learned the cause of the barred door: the hopeless poverty. The woman's husband, Jim McLean, was dead, and she was battling all the terrors of the world.

Howard was saying: "Sh, marm, you thought we was robbers."

"Even robbers couldn't frighten me some, 'cause there ain't nothin' to rob but there's been a heap of trouble since Jim was murdered by 'em train bandits."

There was a ripple of startled interest as Mrs. McLean said this; but the woman was wording the terrible thing that had been weaving back and in in her mind for days and days and weeks.

Jim was kinder foolish 'bout tryin' to do samathin for somebody else, that's why I don't get much when Jim died. When that gang of murderers held up the train at Winston my man Jim he tries to fight 'em off 'cause he worked for the Chicago and Rock Island and them—they was like bloodhounds, them robbers—they shoots Jim down in cold blood."

The woman's guests shuffled their feet; some of them eased the tension by biting unneeded pieces of tobacco from a black plug. They could have gone outside ostensibly to the stables, but they sat there fascinated.

Mrs. McLean was wiping her tired eyes with the corner of a tattered apron. "I guess havin' someone to talk to 'bout it kinder lets down the tears," she said. "I'm sorry I'm like this men, but Sat'day I'm going to be shot out on the road—me an' the two little ones."

"How come that?" Howard asked.

"Jim he owed five hundred dollars on this place—he'd a had it paid off now if he hadn't been murdered—an' Lawyer Brand a comin to seize everythin', Sat'day if I ain't got the money for him."

"You ain't got it?" Howard queried.

The woman gave a queer rasp as if she laughed at the question. "I ain't got enough to buy a bag of flour, an' we ain't been eatin' much."

Howard spoke: "Mrs. McLean, I've heard 'em train hold-up fellers never kills anybody except they've jus' got to, an' if there was a fight an' that hold-up prapa they didn't mean to kill Jim. I guess it you was to let 'em know how the killin' of your husband left you like this, they'd try an' put it to rights."

"Yes, Marm," Bill White added. "I jus' reckon they would. I'd chip in—I mean if I see any of the gang I'd offer to—"

"You ain't goin' to see 'em soon—nobody don't see 'em long nough to get 'em awung by tha neck. It's been over a year now that they ain't caught 'em," the woman declared despondently.

Woden rose from a crude three-legged stool he had been sitting on, saying: "Guess I'll go an' see Jim Malone put to bed."

The others followed him, telling Mrs. McLean that they would sleep in the stable, and if she could just give them some coffee and corn bread in the morning it would be all right.

A couple of riders carried an armful of chips from the yard, and they built a little fire in the stable yard, the flickering red tongues of flame lighting up and reddening some three faces as they sat or reclined on the ground after having rub their horses.

"That's the dangedest thing I ever run into!" Tuck said reminiscently.

Howard nodded. "You've heard of chickens comin' home to roost, ain't you, Tuck?"

Bob Frost drew his long legs in and sat up: there was an angry jerk to his lean body. "I reckon," he snarled, "that naggin' ain't good to get you nowhere, Howard—no-where that's a good place."

"I don't calc late that I said tha chickens was yours, Bob, but if you want 'em take 'em. You was that poor woman in there—"

"An' you mean, Cap'n, that she's a widder 'cause I shot down her husband when he'd got you covered with his gun?"

"He didn't have a gun, Bob, jus a crowbar, an' a man that'll tackle with a crowbar fellers that's armed, shouldn't get shot nahow."

"You'd ve made a good preacher, Howard, an' some day it's goin' to get us enough—if people gets thinkin' we're only hinlfin' 'bout shootin'."

But Woden interfered: "Bygones is bygones, boys, no use squealin' like em hosses was done'—let's forget it."

"No we ain't goin' to forget it," Howard declared; "we've got to do somethin 'bout it. That poor woman an' her two kids—em little children you see there 're goin' to be set out on the road, an nobody in the world to help 'em if that money ain't paid that lawyer shark whoo he comes here Sat'day. What we've got to do is make good, boys."

"We ain't got the money," Tuck declared.

"We've got to get it," Howard said in his soft drawl.

And let the race go?" Woden queried. "I sun't led an' trained Jim Malone all summer to switch jus' whoo he's ready to go to the post."

"We ain't goin' to give up no race, Fred, that's where we're goin' to get the money—we're goin' to heck Jim Malone an' win it."

"An if Jim don't win the race what 'bout it?"

"We'll have tried, Turk," Howard answered. "an' we'll feel kinder easier in our minds if we've been willin' to help. Don't that go with you, Bob Frost?"

"It's all right if you say so, Cap'n."

IN THE morning at the first shimmering streaks of red and gold, topped by purple gray that colored the dead sky to the east, the riders were up, their horses fed; and they found Mrs. McLean mooning over a hot stove on which simmered a pot of coffee.

Before they left, Howard said: "Marm, don't you go on frettin' an' kinder feelin' like you was goin' to the hunt that feller comin' Sat'day. I got friends in the Chicago an' Rock Island at Kansas City, an' I'm goin' to tell 'em that they've got to pay you five hundred dollars for your husband gettin' killed fightin' their battles; they'll do it—men like that ain't hard hearted, it's jus' that they ain't never got the rights at it—been told lies. We'll get you that money, marm—you jus' cheer up yourself."

The six men rode in to the Kansas City fair grounds separately at considerable intervals, but their horses were tethered close to each other, and not far from the entrance gate. The Grand Stand was situated some distance from the entrance, almost a sixteenth of a mile.

Woden was the racing man of the outfit, he had always had a race horse and Jim Malone helped out to him. So he looked over the races for the day, which were the usual raised affairs of sport such as were held at all autumn fairs, trotting and running races alternating. Woden entered Jim Malone in the second running race, a three-quarter mile event with a purse of $500. It was the main event of the afternoon. Then he picked up a jockey called Gopher Blake.

There were ten horses entered. It became evident that a horse named Rabs—entered by Ben Morris, would be a strong favorite. Rabs was by the Western horse Salvator, that had been called the greatest horse in the world, and Rabs himself had won races. Jim Malone was unknown to the bettors. Many of the horses entered were in the same category. Racing at the fair grounds meet was somewhat a catch-as-catch can affair.

When the second race was called, the associates of Howard backed Jim Malone with the bookmakers for practically all the money they had in their pockets for they knew that they had the necessity of making up five hundred dollars for the lone widow, in addition to satisfying the desire for wealth of which they were possessed.

Still they would have done very well if Jim won for the penciers were laying twenty to one against him; those were thus considering that all the money taken in on any horse but Rabs was found money. Rabs outclassed the dogs he was asked to meet, besides there was something doing, if it come to a close finish there were valid reasons to suppose that Rabs would get the decision. And that was what Sagebrush Dan, the hard-bitten chief bookmaker knew. Sagebrush Dan played no game without an ace in the hole, and he would have bet that little crooked twist to the race even if he knew that Rabs could win by twenty lengths.

As the Gopher was about to mount Jim Malone, Woden said: "This is a mighty good little hawse, son, an he's beat better hawses than re'n in this race. Don't beat him up, 'cause I'm powerful fond of Jim, he's the truest gamest bit of hawse flesh ever come from Kentucky. If he gets his head in front he'll keep it there some, you don't have to belt him into a lead of two or three lengths for fear he'll quit 'cause he won't."

Now the starter had only one task laid upon his official shoulders, which was to see that the favorite did not get killed off at the start, no need to worry over giving any of the others a bad send-off for Rabs, away well would let the old machine run well oiled. So when the flag went down Jim Malone being free of all enmity from the starter, left the scratch nose and nose with the son of Salvator. A sixteenth of a mile and the Gopher knew that Malone's owner was not—as he had suspected at the time—just a loobeh owner, he meant was running free, thrusting into the bit. And the boy on Rabs, seeing this brown chaging thing at his side, was clucking to the bay.

The Gopher grinned: "You goin' t lay on egg Danny?" he rasped.

"Pull out, Gopher," Danny snarled, 'or I'll give you tha whip!"

"Give it to Rabs!"

The intermediate spares between those remarks lay over a sixteenth-of-a-mile, and they were swinging around the turn for the short stretch run to the stretch, the brown head of Jim Malone crept up and up till the tawny muzzle was in front of the bay head of Rabs. And Danny had drawn his whip.

The Gopher, bearing in mind the words of Jim's owner, that the horse has head once in front would keep it there, rode the brown the race that he loved as well to ride, the sale race on a sale horse, to sit tight and let the horse keep his head on a neck. He could see that Rabs had nothing left for a final spurt. Danny was taking out of him the last ounce. And the Gopher was vain valo as a successful rider often is to win by a head meant acclaim from the stand—tribute to his riding—that he had outridden the jockey on Rabs.

So past the finish post they raced, the brown head nodding up and down at each stride just in front of the bay.

There was almost a hush, an clamorous cheer, for nobody had backed Jim Malone—nobody knew the horse, nobody knew the owner, he was not a native son. Then the hush was broken practically by gasps, little cries of astonishment for Rabs's number went up as the winner.

When a man in indignation ripped out an oath, declaring it a steal, another said: "It's the angle! From where you stand here the angle of sight makes a hawse look like he's winnin' an the other's got him by a head."

Another declared: "Them ain't no use hevin' a judge up there in the box if fellers hem in the ground keows what's won. There ain't nobody but Rabs win this race, 'couse the judge seen him lust, an' he's the only one know

Howard and Woden had watched the race from the infield, and as the horses flashed past the judge they knew stood behind the finish post across the course from the stand, and they knew Jim Malone had won by a head—there was no oblique angle in their line of sight to cause uncertainty.

The two men looked into each other's eyes, and Howard said: "Rabbed! This is what we've been up against. Fred all our lives. The upright does have to be robbed as and when we've got it back they've called us outlaws. If Bob Frost was correct here now we wanted to prog that thief, judge I wouldn't stop him!"

I got to get Jim Malone tended to," Woden said as the horses, turned, were coming back.

"Just a minute," Howard said. "Soon's you've got Jim rubbed down an blanketed you'd best pull out. You know where we was to head for, an' I'll see if there ain't some way of gettin' that purse yet."

"I wouldn't do nothin', Dick, if I was you."

"I give that widder a promise, Fred, an' I'm goin' to try keep my word. 'Em two kids re starvin' jus' because one of our fellers killed their dad."

Across by the stand Howard wove his way out among the race people, and as he came upon each one of his associates he said: "Drift in to the bar."

And presently, as if by chance the five riders at the road were having a casual drink in the bar which was beneath the grand stand. All along the oak planks of the bar, the string of men were discussing the last race, rather the verdict of the judge was what they discussed, argued about.

A high shrill voice penetrated through the din of clinking glasses, and: "Here's how! myjog." Sagebrush Dan held out an Rabs didn't lay a dollar agin him an' when Sagebrush wants a hawse to win the judge says he's woe!"

Continued on page 45



"I reckon God's jumped over this farm when He's been 'round helping the sparrer," Buck remarked drily.

My Friend, Jean Baptiste

The Quebecois is taking a foremost place in the Van of Canadian Progress

By GEORGE PEARSON

THE French Canadian people are giving the Province of Quebec the purest government in North America. That is the final opinion of the great majority of English-speaking people in Quebec.

We have not in Canada any group with any definite plan that can begin to compare with this French Canadian group of political leaders headed by Premier Taschereau for competence of policy, clearness of directness and energy of execution. The Liberal Government is so certain of power for a long time to come that it does not, as in most democracies, have to play politics to ensure victory in the next election. It can and does devote itself to constructive policies, some of which will require years to execute.

Under the wise lead of successive governments, the aim has been to develop industry by a wise administration of the finances of the province, a policy which has placed the latter in a position that enables it to spend each year increasingly large amounts on internal improvements. Even before the existence of the Quebec Liquor Commission added to its funds this government already had set up a record in economical and efficient administration and now, with the increase in receipts accruing from its liquor sales the provincial debt is being lowered greatly every year.

For the improvement of tourist conditions every hotel in Quebec a tremendously increased system of good roads is reported demand it not up to standard requirements, the hotel keeper is assisted in improving his accommodations.

The government is interested not only in retaining within Quebec its sons, but in reclaiming those who have left, and it has taken a lead in this respect that might well be adopted by the Federal Government and the other provinces. This movement, which enlists the earnest support of the intellectuals of Quebec, receives its strongest support from the co-operation of Church and Government. Everywhere in all the fifty parishes throughout Quebec the priests are exhorting their flocks to remain at home and magnifying to them the advantages of life on the farm and in Quebec. Others have gone to the French-Canadian settlements of New England with an invitation to return to their homeland.

To all the message is: Return, return to the province of Quebec, come to aid in sowing our fields and to draw from the soil the benefits the land always gives to those who know how to work it. Come back as soon as possible—there are still many good places around the hearth of your fathers.

Nowhere has the hand of government been so strongly or so beneficently felt as in the field of education. There real wonders are being accomplished. One hundred years ago visitors to Quebec commented on the lack of education and on the same breath on a certain finesse of manners due to the example of a small select society. But even of that period Premier Taschereau says: "Whatever its deficiencies the system has taught our children their religious duties, kept them attached to their well-developed character and cultivated the mind."

Quebec Educational Ideals

NOT only has there been a change in policy as regards effort, but there has been an even more startling change in the ultimate aim of education. In Quebec until comparatively recent years there was no sympathy for divine discontent. "It was believed that the villager educated would either emigrate to the city or else being unadaptable to his village environment would become discontented and a nuisance. The results began to disclose themselves everywhere. The English-speaking community, weaker numerically, was capturing all the prizes of wealth and industry. French Canadians asked themselves: "Why is it that in a city like Montreal, where we are so strongly in the majority, the heads of most of the banks and other big business institutions are English?" The answer, of course was: "Education!"

A few days ago, a leading government official informed me: "The clergy give us every possible assistance in educational matters. Their assistance is invaluable; they are enthusiastic. We believe only the best education can result in the materializing influences of this age, and we want our people to have it. And although very loyal to their church, French Canadians are essentially tolerant. There is in them a strain of liberalism which does not exist even in France, and they are ready to move toward a more independent education not religious nor even irreligious, but diverted by lay agencies leaving religious instruction proper to the clergy."

Pursuant to that policy, two thousand schools have been added in the last ten years, and in that period there has been an increase of eighty-nine per cent. in school attendance. It should be distinctly understood, in the other portions of Canada, that this work takes full account of English-speaking and Protestant needs. The Hon. L. Athanase David, Provincial Secretary, and in charge of education, says: "Some may have listened to attacks upon our own system of education; they were not quite aware of the wide liberties which the English minority enjoy in the schools of our Province; they did not know, perhaps, that Quebec spends nearly a quarter of her revenue for the education of the Province's children."

The same idea is thus expressed by Bruno: "While the French have an overwhelming majority in the province they have in a most remarkable way respected the rights of the Protestants and treated them with utmost consideration."

This is borne out by the evidence of Dr. Parmelee, secretary of the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction, who, in commenting upon a decrease of 17,000 in the Protestant population in the last thirty years, said: "This means about three thousand children less, but the number of rural school houses is about the same. This has resulted in having schools where sometimes there are only ten pupils. With the annual grant generously given to us by the Quebec Government, it will be possible to build new school houses located at a central point, where the pupils of schools to be consolidated in one will find easier access than they would if one of the present schools was used."



The midnight mass at Notre Dame Church, Montreal, Christmas Eve

English Is Obligatory

THE teaching of English in the schools of the province is obligatory, for, in addition to the recognition of the constitutional rights of the English language as one of the two official languages of the country, this province also realizes that it is not only useful but necessary that the French-speaking children should learn English. In the French-Catholic schools, English becomes obligatory from the third year, and in the cities and towns, it may be taken up from the second year. In the bilingual Catholic schools, the study of English commences from the first year with a special course of study prescribed. In the normal schools, the teaching of English is compulsory during the whole of the three-year course, and the number of graduates qualified to teach in both languages increases each year. In independent schools, those operated by brothers and nuns of the teaching orders which are amongst the best-organized schools in the province, special attention is given to English, and most of these schools have adopted the official English course laid down by the Catholic Committee of the Council of Public Instruction. The kind of English education given in the classical colleges can best be judged by noticing the proficiency of members of the learned professions, and of public men of the province, in the use of English. Most of them use better English, in the sense that it conveys more to the brain of the listener, although the grammatically correct word may not always be used, than educated English-speaking Canadians do.

The race, except in propagation, stood still during the most progressive period of other democratic races. In that time, cut off from all outside influence, it had all it could do to survive as a race, let alone advance. But, it is advancing now, and within the last ten years the French Canadians have consolidated their position beyond all shaking.

An acquaintance who was one of a party of business men who went to St. Jerome, a thriving town of five thousand people, in connection with a business proposal to the town, The mayor said: "Well, have to go slow on this. You know you English have taught us all we know about business."

Now they are teaching themselves, and they are learning—fast. At McGill University, where we have the best opportunity to compare the education of the two races, in the list of graduates for the last few years there has been a striking majority of French and of Hebrew names, particularly in honors. The average product of our Protestant English schools is all right, but there is no provision made for backward pupils or for pupils of genius.

Continued on page 48



One of the new pilchard oil plants on Nootka Island, British Columbia. A year ago the site of this $300,000 establishment was wilderness.

Humble Pilchard Becomes a Blueblood

The amazing story of the growth of a new industry in British Columbia

By L. V. KELLY

EVERY once in a while, Canadian industry wakes up, rubs its eyes and discovers that some unused and apparently useless natural resource of this Dominion can be turned into a commodity that the markets of the world crave.

Consider, for example, the pilchard.

Two years ago the pilchard was the prize fish nuisance of Canada's west coast. To-day, it is the staple of a new industry which, within the first year of its existence, added a million dollars to Canadian industrial receipts.

Two years ago, no self-respecting British Columbia fisherman would have anything to do with the pilchard. Experiment has proved its flesh to be so oily that no one would buy it for food, even in war time. The canneries had attempted to make it edible, but had given up in disgust.

To-day, the pilchard is one of the prizes of the deep. The very oil which made the fish valueless as the food markets of the world has become the basis of a flourishing business. Every month hundreds of tons of rich, yellow pilchard oil are being shipped abroad and—such is the cunning of modern science—the odoriferous liquid which made the pilchard shunned of men is now being used to make dainty perfumes for ladies' boudoir.

A Hobbledehoy Sardine

TO BE more explicit, the pilchard is a herring or, rather, is of the herring family. It is an overgrown sardine, with flesh and oil composed in flavor by its years. Says the scientist:

"The pilchard belongs to the herring family and occurs in abundance from the Mediterranean around the European coast to the north of the English Channel. There is a pilchard also found on the Pacific, its character and habits similar to those of the European variety. In February and March it appears in immense shoals off the east coast of Otago, New Zealand."

For many years the fishermen of the west coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, have cursed long and deep when tremendous schools containing billions upon billions of pilchards swept down on the coast from the open ocean, coming through the months of June, July, August, September and October. They "gummed up" the salmon fishing, smeared the herring nets and, generally played hob with established industry. Sampled as a food, the fish was too strong and too greasy. The flavor was not palatable even to the fisherman, a none-too-delicate palate. Experiments were made by fishery companies. They tried to find markets for the fish in various corners of the world, but to no avail. During the latter years of the Great War, when the German submarine warfare made food conservation a pressing necessity, some resourceful undertook the canning of the giant sardines. Many thousands of cases were packed, the fish canned in its own oil. But even patriotism did not make the food popular. The industry flickered, faded, and went out. Pilchards were not wanted.

It was known, however, that the fish, which is somewhat larger than the west coast herring, contained within its body an unusually large quantity of oil which might be useful somewhere. Meanwhile, attempts had been made on the Pacific coast to establish and make commercially possible the reduction of non-edible fish. In the waters of the Pacific are quantities of these creatures such as the dogfish, the wall-eyed and the sand shark, the latter often weighing a ton or more and being twenty-five to thirty feet long. It was hoped that, by using these marine scavengers and such allies as the salmon canneries had to offer, the fish reduction companies would make good. But the better profits obtainable from salmon and herring and halibut were more attractive to the fishermen, and few would attend exclusively to seeking the non-edible varieties of fish.

The fish reduction business became a struggling undernourished industry. It worked in spasms, and the brought the silhouettes of its uneven and unwieldy overhead. It was not prosperous.

Meantime, each year, tens of thousands of tons of pilchards came to the coast, flirted their barbed tails at the fishing nets, flirted their fins at Canada and vanished again into the unknown of the vast Pacific, only to return the following summers in additional vast hordes.

War Declared on the Pilchard

VARIOUS applications for the right to fish pilchard for oil and meal alone were forwarded to the Department of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa. The pressure eventually resulted in the passing of an order-in-council January 15, 1925, permitting the catching of the fish for rendering on a commercial scale. Prior to the granting of this concession the fish oil business of the Pacific Coast had been carried on in a small way. The fish meal was sold to the local market largely for stock food and fertilizer, the fish oil disposed of in British Columbia and the United States. It was packed in drums, similar to gasoline-tested containers, and there was no particular quantity. No one was pressed for time or speed in getting the oil away, and it occupied little space.

But with the promulgation of the order-in-council of 1925 there came a change. One or two reduction plants on the west coast of Vancouver Island were revived and placed in operation. Fishermen set out to catch pilchards only. Tens upon tons of the silver fish were offered to

Continued on page 48



Left: Scowloads of pilchard and a fleet of seine boats at a pilchard oil plant on Barkley Sound, British Columbia. Right: Transhipping pilchard oil from ship to tank cars of Vancouver, for despatch to Chicago.

Just to be Sure

Merely three men and a maid, and a masterful motorist

By STEPHEN AVERY

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WYNNE CLARKE

PURE inspiration was not for Jacqueline. Her ideas, even such brilliant irresistible ones as this developed many naturally. They just grew bit by bit out of circumstances. So when Payne Trenchard drove hilarity into Montreal to arrange the final details of his stupid bachelor dinner and left her all alone to turn up a gust in her bandeau fireplace letters from darling boys pictures of her dearest lovers mementoes of this moonlight night and that moonlight night, he created circumstances almost certain to start her idee mechanism working full speed. Payne said himself that she got into trouble every time he turned his back. Well, why did he turn it? Whatever happened was going to be his fault.

Jacqueline's idea was not ready yet. It was sort of simmering. She curled up on the hearth rug in the midst of her precious debris in a pale pink peignoir which touched pharmingly here and there the long delicate area of her delightful twenty two year old eyes. Pink heels to match escaped a pair of black silk mules with big silver pom poms. Her hair, dark copper clung trimly to her high held head. A package of cigarettes and a box of matches were at hand to assist her in the sad rite of destruction. "It's no fun to burn up a past," she murmured. "—if it is a past."

Jacqueline held a letter in her hand a moment and then regretful but grim and with pressed together lips she struck a match, lighted the paper and dropped it into the fireplace. The last decipherable thing to turn crisp and black was: "Yours from ashes to ashes—Tommy."

The next was harder. It was a picture and Jacqueline put the match of goodbye to it with very dim eyes. As the curling flame reached for the gay smiling face an unintentional little sob came up in her throat. She could not stand it. She blew out the flame, kissed the gay smiling face and sure that it had sealed pressed the picture to her bosom. So one young man has not lived in vain. Jacqueline's eyes were gray and misty and until someone puts a rose light in a shell of ivory there will be nothing to describe her coloring. In fact that young man whose picture she caressed has had a very full life.

She rose pensive and stood in a French window which opened upon her boudoir balcony. Far down at the end of the rolling slopes of lawn which were part of her dad's domain a September moon rimbed dripping out of Lake St. Louis. Vague levels of shadow to the right would in the day time, be those sweeps of brown field white fences, hedges, hidden but palatial manor houses, stables, paddocks which in that belt along the Lake Shore Road marked the country seats of the mighty.

IF, AT that moment, Jacqueline had not been thinking of the gay smiling face she might have thought of the hundreds of valuable acres, the stables full of blooded horses, the yacht in the Bay, the mot on the huge stone pile of Harner House with its seventeen suites and thirty-four tiled bathrooms to all of which she was sole and direct heiress. She was a Canadian princess different from other princesses only in that she was richer, prettier, had younger, healthier, redder blood, and her castle was more sanitary and in better taste. She was the daughter of J. J. (Jack) Harner who had long possessed every material thing a man could want, but who if you asked him what he had, would say, "I have a daughter. Have you seen her?"

So, almost everybody called him Big Jack Harner and Jacqueline—Little Jack Harner, and since her mother was a memory the two Jacks when they weren't in Europe, Florida, California, at the Montesquieu in Montreal, or on the high seas, lived among themselves adoring and adored.

Of course Payne Trenchard had been about the place ever since a day in his eighteenth year when he'd lumbered across the fields to see what these pervenu Harners were like and had had a highball and a pipe with Jacqueline's father. Little Jack was nine then, and had stuck out her tongue at the big clumsy boy in the sailor's riding breeches.

She felt like doing it now. That was her attitude toward her fiancé. It was only that he'd appointed himself her assistant guardian for the last thirteen years, always at her heels teaching her to ride to hounds, swim the crawl, take a racing sloop around the buoy, smoke (once she would do it) and drink (since her sort of girl couldn't avoid it) and letting her practice flirting on him—it was only for all these things that she tolerated his dictatorial—hard headed, bullying at all. Payne Trenchard always turned up at the wrong moment to prevent her driving to Quebec from a dance at two a.m., with a perfectly nice man, or to keep her from joining incognito, the chorus of a New York revue.

Consequently, when his mumbled incoherencies one evening took the turn that she'd have to be married some day to some man—if you don't like me after a few weeks, you can divorce me—and all that, it occurred to her that he might be less alert at spoiling her fun as a husband than at brother. Also Big Jack had told her once that if she was ever asked by young Trenchard and refused he'd disown her. So she said, "All right, Payne darling. Now what do we do? Kiss?"

Yes." Payne had said huskily. Of course there was no great thrill in kissing Payne. She'd been doing it off and on for thirteen years, particularly when she thought it would embarrass him. But never quite—like this.

Little Jack Harner turned away from the late September night and came back into her boudoir. Little lights and ledges in her gray eyes were the almost visible marking of her mind toward her brilliant idea. "His bachelor dinner indeed," she muttered. "His wedding is a mere detail, but his bachelor dinner—Well if he knew what I was thinking—"

Piles of letters, pictures, dance programmes, menus, books, crumbling flowers, men's handkerchiefs reposed on the hearth rug. They were the last and dearest. She couldn't burn them. She hadn't the heart. Not those three. She sat down again, toying with this and that, lighted a cigarette and squinted through the smoke. It would be just like burning their darling selves, she whispered.

A line in a letter caught her eye and made her remember nights on the deck of a steamer in the Adriatic with Valley Jamieson. Valley was a lover any girl would regret; older than the rest, dark and adventurous and at home in the world. So for two days on the deck of that steamer she and Valley Jamieson had loved each other with their eyes and then otherwise, until at Adriatic she was ready to step down the gangplank and run away with him to Odessa, probably. But it was raining when they reached Adriatic, and the venture was postponed to Salonica. And at Salonica it was too hot.

Jacqueline had recovered from the episode rather quickly during the following winter in New York. Peter helped her. She had to take care of Peter. One of the other piles of letters was Peter's—and the letters in that pile were poems or just as good. Peter was a hall mad young dramatist far too great a genius to be successful or to be able to take care of himself. He couldn't ever get his clothes on straight and someone had to rote his neckties and give him sympathy. He wouldn't have refused a little subsidy either, being quite above money, but or anyone else's. It had seemed no more than her duty to Little Jack Harner to let Peter worship her with his fevered eyes, to lend him half her months allowance, buy him lunches at smart restaurants and to give him two kisses a week. The only practical thing Peter ever did was to take them both on Monday.

The third pile of letters was smaller and less important. Jacqueline had no real reason to keep Jell Bone's letters at all. Yet she'd kept them. Possibly he was her ll man; the one thoroughly impossible fellow a woman is said to treasure so that she may always wonder what life would have been like—if.

Jefferson Bone was just a plain Alberta oil driller, except that he could sink more pipe per day with a diamond drill than any other two outfits in the state. Big Jack Harner sent him to Ferador to open up some oil land there and later on interrupted a cruise to California in the yacht to drop down and look things over. Jacqueline never got over her first impression of Jell Bone coming aboard in his hose. She'd looked at a lone mountain and she'd seen a giant pine tree on the shore of a small lake. He was six feet four and red brown all over, at least his face and neck and hands, and he had short brown hair and serene eyes which could have put-stayed the devil.

Later on, they had gone into the interior to see a well brought in. On the last trek Jell Bone carried her across a mountain stream. He didn't talk much, and when he did she felt uncomfortable and thrilled. He said, "People are absent like oil drilling. You got to go way down deep and explode a lot of dynamite before you know what's there." On that principle he proceeded to dynamite Little Jack Harner. In the tense moment when they stood together waiting the underground rumble which would either bring a rush of oil sand or pronounce a dry hole, he asked her to marry him. He said they could do it in Gravy-mud on the way back. Jacqueline had been almost frightened into saying yes, and she never afterward could quite forget Jell Bone.

It was no more than natural alone in her boudoir listening to the whispers of the dear ghosts of her delightful past, that Jacqueline should be uneasy and wish for Payne. Vaguely she felt herself getting into trouble. Payne ought to be there. "It's more important than a bachelor dinner," she muttered. Suddenly she hated the whole institution of bachelor dinners. They made her mad. "Why shouldn't a girl—if a man does?" she demanded. "Why shouldn't I have a bachelor dinner?"

Jacqueline's ideas had arrived, full grown, complete, irreversible. She glowed with it. She adored it. She would give a bachelor dinner tha same night Payne gave his. The practical dilli-tallum evaporated in the rosy mist of inspiration. Telegrams—that was how. She had three days and a man could come a long way in three days. That is, he could if he wanted to. Maybe they wouldn't want to. But she thought they would. When they received her telegrams, her sort of telegrams they probably would.

Another misgiving also was swept aside. "It's no more than fun to Payne," she decided. "How can Payne really be sure I love him unless I see the others again? It might be. Peter I want to marry, for all Payne knows." She hopped up from the hearth rug to her desk chair and dashed off a trial telegram with a pink quill pen. She read it over several times. Then she read it aloud to see how it would sound if anyone were to read it aloud. "Hate to miss marrying you, Valley. Stop. Dine with me here Thursday. Stop. Love and Kisses—Jacqueline." It sounded a little formal as she wrote in a 'darling' after the Valley.

A desperately busy hour followed, Jacqueline being practical. Jacqueline giving concern to such definite things as people's addresses. No good sending telegrams unless you knew where to send them. Where on earth would Valley be? And Jell Bone? But she wasn't going to ask him really. It would be silly. He might not even remember her. And if he did come, he'd probably appear in boots and a flannel shirt. The only thing she knew positively about Jell Bone was the name of an oil company, the West Coast Producing Company. So she wrote a wire to Mr. Jellerson Bone, West Coast Producing Company, San Francisco, and she said in it: "Must be married on Friday. Stop. Come to dinner Thursday.—Miss Jacqueline Harner."

Peter's address, seventeen West Eleventh Street, she knew, of course, and she took a chance, finally, on reaching Valley Jamieson through the Racquet Club. "There," she said proudly, folding up the three slips and ringing for the maid. She felt very matter of fact and business like with her telegrams. Where there's a will, there's a way," was what her father always said. He'd be proud of her. "Harriet? Is that you? Here are some telegrams. Give them to Arthur and tell him to drive over to Westbury and get them off at once."

Jacqueline sat on the edge of her chaise longue for a moment of contemplation. She had the sense of having done a good job, a pleasant relaxed feeling. Through the partly opened French window to her balcony came all kinds of soft friendly little sounds. The night was rooting to her. Presently she heard a whistling, somebody whistling out there, but before she had time to wonder what it was she heard her name called in a low voice. "Jacqueline—"

Quickly she jumped up and hurried to the balcony. Leaned over the rail. "Who is that? Payne? How perfectly nice and romantic of you, Payne. I didn't think you had it in you. What—?"

A voice came up from the dark. "Why aren't you in bed? I saw your light as I drove by and thought you might be worried about something. Go to bed, now. Goodnight."

"What! Goodnight? Is that all? Shades of the Montagu. I have a balcony and a lover and he won't even climb it."

"Oh, Lord!" It was a groan.

While the scraping sound of patent leather evening shoes against rough stone marked her fiance's precarious progress from ground to window ledge to the balcony support, Jacqueline hummed a little tune. It was bravado. She was afraid he might fall and break his neck or be shot by the night watchman and it would look well underneath her balcony. Besides Payne was too useful to be lost in any such casual manner. She might want to marry him on Friday after all. Who could tell about Friday when it was only Monday?

So she was right happy to see his dishevelled but otherwise nice blond head come up over the railing. "You do look silly, darling."

"I feel it," he said. "And you look shamefully lovely."

"I feel it," said Jacqueline. —lovely. I mean. Now you can easy you love me once and kiss me, twice and then go. I'm sleepy. No—not a single thing."

But, it was a temptation to allow him a hug. He looked sweet sitting there with his shirt all mussed and a smudge on his nose. Payne Trenchard was anything but handsome but he had points. He was full-sized and a good example of his type. Preparatory, Varsity, lieutenant of infantry, guns and horses type of young country gentleman with a business in the background. He ran true to form always and however much she missed the romantic flair, the adventurous impulse, the charming eccentricity in him it was at least comfortable to remember that he was always there, always the same. Also she could read his every thought. That was a help. In that all you have to tell me tonight, Jacqueline?" he asked.

When he had slipped down out of sight she turned back into the room and stepped over the mementoes of Peter and Valley Jamieson and Jell Bone to the bottom drawer of her chiffonette. There was a riding crop there which Payne had given her once and taken back the same day because she used it on the wrong horse. The horse would have run away with her but for Payne. Nevertheless she'd made him give her the crop again as a matter of principle. Also, there was a bathing suit of hers which at an inopportune moment had ripped out at the shoulder. Payne had hurried to the pavilion for needle and thread and resewn the thing with big half inch stitches.

Jacqueline had a momentary feeling of guilt just then. She wondered what gave it to her. Presently she rang for Harriet again. Maybe Arthur hadn't sent the telegrams. Maybe the office was closed.

In the meantime Payne Trenchard smoothed out as much as possible was admitted at the front door. He found Big Jack Harner in the library with a pipe and as soon as they were together it was evident without more than a look and a nod, how much understanding can exist between a man of any age and the boy who has grown up next door to him. In fact, their difference in age was in a sense obliterated now. They were just two men, one of whom had a daughter and the other loved her. "I saw the house still lighted as I drove by," said Payne. "So I thought I'd drop in and urge you up for my party on Thursday. You're coming of course?"

Big Jack Harner flushed with pleasure. "It never hurt a father-in-law attending a man's bachelor dinner. You must be mighty sure of yourself."

Payne laughed. "My reputation as a man it is safe with you. By the way, you did me a good turn to-night. Had a blow-out in Westbury on the way out. Your chauffeur came along while I was struggling with the rotten tire and changed it for me."

Big Jack's gray eyes Jacqueline's eyes only smaller and hoarser and maybe a shade kindlier, bent upon him. "You do look a mess. What was Arthur doing in Westbury?"

"Oh," he had some wires to send. While he fixed my tire. I got the Western Union fellow out of bed and sent them for him. Well don't forget. Thursday at eight." He was an easy going, open-minded fellow, Payne. Jacqueline could read his every thought.

BIG JACK HARNER did not forget Thursday at eight. But an unexpected hoard meeting of an oil company in which he was interested had delayed him in town and by the time he had rooms out, dressed and was ready to start for Montreal again eight o'clock had almost struck. He swore at oil company board meetings while the butler was putting his rake his root. That was the way when they tried to make a Director and Vice-President out of a field man. The fellow comes tearing East with a lot of radical plans. Why, he could remember only a few years ago when Jefferson Bone was a common ordinary drill operator. Now he wanted to run the company.

While the butler was searching in the coat closet for his stick Big Jack heard the door bell. He opened the door himself and a small pale-faced but burning-eyed youth stepped inside. An old brown hat came somewhat to the oily oil but head and though he was in evening dress of a sort, his general appearance gave sufficient reason to expect and to hope that he'd come to the wrong place.

"Yes?"

"I'm Peter Ronsell," said the youth, as though he dared anyone to deny it and as though the name were enough. "I came to see Jacqueline—"

"I'm her father," offered Big Jack.

"I don't doubt it," said Peter belligerently. "But I came to see the younger generation. Oh don't worry. Jacqueline expects me."

Big Jack delayed a bit longer. He was going to Payne's

Continued on page 32



What! Goodnight? Is that all? I have a balcony and a lover and he won't even climb it."



"I saw your light as I drove by and thought you might be worried about something," said Payne. "Go to bed now. Goodnight."

The Klootch Girl

The story of Timel-soo and the man who tried to harden h s heart

By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANZ JOHNSTON

VANE SULLY plunged out of the underbrush beside the mouth of the creek and swung to the left following the trail by the sea that led to Clo-nest. A bronze-hearded giant of a man with huge shoulders and swinging arms his long legs and light-stepping feet spurned the tangled salal and matted blackberry vines. Behind him across the vast sweep of the Pacific the sun was setting in ruddy splendor. Before him over the sand dunes lay the Indian village, a circle of native huts fringing a half moon of silver beach.

Chief Klattomupt sat cross-legged on a square of cedar matting at the doorway of his handsome lodge, the great cedar posts of which were carved with symbols of his totem the Bear. He smoked his pipe and stared over toward the sunset. Vane Sully however knew quite well that the Indian had seen him while he was a half-mile away. Drawn up at the chief's feet was a handsome canoe.

Sully gave him greeting in Chinook. "Kla-ha-ya," and Klattomupt granted "Kla-ha-ya, tikemta" in reply. Then they both stared at the sunset.

One after another the doors of the huts were softly opened and women's heads were thrust out. A battalion of black eyes was focussed on the white man. Some little native children, digging clams turned to stare at him then frightened at his gaze, they scurried up the bank to right and left, and disappeared almost instantly in the tall bracken that grew beyond reach of the salt.

But old Klattomupt was quite unmoved. In the bygone days had he not been down to Victoria year after year to paddle in the canoe races? Had he not met all sorts and conditions of white men from the governor himself in his silk hat and long coat, the admiral in his beautiful braided uniform, the red-coated soldiers the haughty policeman down to the lowest type of beach camber and the dirty half-castes. Moreover he himself possessed a shining top hat a cane and a Prince Albert coat. Vane Sully knew all about Klattomupt. He could guess at the thoughts that were going on in his mind and he smiled in his beard.

Presently he swung round to face the chief and pointed to the canoe. "How much?" he asked in Chinook.

Klattomupt shook his head, made a pretence of filling his pipe.

"Five dollars," offered Sully.

"Not for sale!" The chief also spoke in the Coast Indian dialect.

"Six dollars."

No reply beyond a grunt of dissent.

"I want a boat." Sully's eyes began to darken. "I want a boat now. I'll pay ten dollars for the canoe!"

There was a sudden ripple of silvery laughter behind him and he turned to see in the window of the lodge, a small oval face, a lace indicating unmistakably a white father or mother. Pretty finely chiselled features long silky hair that curled in tendrils around the brow, a slim throat and skin of creamy gold. One moment only and it was gone.

"I can't sell you that boat." The chief drew his aged form to his feet with difficulty trying to straighten himself to the height of the stranger. Klattomupt was accounted the tallest Indian on the West Coast but he had to raise his eyes to Vane Sully. Again the white man emitted his hearty laugh.

"You come with me," said Klattomupt with a feeble attempt at command. Still smiling, Sully followed him.

He led the way around behind the lodge and up a bit of road to where a tiny brook gushed out from the wooded bank. Here were half a dozen canoes in process of manufacture from the hollowed log to the almost completed craft, there was one with a head piece shaped like a raven and painted with crimson and yellow lines running lengthwise. Along the gunwale of the boat some inlay work had been begun bits of abalone shell inset with much skill.

Sully pointed it out. "How much this one?"

Klattomupt lifted his head in indignant protest. That in part of the dowry of Timel-soo, my daughter. She will travel in that boat to her husband's people." He pointed to another canoe not half finished. "You may have this one in six days, for ten dollars."

Sully laughed contemptuously and turned away. "Six days is no good. I want a boat right now for the fishing and to go up the river. Here's your money." He drew a small leather bag from his coat pocket, opened it, and extracted two gold pieces which he tendered the chief. "I'll take the canoe on the beach by your lodge."

Klattomupt refused the money with a dignified gesture. "That boat belongs to Timel-soo. It is her plaything, her delight. *Hwehleeth* she calls it which means wind from the west. You cannot buy."

Under his breath, Vane Sully cursed. He had never heard of such a retirement from a Siwash. To give a woman a boat in the first place! And then to refuse to sell it! It was past his comprehension. The chief must be a fool.

As well as he could in Chinook, he expressed his opinion of any man that would be such a fool. But Klattomupt's leathery old face gave no sign of resentment.

"I must have a boat at once," Sully cried angrily. He strode away down the road, and around the wall of the lodge. He rubbed his eyes. The canoe was gone.

He swept the beach with a furious glance, then ran down the shingle, over the sand to the sea. The canoe had just taken the water. By the time he reached the water's edge it was a good sixty feet away, propelled by the thin arms of a young girl. For one moment he thought of swimming after it. He even started to wade till he felt the cold around his thighs. But he knew the paddler could not be overtaken.

She made a wonderful picture in the brightly painted boat which seemed to float on a sea of gold, her long hair lifted a little and was caught by the sunlight, her face was slight...her dark eyes flashed, her teeth were agleam in a triumphant little smile. Again her lifting silvery laugh rang out.

Sully saw nothing of her beauty. He was savagely, helplessly angry. He had meant to get that boat. There would be no time to-morrow, for late to-night the fishing fleet would return.

He walked up the beach and took the trail along which he had come before, to where the creek ran into the sea. There, at early starlight, he made a fire and broiled two grilse he had caught earlier in the day. After he had eaten he smoked and sat on a log watching the tide.

It would be midnight before the fleet. Long before that he saw coming around a headland in gallant array the whole of the fishing fleet, led by a large motor boat which belonged to one of the sons of Klattomupt. The fishermen were chanting in not unmusical gutturals. The plaintive melody came to him across the water in thin threads of sound as the flotilla moved along, path of tumbled silver cast on the waters by the newly risen moon.

Sully cursed and then cursed again. With the men back he could not return to the village and carry off the boat. And he must have that boat.

The girl had laughed. She had laughed at him! No woman could laugh at him with impunity. That other woman—five years back—she had laughed. He had loved her but she had laughed and left him for another man. She had shattered his life. There was only one way to treat women, the savage primitive way. Otherwise they were a snare and a curse. He hated them all, hated this Siwash girl with her mocking laugh. And now here was the fleet back again.

It was the devil's own luck.

AN HOUR later by the bright light of the moon, he made his way back to the village.

The bay on which Clo-nest was built was semi-circular, steep-banked with a very wide stretch of beach when the tide was out, and beyond the beach, a bar, against which the ocean vented its impatience before it came rolling up the sand. Numerous small fires burned now in front of some of the shacks. Figures sat or lolled about them, picturesque silhouettes against the red glow of the beachwood fires. There was much laughter shouting and an occasional chanting song. The tribe was rejoicing after the return of the fleet. The fish had been sold to the canneries and there were presents for everybody.

Sully stood knee-high in the coarse grass of the dunes and stared moodily down. Dimly he could see the boats of the fleet drawn up on the beach or at anchor behind the bar. He could make out the lodge of the chief where a large fire was burning, and around which many persons were gathering. The company seemed to be divided, a hundred or more sitting on the left side of the fire, and a rather less number to the right.

When Klattomupt emerged from the door of his lodge every head was turned toward him. He was dressed in all his fine travesty of frock coat, silk hat and walking stick and came stalking down to take his place in front of the larger company.

Immediately from behind the other crowd an Indian made his appearance, walking around and standing in front of them, facing the chief. He began to speak. His voice was thin and nasal and he shouted at the top of his lungs. He was delivering a panegyric telling the assembly of some man who was the finest fisherman, the bravest warrior, the cleverest hunter on the coast. While he talked, another Indian came forward, bearing a pile of blankets. These he threw down at the feet of Klattomupt. The speech was immediately interrupted by derisive shouting from the larger company at the inadequacy of the offering.

Presently Sully became aware of a noise in the grass behind him. Instantly his revolver was in his hand and he swung round. A squat figure coming stealthily toward him stopped short.

"What do you want?" a voice asked. "What do you want here?"

Sully advanced a little so that the other could see the moonlight glisten on his revolver barrel. He could see too the giant stature of the white man, and the fearless thrust of the jaw.

"Shut up!" growled Sully in Chinook. "Talk in whispers! What are they doing down there? Is it a wedding?"

The Indian's voice was surly as he replied. "Nat yet. Chief Hy-ye has sent presents from Neotka to Klattomupt. He will come down in one week for the wedding."

Sit down," commanded Sully, greeting him self. "What are you doing here? Why are you not down with the rest?"



CHIEF KLATTOMUPT

'I keep watch.' The Indian was huddled together on the ground an uneasy eye on the revolver. Plainly he answered against his will.

"Why do you watch?" Sully's voice was sharp.

"Huh! because maybe Timel-soo run away. She don't want to marry. She's up to something. She's hidden her boat."

"Who are you?" asked Sully with interest.

"A slave of the chief. My name Yatehuh."

For a few minutes Sully was silent. From over the top of the grass he could see the crowds around the fire. Klattomupt himself was speaking now. His old voice was feeble beside the strident tones of the former Indian. Nothing of what he said could be heard by the white man. The Indian ventured a question.

"Who are you and why do you come here?"

"I am a white man from Alberni. I come to hunt and fish. I want a boat."

"Huh!" the Indian spoke in English. "You all alone?"

"Yes. Nothing to fear if you let me have my way." Sully too spoke in English wishing to placate the Siwash.

"Why for you want a boat?"

"To fish, and by and by to go south. I will pay ten dollars for a boat." He slipped one hand in his pocket, drew out a leather bag and shook it.

"Huh!" said the Indian and the two fell silent.

'Timel-soo has hidden her boat Yatehuh said at length. "Suppose we can find, you take her ten dollars?"

"Very good." Sully jumped to his feet. "Let's find it then."

The two crawled through the grass to the edge of the cliff and started to skirt the shore overlooking the water. The tide was almost full. It broke in a long line of silvery foam against the bar. There were numerous small indentations around the bay that led into quiet pools. Headed at high water. In one of these pools after an hour's searching they found *West Wind*. Timel-soo's canoe. It was moored under an overhanging rock, very cleverly hidden. In it were a box, two paddles, a rifle and a rolled-up sail. Yatehuh chuckled when he saw it.

"She plan go to-night. The tide will be full till daybreak. She waits till Klattomupt sleeps."

Sully exulted. Here was sweet revenge. The *klootchman* would be trapped, forced into marriage tamed to slavery. That was as it should be. He grinned to himself.

He gave the Indian the gold pieces, handed him the rifle and other things. Then he noiselessly paddled the canoe out of the pool around the rock to the breast of the bay, keeping as close to the shadows of the cliffs as he dared. He rowed for a quarter of a mile out of the bay and along the shore where it was still sheltered by the bar, which ran practically to the mouth of the creek. Then on the crest of a gentle swell, he entered the breakers, water, to light a little while with the current, moored it, and pull his way up stream. Presently he turned to the left and was in a backwater. Here he left the canoe and took the shore trail back toward the Indian village. He wanted to see the girl when she discovered the loss of her boat. It would be a sweet revenge for her insolence, for her fool's laughter.

It had been a hot day. Therefore in the long grass of the cliff above the beach the sandy soil was still warm. Behind a boulder Sully ensconced himself. The moon had set. It was very dark. The village had gone to bed. There was merely a dull glow where the great fire had been, and all was still except for the intermittent barking of some dog at the farthest end of the village.

He stretched himself in the grass, pillowed his head on his arm, and dropped to sleep as suddenly as a pebble sinks and disappears in the sea.

When he awoke stars eerily bright swung from a paling sky over the ocean toward the west. But eastward was the first rosy finger of the dawn. He lay over on his back, stretched his great body luxuriously, yawning widely, his eyes blinking up at the heavens. Then he heard a washing of the dew damp grass. A breeze seemed to flutter past him. He sat up.

The girl Timel-soo had run by him never noticing him in her excitement. She sped toward the edge of the cliff, stopped a moment to look over then she wrung her hands and raced along, keeping her eyes seaward.

It was getting much lighter. Sully could see her very plainly now. Her hair almost to her knees was unbound and floated out behind her in a cloud as she ran. He could hear her utter little heartrending cries, like a wounded bird. Her punishment was beginning. It would reach its climax by and by when Hy-ye came down from Neotka and forcibly made her his bride.

She was coming back evidently thinking there might be some pool she had overlooked. She was crying in small gasping sobs.

Now it was dawn and the whole eastern sky was aglow. The first sunshaft pierced its way to the sea. The girl glanced around quickly. She saw him. For a moment she stopped running and clasped her hands against her breast. Then she came toward him hesitatingly.

Sully stood up and leaned against the boulder. His eyes narrowed and his lip curled. The rising sun sent a glory over her. Her features were finely cut and regular quite unlike an Indian's. Her creamy skin seemed over-



Maybe, she whispered, you do not think I am white

laid with gold. Her little [illegible] like the red petals of a [illegible] cause she was beautiful [illegible] reason he had to hate [illegible] himself.

Presently she stood [illegible] of him a mere slip of a [illegible] eyes her mouth pitiful.

"Who are you?" she whispered. "An Englishman?"

Sully shrugged. "What you see. Nothing more."

"I see em white," she told him. "no Indian blood at all." She gasped a little. her eyes imploring his. "Won't you please help me. I have lost my boat, and I cannot stay here with the Indians any longer, not a day. I meant to start this morning. There is fine weather ahead. Maybe I can get down to San Juan, or a ship will pick me up. I had a rifle in the boat and food. I—but away. But it's gone. It's gone." She wailed the last words and threw out her hands helplessly.

He stared at her, her lips sneering.

It was a light copper, painted yellow and red with its name *Huehleeth* on the bow. "Oh please, have you seen it?" She regarded him doubtfully and questioned him anxiously. "I was sure you spoke English yesterday to Klattomupt when you asked about the boat. But you are foreign?"

He shook his head. "I am English," he said coldly.

"Oh then," she clasped her hands, holding them out toward him. "let me tell you all! You will pity me. You will want to help me. I have lived here for years. At first I liked it, the sea, the big boats, the great fires. And I was very little. I grew up knowing nothing else. Klattomupt named me Timel-soo, which means little bell, because I was always singing. I had a room of my own in the lodge and white bed, and I went to the nuns at Alberni to school. You will blame my mother perhaps for marrying an Indian. But if you only knew. More than twenty years ago she came out here from Sweden, with my father thinking to make a fortune. Other Scandinavians came, too. They made a little settlement. But what can they do. There is no transportation. No way to reach markets. No money. One by one they went away, until only my mother and father remained. And then there was only my mother."

"My father was drowned." Her voice choked a little. "and I was born just two months after he was washed up by the sea. So it was that Klattomupt found my mother. So sick and weak with a wee baby. All alone in a great loneliness. And he was kind and good. Quite beautiful then. Straight and tall and smiling. They were married by the priest, and for one year Klattomupt lived there with us. Then we came here."

Oh! it was not so bad while my little mother lived. The Indians treated her like a queen, and they were good to me. But three years ago I had to leave the nuns. My mother—" she shook her head. She could not go on for a little. Then. Do you know the sons of Klattomupt, the sons of his Indian wife?" She drew a step closer to Sully, speaking in a whisper.

He nodded.

"They want me to marry the chief at Neotka. There is a dreadful secret. He knows it. Suppose they do not give me to him, he will tell. She closed her eyes for a moment as though to shut some ugly vision away. "Have you ever seen an Indian wedding here on this west coast? She was speaking very rapidly, her eyes dark with horror. "The crowds all gather on the beach. Then the fleet of canoes arrive, bringing the bridegroom. His presents are flung down before the father of the bride. And they talk and talk. And night comes on while the woman waits trembling in the lodge. By and by they go to fetch her, and they send her down to meet the bridegroom, all naked—except for one little garment. "No, no! no!—I will not think of it. I am only seventeen! I want to go back to my mother's people. I want to go back to the kind nuns and the school where I was long ago. But my boat is gone, my little *Hwehleeth*, my boat." She began to weep wearily, her eyes searching his

Sully watched her. His expression was so coldly cruel that presently she began to realize the hopelessness of pleading.

She tried to control her sobs, biting hard at the back of one hand. She pressed the other to her breast. 'Maybe,' she whispered, 'you do not think I am white. Maybe you believe I am lying.'

He laughed shortly.

"But no. I tell you the truth," she continued. "It is the sun and the wind that have made me brown. See my skin is quite pale." She slipped her tunic down over her shoulder, holding it with her two trembling hands the while she watched him, her lips apart, her breath coming in small gasps.

Something in that small despairing gesture modestly forgot in her agony of desperation touched the icy hardness of Sully's heart. In spite of himself he turned his face away. To know that she trusted him!—was not she harmed before him? He laughed again. This time at himself. Was it possible that he was still a fool? A slow unreasoning rage came over him that late should thus mark him.

The girl seeing a lone softening in his face flung herself at his feet, laying her head against his knees. She began to speak again incoherently, sobbingly, trying to tell him that she was only a child and did not want to marry at least not for years.

He did not listen. He was afraid to listen. He stooped down and, catching her by the shoulders, threw her from him. "Don't touch me, you *khanthuss*," he snarled. Then he walked away. He turned once and saw her lying where he had flung her. But he felt no pity. Only a shame and anger against himself.

He almost ran along the riffle till he reached the creek. The tide was going out. He crossed the sedges, the reeds slapping against his feet. The sun was fully up, the mist above the fresh water turned to a veil of gold.

LATE noon he began the climb to his shark. He heard his dog's welcoming bark and shouted in response. A few moments more and a magnificent Airedale came bounding down the trail to meet him.

He and the dog Fellow lived in a deserted prospector's cabin, a picturesque place, heavy shutters on the windows, vines climbing around the door, a chimney of native stone. Three cougar skins and a bearskin were spread out to dry on the outside walls.

The cabin was in the very heart of the forest. A brook ran behind it, one of the many that fed the creek which near this spot widened out into a small lake.

It was cool as twilight among trees and as silent as sleep.

He talked to the dog. "Fellow," he said, "we are going hunting. That will keep us a week away from home. By the time we come back the chief from Nootka will have married the *Klootch* girl." He tried to laugh. "I have ten cougar skins and two bear. Next month we shall go into civilization and get our bounty from the government and have a grand feast, eh, Fellow?" The dog bounded about his master in a transport of joy.

Early the next morning they started. And the first night out Sully tripped on a buried root, fell heavily and twisted his ankle.

He had not known a sleepless night in five years. The out-of-doors had taken him to her bosom and soothed and hardened him. But to-night he could not sleep. He lay there on the cold bracken, his leg hurting, his head aching, his whole body uncomfortable. Night noises that he had never noticed before, or named, had been his slumber, startled him constantly. He twisted and turned and swore.

He had vowed to himself that he would not think of Timel-soo. He had dismissed her absolutely from his mind. But the moment his vigilance relaxed and he was almost asleep she stood before him. Again and again this happened. He could see her plainly, her eyes streaming with tears, her trembling hands holding her tunic down over her snow-white breast. He could hear her pleading.—They talk and talk and the night comes on, and all the while the women waits trembling there in the lodge. By-and-by they go to let the man and they send her down to the bridegroom all naked except for her one little garment.

At daybreak he was on his way back to the cabin.

But travelling with a sprained ankle was no easy task. Fallen trees had to be climbed, brooks crossed, thick underbrush breasted. He was tired out when he reached the shark at noon.

For two days he lay helpless with a swollen leg and a head that ached intolerably. He slept intermittently, but felt no refreshment upon waking. He began to lose his appetite. It was too much trouble to cook anyway, he decided. Here a rely nibbled at a few biscuits and drank cold water. There was plenty of meat in Fellow.

Two more days went by. The ankle was better. But his head still ached. He had told himself a hundred times that he was a fool but he could not forget that which he made himself believe he wanted to forget. The Nootka ritual would be down in a week's time but the weather was so fine he might have arrived already. Over and over again he pictured the arrival—the ritual in a big war canoe—his men behind him singing. When they came in sight of the village they would raise their paddles high and shout and Timel-soo, hiding in the lodge, would hear them.

At last he could bear it no longer. He would take Fellow, his two rifles, and go down to *Huckleeth*. He would paddle straight to the village. He would not let a damned Siwash marry a white woman against her will—

IT WAS the fifth morning when he got up and cooked his first hearty meal. His appetite had come back. His head was clear. He called Fellow and they set off down the river trail.

Then all of a sudden it swept over him that late, marking fate, had got the better of him after all, and through such a means—a little half-rate, miserable little half-caste who would be better dead. No! He would not go! He returned to the shark.

Somehow or other the day went by. He shot a cock-pheasant and cooked it for his dinner. He went down to the river and fished. He made his cabin tidy, washed his clothes, took a swim. At last it was night. He had been afraid to go to bed, but he dropped at once to sleep.

He was awakened by Fellow's loud barking and the rattling of his chain. He heard a noise at the door. It sounded like an animal prowling around. Now and then came a feeble whine, resembling a sob. Sully sat upright in his bunk. The door was not fast. He had not put the bar in place and the dog was tied. Some animal was trying to force an entry.

The moonlight came in through the crack in the door and showed him something thrust, pressing against it. Something tall enough for a bear. He left for his rifle slung up on the wall beside him. He was a dead shot, but he had to shoot through the narrow crack and it was dark in the cabin. He took careful aim, running his finger along the barrel to the sight. Then he fired.

He heard a sharp cry, a human cry and the shadow outside dropped and vanished.

Sully sprang from his bed and crossed the floor. Still clasping his rifle in one hand he opened the door. The moonlight showed a girl lying partly on the broad stone doorstep, partly on the ground. She had fallen backward, her head in the grass, her face upturned. A cloud of hair lay across her breast.

It was Timel-soo.

HE STEPPED over her and then knelt beside her, lifting her up. She seemed to have on but one thin garment, and it was wet and torn. He carried her to his bunk and laid her down. Then he lit a candle and, by its poor light, searched for a wound. The shot had passed between her arm and her body, grazing her side a little, but doing slight injury. He saw that her feet were badly cut. Her arms and legs showed blood stains. He washed the wounds and bandaged them. Then he laid her neatly within his blankets and covered her up to the chin. She was beginning to revive and he turned his back.

A wind was rustling around the cabin and, the door having open, entered in a gust and blew out the candle. Sully was about to light it again when the girl spoke. 'Mother! Mother! Mother!' came in a feverish whisper.

Oh her head, thought Sully to himself. Better not light the candle yet.

"Mother, are you there?" Again the fevered whisper and he could hear her move trying to sit up.

He went over to her and laid her back. "You are all right," he said gruffly, "be still and rest."

She sighed. "Is mother here?"

"No, I am taking care of you." Sully walked over and closed the door.

'Anyway, he is one of my mother's people," she said to herself. Then: 'Did my mother send you?'

"Yes," said Sully shortly. He brought her water to drink, and lifted her head, feeling about in the dark. For some reason he was afraid to let her see him, some reason he did not analyse.

'You tell my mother,' the girl went on, in the weak high pitched voice of semi-delirium, 'you tell her to pray for me. I tried to kill myself. You would have tried, too, if you had been there in the lodge with the Nootka chief waiting. He is crooked—and ugly—and old—and black. Oh, please come close to me, you you—!' She held out her arms in the dark and Sully sat down on the edge of the bunk and began to pat her clumsily.

'Now, now,' he said quietly, 'shut your eyes and try to rest.'

'Listen!' The weak voice was imperious. "You must listen! Then you can tell my mother. To pray for me. Klattomupt didn't want me to go. He was sorry. He put a little bundle of clothes at the door and left the bar down. And I wriggled out through the grass, and threw myself into the sea. But the tide flung me back. I saw a panther in the woods, and I followed him. To let him kill me. But he ran away. I heard a wild dog barking, and I climbed the hill and pushed against a door. Then something struck me and I fell. But still, I am not dead—you, you tell my mother—"

Her voice broke. She had been speaking in staccato sentences, gasping for breath sometimes in the middle of a word. Now she began to sob straightly, tearlessly.

He wet a cloth in water and laid it on her fevered forehead. His hands became tangled in her hair. She should not have all that hair about her, he decided. It would increase her fever. He had better cut it off. He went to fetch his hunting shears. He could find them in the dark, and he was still curiously afraid to make a light. But he could not cut off her hair in the dark. She seemed quieter now. He dared to light the candle again.

He came to her carrying it, shading it with his hand. The shears were under his arm. She lay there with her eyes closed. But when he leaned over her she opened them.

Then she started up with a scream of mad terror, staring straight at him, one arm across her forehead in a gesture of abject fear, her hand pushing against his breast. When he attempted to speak to her she screamed again. He could see the pulse throbbing in her throat, her temples. Her face was deep crimson.

"Hush!" he cried out to her. 'Hush!' But there was no controlling the fear that possessed her. She screamed to God to her mother over and over again.

Sully moved from the bed, set the candle on the table and, opening the door, went out into the night. He was surprised to find himself trembling from head to foot, his body in a cold sweat. He listened at the closed door.

The girl ceased to scream, she moaned a little and was silent.

He walked down to the river and back again. The moon sank below the fringe of the fire. The wood was very dark. Coming back he found the candle had burned down and gone out. The girl was calling.

Continued on page 27



Even the purely utilitarian grain elevator possesses some of the attributes of beauty when seen through the eye of Mr. Vanderpant's camera
(See article on page eleven of this issue)

Why thousands upon thousands come back to Fels-Naptha and come back to stay!

They have found—as you will too—that for real downright washing value, making it easier to get your clothes thoroughly and safely clean—*nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!*

Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help because it gives you the cleansing value of unusually good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha—two safe, thorough cleaners that work hand-in-hand and help each other.

No wonder thousands upon thousands of women—after trying this and that kind of soap—come back to FELS-NAPTHA, and come back to stay!

Prove this extra helpfulness of Fels-Naptha for yourself. Use it for washing clothes and general household cleaning. Buy it next time you are at the store.



Smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha!

Many women get the extra help of Fels-Naptha in their washing machines. They dissolve it in hot water or chip it directly into the machine. They get more than soap suds. They get creamy suds, enriched with dirt-loosening naptha. Use warm or any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you prefer. You are bound to get good results any way you use it. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot. We'll gladly send you a sample of Fels-Naptha FREE.

Fels & Co., Philadelphia.

Extra help





REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is imperative and worth while to thinking men and women of the world to-day.

Need British Money Here

English Review Thinks U. S. May One Day Own Dominion

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

ONCE more a British journal of dignity and influence views with alarm the penetration of Canada by American men and money. It is not alarmed by the resemblance in accent, clothes and customs of the average Canadian to his American brother but it feels that an ever increasing immigration of Americans and nonCanadian aliens to this country may well result in an increasing estrangement from Britain and British ideals.

To combat this it is suggested that English capital interest itself largely in Canadian industrial projects and predicts an attitude of warm encouragement and co operation, as the part of the Canadian people if this is done. During the last year or two, says *The National Review*, there has been ample evidence that the Dominion is entering upon a period of expansion which rivals its great growth of about fifteen years ago. It continues:

Not many than have there been so many large-scale efforts to develop the natural resources of the country, especially the water powers, the minerals and forests and the movement is not confined to any one section but extends almost from coast to coast. American capitalists are taking a prominent, although by no means an exclusive, part in this exploitation. American interest in Canada has certainly gathered strength amazingly since 1920, with very practical effects. Large branches of factories mentioned above, there are now in existence many excellent hotels of American parentage, great mining projects in many parts, enormous investments in loans of the Dominion and Provincial Governments and the manufacturing and other evidences of Yankee enterprise.

Two examples of the enterprise of American big business in Canada are mentioned by *The Natural Resources*, namely the stupendous plans of the Aluminum Company of America and the International Paper Company. The former it seems is developing a wilderness on the banks of the Saguenay River in the Province of Quebec which involves the outlay of more than $100,000,000, and we are told further that:

This vast sum is now being spent on the development of electric power, the building of a great plant and the erection of a model city to provide for the needs of 50,000 people. The International Paper Company, the largest of its kind in the world, has acquired much immense interests in Canada, that it may be said to be moving boldly across the border so far as the manufacture of newsprint paper is concerned. Several new mills are in course of construction or enlargement, and when these come into operation they, together with the numerous great Canadian mills already in existence, will place the Dominion permanently in first place among all countries in the production of that class of paper which matches the world's breakfast table. During the first seven months of this year the Canadian production of newsprint was 1,056,000 tons, an increase over last year of twenty-two per cent as compared with 884,000 tons manufactured in the United States.

As is inevitable in a new country, it is noted by this informant, most Canadians are somewhat materialistic in their outlook and their ambition for their country is a wheat-field and sky scraper civilization. But at the same time, it is asserted, they consider nationhood within the British Empire as their highest and grandest destiny and absorption by the United States appeals to no one but a few cranks.

It Isn't Work That Tires

London Medical Journal Claims 'Tiredness' is a State of Mind But Fatigue the Result of Activity

THE LANCET

WHEN you feel tired are you fatigued? At first glance this seems to be Exhibit No. 1 in the bright lexicon of Foolish Questions. But *The Lancet*, Great Britain's leading medical journal, points out the very real difference between the terms. This is the gist of it:—

"Tiredness and fatigue are not interchangeable terms, although the two things in most people march closely together. Tiredness is a subjective feeling associated with a desire for rest. Fatigue is a condition of diminished capacity for activity and results from activity. There are on the one side the Weary Willies of the world—persons born tired—for whom the ordinary processes of life seem capable of originating feelings of tiredness and on the other the really active, for whom the most strenuous exercise fails to elicit any desire for rest. In certain expenditure of energy to the point of exhaustion is safeguarded and the utmost a wonder remedy could do would be to lift the safety valve and allow more energy to be expended than is physiologically advisable. A remedy of this type was reported by Findlay in 1921, who announced that during the late war the exact point of fatigue had been delayed by administering acid sodium phosphate to German soldiers; to miners and to animals support seemed thus forthcoming far those who feel on uplift from the consumption of phosphates. A careful and well planned scheme of research for following up the subject is however, now reported.



In the Wake of the Forest Fire—a camera study by J. Vanderpant

China Makes Ghost Money

Shaoching Employs Thousands in Making Currency for Departed Spirits

NEW YORK TIMES

HERE is the story of a whole town which lives on the production of money for ghosts, as reported in an article in the New York *Times*:

Ghost money is not real Chinese money, not metal coins which need the stamp of a bank or the ringing resonance of silver to vouch for them. Fortunately the dead in China, though demanding, are satisfied with symbols, essences. Smoke will do. Paper horses, paper carriages, paper servants, paper concubines, even paper shrines can be sent to the dead in the form of smoke. So tan paper tael—tinfoil ayee shoes—need only to be burned to become the standard currency of the dead.

All over China ghost money is sent two to twenty of the paper shoes strung together on a cord. Sometimes where the ghost is known to be an extravagant spirit or the giver is in a generous mood there will be many, many strings of these shoes, perhaps a whole paper-truck load of paper taels buried before the dead man's shrine.

But ghost money is a matter of importance in China not only to the needy dead and his devoted clan. The coining of this paper money provides real cash to thousands of the living. The town of Shaoching, in Chekiang, where the tinfoil is made is prosperous shops, employs many strong men, and there are other regions, in Chekiang and Kiangsu where thousands of women work all day long folding and pasting the tinfoil into silver shoes. And there are also districts in distant Yunnan that supply the tin and smaller districts far away to Singapore and the Malay Archipelago. Ghost money is, in fact a large industry in China. The larger of the 700 shops in Shaoching do a business of from $700,000 to $800,000 a year it is figured, and the total yearly production of paper shoes amounts to $15,000,000.

A familiar sight all over China is this ghost money. Down the street comes a coolie, and on his shoulders he carries the burden of generations of his clan, across one shoulder the bamboo pole, with its burden ladies baskets that earn the money to feed the living across the other the strings of tinfoil taels to line the pockets of the dead. Very closely intertwined in China are the lives of the living and the dead.

All day long in the streets of Shaoching can be heard the din of thousands of hammers pounding on anvils, making ghost money.

China. Seething with revolt, yet a thousand years asleep.



Queen Marie's charming little personal crest which she designed herself, the crown of Roumania suspended above the letter M

HER MAJESTY, MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
Portrait by Philip A. de Laszlo

A pair of silver jars filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, which Queen Marie keeps for constant use on her dressing table

Pond's Creams are also highly praised by

Her Majesty, THE QUEEN OF SPAIN
The DUCHESSE DE GRAMONT
The PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON
MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT
MISS ANNE MORGAN

NO ROYAL GUEST who has ever visited America has been so widely acclaimed for her beauty as Queen Marie. Youth is hers—and great vitality, in spite of years crowded with strenuous activity. She has a beautiful skin—unlined, firm, fresh, with lovely natural color! A skin which speaks for itself of the wise care Her Majesty has always given it.

Over two years ago Her Majesty, writing from Bucarest, was pleased to permit the Pond's Extract Company to quote her words expressing her faith in the efficacy of Pond's Two Creams.

A subsequent letter, written in February, 1925, says: "Her Majesty wishes me to repeat that as to Pond's Cream, it gives her daily greater satisfaction."

If you don't already know and depend upon these delightful Creams of Pond's try them for yourself, without cost, by clipping and mailing the coupon below. You will receive free sample tubes of each with instructions for using. Pond's Cold Cream for the deep cleansing that keeps the skin supple, fresh, young; Pond's Vanishing Cream for soft protection and lovely evenness of finish. Send in the coupon today. Loveliness may be yours—youth, freshness—for years on end.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. N
168 Brock Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Province_____

MADE IN CANADA

MEDICINE

Claims Fat Is Dangerous Foe

Doctor States Fat Causes Inefficiency and Often Shortens Life

DR LEONARD WILLIAMS

THE tables which profess to tell us what our proper weight should be are encouraging a dangerous error, according to Dr Leonard Williams writing in *Healthy Culture* They have told us that as a man's years increase as should his weight regardless of the fact that heart and lungs have been subjected to a greater wear and strain Dr Williams continues —

If we consider for a moment what the addition of but one pound on a horse's back means to its chances of winning a race we can form some estimate of what an addition of fifteen pounds on a man's back means to his chances of achieving even a moderate place in the human race for efficiency

It is to be remembered that this increase represents not only an accession of lard superimposed on the mass of twenty-five it represents lard which has replaced muscle It would matter less if the extra weight were merely useless lard which he carries to speak on his back but it is not It is useless and deleterious adipose tissue which has invaded and supplanted useful and necessary muscular tissue It is not only an additional load it is a degeneration Fat and muscle are to a large extent mutually exclusive

Fat will not deposit itself on well-exercised muscles it prefers some more peaceful abode It therefore invades the internal organs such as the heart and liver but more especially does it affect the area of the abdomen both back and front

The reason for this is that, in the ordinary man of sedentary habits the muscles in these areas are practically never exercised well if as it nearly is the intake of food is on the plus side the solid plus is deposited as fat in the regions where muscular activity is least If we look beyond the outward seeming in a case of pronounced corpulence we can realize that the padding which is stretching the abdomen obliterating the lines of intelligence on the face producing a banana-shaped waist in the nape of the neck and disturbing all the curves of external comeliness is necessarily disturbing and embarrassing the internal organs in a similar manner Let us consider one of these for a moment the most important of all organs, namely the heart The heart is at once a force pump and a suction pump the delicate adjustment of whose parts, and whose efficiency for the performance of its task of maintaining the circulation of the blood provoke wonder and admiration in the minds of the most critical mechanical engineers. Now, if this almost miraculous organ whose duty it is to contract and expand gradually becomes encased in an ever-thickening covering of fat what is one to expect? The answer is clearly that the heart will fail in increasing measure adequately to perform its task It has no elbow room

Moreover in the case of the body as a whole it is not only a question of the disabling effect of this mere burden of superimposed lard It is also a question of the fatty tissue invading and supplanting the proper heart tissue so that the organ is both mechanically handicapped by overweight and vitally handicapped by a degeneration of its essential constituents But the heart is by no means the only organ thus to suffer mechanical and degenerative disabilities In extreme cases all the organs suffer in much the same way the stomach to produce dyspepsia the lungs, to produce bronchitis the nerves, to produce neuralgia the joints to produce rheumatism the sexual organs to produce impotence in the male and sterility in the female, and the central nervous system to produce irritability, testiness and emotionalism

It is necessary to remember that this type of fat man does not grow fat, as his hair goes white in a single night he gets there by degrees And those who cultivate the seeing eye will have no difficulty in detecting even the earlier stages of the malady Corpulence is not a comedy it is a tragedy It causes pain, disability, and inefficiency and, worst of all, it shortens life directly by clogging the wheels of being indirectly by decreasing and weakening the powers of resistance. The seemingly strong healthy man is the worst of all possible subjects for pneumonia typhoid, or influenza and no surgeon, however bold will leap to declare that he dreads to operate upon a fat patient

Practically all the deaths under anaesthetics have occurred among the corpulent. Moreover overweight is regarded askance by those practical people who assess the value of lives for insurance The tables usually published consist of figures drawn from the average; they are much too high especially in the case of people over forty years of age

Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

CULLED BY J L R

Tit for Tat—Giving Jazz to England about evened the score She gave us sparrows —Portage La Prairie *Graphic*

Aptly Defined—Modernism Getting a kick out of pride of possession because you've paid a dollar down.—Toronto *Star*

Misleading—Making Marriage Easy —Headline But it turns out to be merely making it easy to get married —Halifax *Herald*

Peace of Mind—If wives only knew what stenographers really think of their husbands they would cease to worry —Chanatin *Chronicle*

What Could be Fairer—Before marriage a man spends all his money on her Afterwards she spends it on herself —Kitchener *Record*

Cave Man Stuff—A woman is one who steals his wife's face powder because he is too manly to buy the stuff —Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*

Less Particular—Too many drivers nowadays are putting into their own fuel tanks stuff they wouldn't give the car to drink —Sydney *Record*

Senior or Junior—You may gain a little time by jay walking, but it is a temporary advantage The hearse will drive slowly —Nelson *News*

The Overlooked Estimate—Lady Mills says the price of a healthy wife among the African tribes is 260 Well a good wife may be worth it.—Guelph *Mercury*

Give Her Time— When will the chaperon return,' asks a woman's magazine Probably when she brushes her second cowlick —Ottawa *Journal*

Works Both Ways—Some girls use dumb-bells to get color in their cheeks and lots of men use color on their cheeks to get dumb bells —North Bay *Nugget*

Cause For Wonder—Someone has been writing about "the unsolved mystery of sleep" The mystery about sleep is where the blessed thing goes to when you need it most —Winnipeg *Free Press*

To the Point—"I am sending out cards for a children's party—what shall I say? I think R.S.V.P. sounds a little stilted for a little affair'

"I'd just say, Come clean!"—Dodsland *Times*

Nursing the Unconquerable Hope —During excavation at a busy New York street corner a male skeleton has been discovered in an upright position To the last he probably thought that his wife would come out of the door she went in by —Saskatoon *Star*

The Ultimate—If ignorance is bliss, it's a wonder some guys don't die of joy —Calgary *Herald*

Exposed—Lovely women once was placed on a pedestal now they are plainly on two —Brandon *Sun*

Fortuned—Henry has built 14,000,000 of them which allows each only five pedestrians.—Edmonton *Bulletin*

A Beauty Hint—If you want to get rid of your boy friends try putting garlic in your rouge —Vancouver *Province*

Unnecessary Diligence—Another unessential occupation is the ers leman who puts plus in new shirts —St John *Times-Star*

Call the S.P.C.A—Two men have been fined for cruelty to calves. We've seen golf hose like that —Shaunavon *Standard*.

Retirement—"Dempsey to Retire,' says a headline Becoming we presume, just plain Mr Estelle Taylor —Sherbrooke *Record*

In Terms of Mathematics—Dad says' 'Divorces are most apt to multiply among families that don't '—Prince Albert *Herald*

We Want Advice—Seems too silly for anything but we've simply got to ask somebody how the "hot dogs" keep that way in the winter time.—Ottawa *Journal*

Conclusive Evidence—Officers who pursued an almost nude figure in St Louis think it must have been a maniac because it was a man —North Bay *Nugget*

Almost—The slow motion picture has reached such a state of perfection that it is now almost possible to film a group of men laying new street car tracks —Montreal *Herald*

The Acid Test—The publicity fails to tell me whether the fellow who writes the books on Developing on Irresistible Will has ever attempted to open a Pullman window —Fredericton *Mail*

Hoovorized—A lady advertises for her cat which disappeared during lait-cleaning We are inclined to think that it did not take a firm enough stance at the approach of the vacuum-cleaner —Niagara Falls *Review*

Tut, Tut, Trudie, You're Not in the Channel Now—An A P despatch from New York says "Miss Gertrude Ederle was very smartly clad as the metropolis acclaimed her Her sturdy, but not overly large figure, was clad in an orchid-colored knit hat "—Windsor *Border Cities Star*

SCIENCE

Race's Cradle Is Unearthed

Explorer Unearths Evidences of Early Civilization in Honduras

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

ACCORDING to Mr Mitchell-Hedges the well-known archaeologist the discovery of the prehistoric city of Maya in British Honduras has brought to light a civilization which was extraordinarily advanced a civilization in some respects far higher than modern natural science understands. For instance, in chronology, the *Christian Science Monitor* informs us the knowledge of the ancient people exceeded that of to-day and they possessed a calendar which is finer and more accurate than the Gregorian It functioned for over 5,000 years without the loss of a single day, and it starts on a date which synchronizes with Oct 14 3373 B C

To turn to their achievements in art, though without the use of metal tools, their sculpture was as good as the best of to-day, while they were also experts at painting and mosaic work The evidences of this would go far to prove that their civilization was of very long duration and it is for this reason that Mr Mitchell Hedges believes that when more has been learned of their history it will be discovered that their influence extended further north and south than is at present realized probably as far as Venezuela in the south and to Mexico to the north. There is also evidence of other peoples living in that part of Central America, of whom the world knows nothing as yet and one venture no opinion.

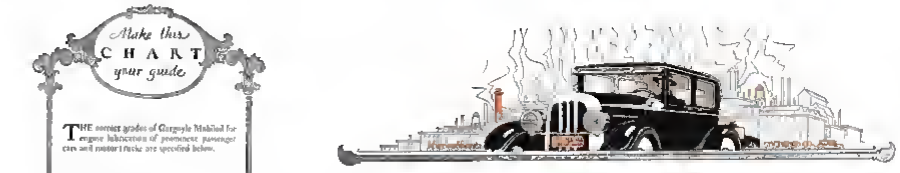
All that he has seen and learned from many years spent with the primitive races of Honduras has convinced Mr Mitchell-Hedges that when the key to their ancient history and origin has been found the present conception of the evolution of the human race will be radically changed It must have taken the Mayas many thousands of years to arrive at the state of civilization shown by their possession of so wonderful a calendar and once the veil is pierced which shrouds its obscurity their history prior to 300 or 400 B C, their country will be transcend Egypt in importance from the archaeological point of view

Such is the explorer's opinion, and it is finding support among all those who are engaged with him in his absorbing work. T A Joyce who has been surveying the site of Lubaantun on behalf of the British Museum, reports that he has found traces of three layers of buildings on the site of the city, showing that three successive civilizations had their homes on this spot

The inevitable question as to the reason for the disappearance of so advanced a civilization and for the submergence of a free people like the Mayas met with a ready explanation from Mr Mitchell-Hedges He was not of course, able to speak with definite knowledge of the causes of this, but considered that the indications available provide plenty of material for well founded conjecture Traces of cultivation having been carried out on artificially constructed terraces on the hillsides go far to prove that the country was very thickly populated, a declaration borne out by the proportions of the buildings uncovered.

The explorer believes that the Mayas enjoyed a long period—probably as much as 1000 years—of great material prosperity and peace, with the result that eventually the land was worked out and the food problem became an acute one.

The entire automobile industry urges you not to buy oil indiscriminately.



Your instruction book tells you how much importance the maker attaches to correct lubrication.



609 automotive manufacturers approve the Mobiloil chart ··· because ···



they know that scientific lubricating facts alone form the basis for these recommendations They know that Gargoyle Mobiloil engineers thoroughly and painstakingly study each make and model of car before the recommendations are made

To-day, 3 out of every 4 motorists who buy oil by name, ask for Mobiloil

Let the nearest Mobiloil dealer fill up the crankcase of your car with the correct grade of Mobiloil Then see for yourself how much longer Mobiloil lasts, how it increases power, cuts carbon and repair bills

GARGOYLE Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide



IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED Marketers of GARGOYLE MOBILOIL In Canada — VACUUM OIL COMPANY Manufacturers of GARGOYLE MOBILOIL

They Say—

What thousands of other MacLean's readers tell us each year.

Extracts from representative letters picked from the mail-bag

A Text-Book For Her Son

I subscribed to the magazine many years ago for my young son and he still eagerly awaits each number. All other magazines are put aside for MacLean's and I am sure it has been a great factor in making my son a real Canadian and has given him a love of his own country very different to what it might have been had he only had the literature from across the line. Keep up the good work for we parents do want to keep our children in their native land.

E. W. G., Vancouver

A School Treasures It

This is to ask you not to discontinue the sending of MacLean's to Onion Lake School, Sask. Please continue to do so, and send bill to me. The authorities may there was never as wonderful a present.

C. J. D. Saskatchewan

Canadianism Appreciated

I like your magazine very much. Your articles on current events are especially interesting. Being intensely loyal to my beloved Canada I hug MacLean's to my heart for it is so thoroughly Canadian. Our country is so flooded with American literature. American ideas and American propaganda of every sort that your magazine is a drop joy.

A. M. S., Sharbot Lake, Ont.

MacLean's is indeed the premier periodical of its kind in the Dominion. Its object, if I interpret correctly, has always been to encourage higher ideals and nobler principles patiently to good citizenship among the native, as well as the new arrivals in the Dominion. Its creed has been politics without bias, criticism without rant, fear or favor as well as at all times endeavoring to instil a greater and more practical human sympathy toward one another.

E. M. S., North Battleford, Sask.

From The Maritimes

I congratulate you upon the admirable manner in which your magazine is conducted and I wish you every success in your effort to provide for the great Canadian public a great Canadian magazine.

Rev. A. W. S., Fredericton, N.B.

And Even From The U. S.

For some months the literary rink of which I am secretary has been studying among other magazines MacLean's which we obtain at the public library. We consider it a superior magazine. In your November 1st issue we note an article "Where Once They Trail" by Inar W. Anderson. Of all the fluid of soldier articles we have read none so feelingly and realistically written as well as finely instructed.

E. C. Tenefey, N. J., U. S. A.

More than 110,000 copies of each issue cover the Dominion from Cape Breton to Vancouver Island.

Join the Army of Those Who Place Canada First

Arming Thugs Is Paying Trade

Everything From Tear-bombs to Aeroplanes Sold to Criminals—Manufacturers of Lethal Weapons Fight Restrictions

EDWARD H. SMITH

THE more we read our daily newspapers, the more we must become acutely alarmed at the readiness with which the criminal classes of to-day are making use of the sinister armory of weapons brought into being by the Great War. Machine-guns, poison-gas, tear-bombs, attack by aeroplane—all these resources of dreadful war are being used by hold-up men and, in fact, by criminals of all categories. How is it possible for such marauders to possess themselves of these weapons? Writing in the New York *Times*, Edward H. Smith answers the question for us thoroughly and interestingly. We are told that outside of New York State any one who has the price can buy a machine gun or a hundred machine guns without the hindrance. Dealers are only too glad to have his order, to give him a demonstration and to sell him ammunition by the carload. He is not required to show a certificate of good character or to explain what he wants with such a weapon. In some cases he is asked to leave his name and address for the record. No more.

The excuse for all this indiscriminate selling of a kind of arms for which none but the military ought to or can have legitimate use is that there is in general law against it, and that certain companies and interests may want the guns to protect their property against riots and strikers. One dealer even said that such a weapon might be used by some for hunting geese that were flying high.

There are on the market to-day a score or more of poison gas devices intended for defensive use against the criminals. Some are cartridges affixed to doors and windows with a mechanism that sets them off in an attempt, it is made to enter without having first turned back the particular sum with a special key. Others are attached to so-called hold-up alarms the theory being that they may be set all instantly in case a stick-up is attempted, routing the criminals. Still others are attached to the doors of safes and vaults in many banks and business houses throughout the country. They discharge their noxious fumes if any attempt is made to attack the strong-box with explosives or with the torch.

There has been a poison gas craze since the war, with the result that some sort of protective gas bomb service against thieves, burglars or bandits has found its way into commercial and domestic employment. These contraptions are being affixed to the doors of everything from Federal Reserve Bank vaults to hen roosts and the carriage among the innocents is extensive. The man who has them installed often forgets about the matter till some morning he is prostrated with a puff of chlorine. In several New York instances firemen who were trying to enter locked premises to perform their duty were greeted by such discharges and had to be carried from the building.

Manufacturers have to go hard against every suggestion of a law forbidding sales of firearms. They say that those laws would be a serious interference with a legitimate industry. They ask what the Government will do in time of war if it closes its gun works and stops the fire-arms inventor. They scoff at the idea that the criminals can be disarmed by any such measures and paint a warring finger at the dismal spectacle of liquor bootlegging. But the machine gun, the gas bomb and the special weapons mentioned do not come under the head of sport weapons. At Geneva thirty-two nations have signed a treaty condemning the use of poison gas even in war.

Meantime the immediate popular remedy has been to equip the forces of law and order with the same weapons used by the criminals. Thus, in New York to-day one sees the mail trucks being guarded by United States Marines, armed with machine guns, and the police are equipped with tear bombs for use in mob violence or jail breaking.

Ex-Police Inspector Cahalane pointed out the other day that the policeman is a peace officer, his main business is to preserve order. Life and property. Accordingly he cannot go about spraying a haul of machine gun bullets in a crowded city in the hope of striking down some bandit or burglar, meantime killing or maiming the inoffensive and intrusive public. Thus he must fight the blood-thirsty bandit and road agent with his old and simple weapons.

Deplores Decay of Sooty Craft

Uncle Ezekiel New Orleans Chimney-sweep, Sighs for the Vanished Glories of His Profession

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

EVEN if the advance-post of mechanical efficiency—the United States of America—some curious anomalies are yet to be found. One of them and not the least quaint is the New Orleans chimney-sweep of whom the *Christian Science Monitor* tells us that he must be a particular shade, a deep gleaming black upon which soot is not distinguishable, unless it leaves a slightly lighter mark. He should not be too tall and in girth must never surpass the ideal figure of the day. For it is energetic labor that requires roof climbing.

"It's dan jus work," says Uncle Ezekiel, a venerable member of the profession, "an ya got to learn 'em young."

Yas-suh —with head on one side, big crooked laugh creased against the temple—yas suh, ah was sulfin but a baby chile, dey commencin' to eat mo' dan two bananas to anet when mah papa tuk me wid him and started me off"—

His son has followed in this trade.

"It's she dan jus work," he repeats with a sombre shake of the head, "but when yo finish an see dat smoke des a-bustin out near an high in de blue sky, ya know yo work is well did. Ah all ways reko'mmbahs ma houses an' when Ah walks along Ah say — Look dere nigguh! — extravagant gesture — dat's yo eyes up heah on heah an' heah an' heah. All dem white folks glad ole Uncle Zekiel heaw how to make dey chimbly draw."

And he sighs gustily over the joys of a craft well employed.

But the noble profession has developed a new tragedy because "dosses oln' lak w'at dey was," and in a hoarse whisper Uncle asks for sympathy and advice, for quality folke don't wear high hats now-a-days, and what will the mo'nasyas do? He is not worried on his own account, he still has coo-ploseur without use as a time owners ("gentlemens of prominence") he proudly names. But how will his son manage?

One man declares that his battered, frayed silk topper—too dilapidated for wear—was given an honour by never after than Gen. Andrew Jackson the hero of the Battle of New Orleans. The aforementioned hero cleaned as well as dehimly in the place where the soldier stayed an' one of his trips back to the city he had stayed that the raised man as a mark of his esteem for so splendid a worker—bequeathed his hat and future glory on the humble sweep.

Never was it necessary to ask for high hats past their days of usefulness employers invariably remembered. But now before he leaves a house one's remarks wants to know if one's "men folks" have any worn out beaver.

As evidence of the fire predicament which may soon lead to the abolition of a quaint and esteemed trade, an inconspicuous advertisement appeared in a local paper. In a city of over 500,000 a place which has been called the Paris of America and one noted for the gayety and charm of its social life as it was once for an elegance now departed, in such a spot a chimney sweep lurks. It is necessary to call upon the entire population for are old time silk hat for chimney sweep.

The coal black romance, professing a tried and honorable calling in his "tarn duster" with his tuttimer carelessly slung over the shoulder and wearing the stovepipe hat that shone luminously in the social glories of the late eighties and earlier still walks the Crescent City's quantly named thoroughfares. Under the jauntily rorked hat he carries his head high. His eyes are aglow with the pirates of a happy go lurky nature.

Is Stage-Suffering a Strain?

Scientist Conducts Researches to Determine the Amount of Emotion the Actor Really Feels—Not Much, He Decides

NEW YORK TIMES

IN THE good old days of the drama when plays were plays and an actor was given lines to speak that he could get his teeth into—it was a pleasant convention that required the leading man to appear before the curtain at the conclusion of the penultimate act of the play in which he was appearing. Mute space he used to stand and then in a hoarse voice and with every evidence of total exhaustion gasped out a few words of thanks to his audience. Your kindness tonight. Have given of my best. Strain forbids lengthy speech. There is another act. The audience was thrilled.

Now steps in the grim figure of coldly enquiring science and proceeds to find out how much of this oft paraded exhaustion was genuine and how much to employ the expressive vernacular the bunk.

Dr. Pollenberger we learn from the New York *Times* has given great remuneration to the strain an actor undergoes. After what are commonly known as exhaustive researches he still is unable to decide whether an actor actually feels the intense emotion he so often portrays. He cites the case Jeanne Eagels who has appeared as an infuriated Sadie Thompson eight times a week for more than four years. Thus the learned doctor.

If Miss Eagels actually felt the same emotion she displayed night after night it would be physically impossible for her not to collapse under the strain.

William James considered this question at great length in a work published in 1895. He ruefully admitted actors were stirred by their parts while other were impervious to such strain. A genuine emotional response is very complex. It involves many internal reactions in addition to the external ones.

When an actor talks to the performers he gets an impression that they believe they really feel the strains of their roles. However this is doubtful. Such strain could not be sustained night after night. There is a difference between the effect of assumed and actual emotion.

For example, if there were a mysterious murderer in a man's family he would be under the tension all his waking hours for a long time. If, however, an actor portrays this situation on the stage he subconsciously knows that all will come out beautifully by the end of the evening. He realizes that after the curtain has dropped on the last detective he can go home for a good night's rest.

Some Candid Canadianisms

We chanced to be at Pier 2, Halifax Harbor one day last week when a ship from Norway arrived. She was on her way to New York but called to land one hundred and fifty third class passengers who were en route to the Canadian west. A man who, with us witnessed the disembarkation of these newcomers said:

"What a pity to see these people who would make good settlers go to other provinces when we need them here."

We agreed with him that we should have liked to have them remain in the Maritime Provinces, but when we had accounted them over and in fancy saw them settling down in their new homes in the Canadian West we did not feel so badly for we thought we could see a market for one hundred and fifty Sarkville staves almost at once and afterwards at intervals for as many or more suits of Maritime-made underwear—a number at once annually of Maritime-made comfortionery certain inhabitants that are put up in these provinces, brushes made at the Simms factory in Saint John and later on linth tubs made at Amherst; also if they kept up their national sports, skates made in Dartmouth and skis made in Liverpool. The chances seemed to be too, that within a very short time these new owners would be eating Royal Acadia sugar for which Winnipeg is a big market. Nor was it difficult to visualize these hardy Norsemen topped off with Eastern caps from Truro and clad at the other extremity with boots from Hebron, Ambrose or Fredericton. Of no value to us because they were not remaining in the Maritime Provinces? Our most lucid vision who cannot see the potentialities for trade in every shipload of immigrants landed on our wharves even if they do forthwith entrain for the west. We venture to say that if Frank Stanfield was on the station platform at Truro when the train carrying these settlers passed through he is already counting on his fingers how many rainsuits of underwear in prospect in the prairie provinces from this time forth.

Why should we feel jealous because the west is filling up with immigrants? There is no reason whatever for indirectly we are very much interested economically in a large increase of population out there. Every new citizen of the prairie provinces is a new business prospect for some of our Maritime industries. What we want for our manufacturing industries, is more customers everywhere and some of our factories have already proved that we can make good use of the trade there is to be done in the west. Wherefore, instead of bemoaning the fact that settlers pass our doors as long as they remain within the country where there is a free access to the trade which they create let us be glad that they are becoming Canadian citizens, and let us keep always believing that if we are retrospinary enough they will be patrons of the commodities which we produce.—*From The Maritime Merchant.*

It is rather amazing to find the extent to which American influence in Canada is concerning the people here. In Canada we are not worrying about it. Here everybody seems to have an idea that there are all kinds of annexation schemes and the like but as far as Canada takes the thought of annexation seriously I do not think there is a living soul in Canada who is in favor of annexation, and nobody talks about it. I think the whole business is the result of an effort to have it appear that are all the political parties in Canada is thinking along lines that they are not thinking along at all. It is a matter of pure party politics nothing else. Any talk about annexation should not be taken seriously, but should be scouted. Of course we are glad to get capital into the Dominion, and if we cannot get it from one source, we are prepared to take it from another. If British capitalists would put their capital into Canada we would be very glad. All over the Dominion we want capital and labor, and we are after any thing that will help to develop our resources and build up Canada.

The character of the Canadian people has not altered because of the capital that has come into their country. You do not alter the character of the British manufacturer by giving him a little more money to invest in his own industries. Capital from all parts of the world would help to build up Canada. Those citizens of the United States who come across the border into Canada are absorbed into the nation, and we do not find many of them going back. There has been great exaggeration about the movement of Canadians to the United States. Immediately after the war there was a great deal of unemployment in Canada, and at the same time there seemed to be a dearth of labour in America. Many of our working men got to the United States and take temporary employment there and come back again and there are many who live in Canada and who cross the border into the United States to work three by day and come home at night. That, however is nothing new. It has been going on for 40 years.—Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King speaking at Canada House, London, England.

The Klootch Girl

Continued from page 26

"Oo-ee, OO-ee oo-ee." The imperative childish summons sent Sully shivering again. She must be very sick. Quite ill her head.

He opened the door and went softly to the bedside taking water to her. Fearfully he spoke to her and lifted her up. But she was not afraid now. She drank greedily and thanked him. "Don't go away"—she said childishly "a great giant comes when you are not here. He called me a *klootchman*. He hates me. He wants to kill me."

"All right," agreed Sully thankful for the present that her terror was allayed. "I won't let him come back."

She sighed contentedly and settled down. "I'll go to sleep now."

He took his discharge bag and some ekins from the shack went out again and made himself a bed at the back of the house, much to the joy of Friday, who curled up beside him.

JUST as day was breaking he heard voices from the river.

He slung his shot gun over his shoulder, took Friday on the lead and went down the trail.

Three Indians had come up the stream in a dugout. Two of them were large men, the other rather small. Sully supposed them. He left quite competent to handle all three of them without either his gun or the Airedale. He glanced swiftly around for his canoe. It was still safely hidden in among the reeds.

What do you want?" he asked in Chinook.

The tallest of the Indians stepped for



A C P 815

AMPLION CONE

superiority lies in its clear reproduction of speech.

this is the supreme test of radio reproducers, especially the Cone type.

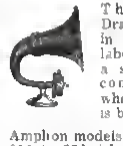
The Amplion Cone is enclosed in a handsome mahogany cabinet, 14" x 14" x 9"

No matter what set you may use, the Amplion Cone will help it to give you its best performance.

• • • •



The secret of the supremacy of Amplion reproduction lies in the matchless Amplion unit. This is an integral part of all Amplion models, Cone, Air-column, Dragon (horn type) or phonograph unit.



The Amplion Dragon is used in radio test laboratories as a standard of comparison wherever radio is broadcast.

Amplion models range from $11 to $50 (slightly higher in the West)

Have your dealer give you a demonstration or write for illustrated Amplion booklet which describes all models.

THE AMPLION CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

Dept. XY 100 Richmond St. W. Toronto, Ontario.

The Amplion Corporation of America

AMPLION



The captivating subtle touch for evening use. Renders a delicate, soft appearance to the complexion, arms, neck and shoulders.

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
Made to Hide Flesh Blotches
Send 10c for Trial Size
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son Montreal

1858 1923
Spencerian



No. 42
The Smooth-Writing Favorite

Fine, Medium, Stub, Dome, and Broad-Edge points
A Perfect Point for Every Person — Used by discriminating persons
Sold by dealers everywhere.

Written with the new Spencerian Steel—the Frances Moore Broad-Edge Pen.

Enclosed find 15 cents for 10 popular pen points and a WORLD ATLAS printed in colors.
Spencerian Pen Company 349 Broadway, New York

for
prompt relief
from Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis or Whooping Cough, ignite
POTTER'S
Asthma Powder
and inhale the fumes. Invaluable for severe paroxysms of Asthma
At your druggist's—60c.
Manufactured by Potter & Clarke, Ltd., London, Eng.
Sole Canadian Agents Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Limited Toronto Ont.

FOR HANGING PICTURES and other decorations, where harmony of color is required use
MOORE PUSH-PINS
Glass Heads—Steel Points. Hang many pictures, mirrors, clocks, etc., on
Moore Push-Pins Have Lasted Satisfactorily Dailyread for Seventy Years
16c pkts. Everywhere.
MOORE PUSH PIN CO PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ward. He, too carried a shot gun. He looked distrustfully at the white man. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

Sully shrugged. "This is my property."

"This is the reserve," replied the Indian angrily.

Sully shook his head, smiling slightly. "The reserve ends at the river. My property begins here and runs up to Shuswap Lake and beyond. I have bought it from the government, from the king."

The three Indians whispered together, turning their backs to him.

Fellow was straining at his leash, croaking no sound, but baring his white teeth in ugly warning. Sully waited. He was afraid the woman in the shack might begin to scream again, and that her voice would reach them. He knew he had no legal right to keep her or her people enslaved.

Move on down the river," he said suddenly, sharply. "Get out! Clear out! Sahhee? This is my land. I can't hold the dog and he's a man eater!"

He followed them down the bank and watched them as they hurried into their canoe. A few feet from shore they halted the boat. "Have you seen an Indian girl?" they spoke again, "or her body? We are looking for her." All three eyed him with malevolent intensity.

No," he replied, apparently indifferent. "I've seen no Indian girl, nor her body either. And don't you come up this stream again without my permission or I'll set the dog on you." Then curious as to what they might say. "What should an Indian girl be doing away up here eh?"

The tallest Indian for answer spat toward him contemptuously. The canoe was brought around and paddled swiftly down stream. Not another word or look did they vouchsafe him.

All day Sully prowled around in the neighborhood of the shack, afraid to go near it and afraid to leave it. Once after the Indians had gone he opened the door but he was met with such a wail of sobs and shrieks that he closed it sharply. He did not try again. He cooked his meal in the open and ate absently. At intervals he could hear the girl talking, sometimes rapidly in Chinook again in English. Several times he heard that childish summons. "Oo-ee, Oo-ee Oo-ee!"

Night came on and after the sun had gone the woods grew dark, suddenly. He had made broth over the outside fire and he put some of it in a tin cup working by the uncertain light of the flame. He filled a pail with fresh cold water. Then he entered the shack.

Is that you?" Timel-soo's voice called him, less trembling, less feverish. "Has my mother sent you again?"

Yes," agreed Sully.

Why does she only send you in the dark? She did not wait for an answer but hurried on, "Did you see the giant? Did you see Hy-ye?"

No," Sully answered. "They have both gone. I have brought you some soup. And cold water to bathe your face and hands."

But she began to ramble again and he must lift her head and hold the bowl to her lips, spilling it a little. Clumsily, he dipped a towel in water and laved her forehead, her throat, her arms and hands. She was very docile and leaned against him like a trusting child. "You smell like bakarm," she said drowsily. "And fern-root. Not smoke or fish-smell. You are one of my own people. I am not afraid."

THE next day Sully took himself in hand. He had been ashamed to face himself for days. Broken resolutions reproached him. His adamant cynicism upon which he had once prided himself now seemed to stand aloof and sneer at him like some separate individual thing that had never been and never should be. His. It was useless for him to try and persuade himself that what he had done for Timel-soo he would have done for any wounded animal, and that the fact of her being a woman had not made him any the more ready to act. He had taken a vow that his hand should always be against woman his flesh armored against her, the whole species of her. For five years he had been immune from the slightest temptation to deviate from that vow. And now this girl—this half-breed girl—the thing was ridiculous incredible!

He took his gun and went down the river trail. Then he jumped into his boat and paddled up the lake. He fished all day, and did not return until nightfall.

He heard her childish call above the barking of the dog, and instinctively quickened his steps. There was a light in the cabin. He ran toward it. He answered it. He answered the call with a reassuring shout. But he did not go to the door. He moved softly round and peered into the house through a crack in the shutter opposite the bed.

Timel-soo was sitting up in the bunk, trying to untangle her hair. Sully caught his breath at the sight of it. What a mass it was, floating and falling about her. The candle burned on a bench beside the bed. The cup was there that had held the soup. It was empty.

She glanced around suddenly as though listening. Then "Oo-ee, Oo-ee, are you there?"

He answered, "I'm here. But I can't come in. Are you better?"

Yes," he saw her nod her head, "I am almost well. I have been up. But there have been terrible dreams. Where are you?"

"Outside the window keeping watch."

She caught her arms together across her breast, her eyes widened. "Are they coming after me?"

No no," hastily. "I drove them away. But I must watch."

She leaned in the direction from which his voice seemed to come. "There is another man who comes here. I am so afraid of him an I am of Hy-ye. He hates me. He called me a *klu tchuna*. He wants to kill me. Have you seen him?"

Yes. He's gone up the Canal."

She smiled then and closed her eyes, lying back in the bunk.

That night Sully made up his mind. In the bottom of his dunnage bag there was a razor. The hunting shears were just inside the door. He had other clothes, riding breeches boots that laced up to his knees, a shirt, a white knitted coat. All of these things he got that night when Timel-soo was asleep.

The next morning he performed a painful operation. He had not shaved for five years. He scratched his face out a gash across his chin and slit a small slice off one of his ears. But in the end the beard disappeared. His jaws and cheeks looked strangely pale and naked to him. He stared shamefacedly at the reflection in the mirror. He was in the midst of cutting off his hair with the great shears when he remembered the story of how Samson lost his strength and perhaps that was why Sully's hair-cut could by no stretch of the imagination be called a success. The more he tried to remedy matters, the worse the effect. "It looks as if a goat had eaten it off," he decided ruefully.

Among his belongings was a bandana handkerchief. He wound it around his head tying the knots behind. He looked like a dashing buccaneer.

Even after he had altered his appearance to such an extent that he could scarcely believe his own eyes, he was doubtful about the girl. Fearful lest she should recognize him as the giant? When he heard her calling, he opened the door with some hesitation and came in very slowly.

She sat up in bed and stared at him. She had plaited her hair and it hung over her shoulders and lay along the blanket. She held her hands loose-clasped in her lap. His new her large eyes sadden, grow dim, tears brim over their lids. But said nothing. When he asked her if she were better, she nodded dumbly.

She accepted the food and drink he offered her, whispering her thanks. Every time he glanced toward her he saw her eyes fixed upon him with an expression that baffled him. The oftener he saw her the more he realized how young and childish she was. Of all things he did not want to frighten her. He forebore to question her lest it should excite her again.

He had grouse for supper, and trout that he had caught the day before. He prepared the meal in the open. But as he crouched in front of the fire, broiling the bird over the coals, she came out of the shack noiselessly and sank opposite him. She had wound one of the small blankets around her.

"Are you hungry?" Sully glanced up, not betraying his surprise upon seeing her.

She shook her head, smiling a little. "I did not come out for that." Then, as he showed no curiosity as to the reasons of her coming. "I came out to see you, to look at you. You are braver than a hundred chiefs put together, and as beautiful as the sunrise."

His face grew hot under her scrutiny. Muttering below his breath he stood up and away from the light of the fire.

HE WAS awakened that night by uneasy growls from Fellow. He sat up and stared out into the black shadows of the firs. The moon was low. Fellow moved about restlessly, giving vent to an occasional low, mourning note. Sully called to him softly, patted him and ordered quiet. Then he listened intently. He could hear nothing. But no man's ears are as sharp as those of a well-trained hunting dog. Someone or something was trespassing. Under his hand he felt the hostile rise along Fellow's back, and he whined complainingly, as though he found obedience to his master's commands very difficult.

Then a sound came to Sully from down by the river. The crackling of undergrowth, whose? What that another less wood wise than Sully, might have taken for an owl.

From the shack came the girl's voice, calling in a frightened whisper.

Keeping Fellow on the leash, he ran round and opened the door. "Hush," he said peremptorily. "Don't make a sound."

Instantly she was still, save for shuddering sighs.

"I'm going down to the river," said Sully. "I'm afraid someone is trying to steal my boat."

But she broke in, trying to control her voice. "No! No! No! That was Sah-ook's call. I know it. He is the eldest son of Klattomupt, a very evil man. You must not go. He has come to kill you, to take me back." All this in jerking little whispers.

"He doesn't know you are here," Sully said quietly, "his quarrel is with me." He took his gun from the wall, filling his pockets with shells.

But all in the dark the girl flung herself from the bunk and whirled across the room, to stand with her back to the door. "Please, please," she entreated, "you don't understand because you are good—Sah-ook is bad and all the Indians who run with him are bad. Listen, I will tell you the secret. He killed a white fisherman this spring! And his wife! They had a quarrel. Hy-ye knows it and I know it and Klattomupt. That was why they would make me marry Hy-ye because he said he would tell the police. And Sah-ook is afraid if I am alive and free—oh, don't you see! He is an bad—a murderer. He does not mind, having killed once, killing again—and he may have many with him. What are you against two."

Fellow began to growl protestingly, lifting his nose high as though scenting danger.

"Stand out of the way," Sully ordered her, his gun in one hand, a loop of Fellow's leash in the other. He laughed a little. "I'm not afraid of the whole tribe. I can hide and shoot them off one by one while Fellow does his part. The moon will be full on the river trail."

"They won't take the open trail."

Let me see, anyway. Come! Move away from the door. I insist!"

She was crying now and did not answer him. But she turned and began to fumble with the bolt of the door, opened it, throwing it wide and then stepped out across the sill.

"What are you doing?" Sully was close behind her. "Come back. If any of them see you—"

"I'm going down. I'm going down to them," she was out on the path, a dim little blanketed shape. "They will not harm you if I go back." Sully loosed the chain from Fellow's collar, and the dog went bounding away. Then in half a dozen strides he overtook Timel-soo.

He picked her up. Carried her back. Put her in the bunk and covered her. Then he made the doors and windows fast. They could hear the Airedale's triumphant barking, challenging and shrill.

A shot, then another and another. The barking continued, fiercer than before, broken by snarls of rage.

"Fellow is wise," muttered Sully, "and the Indians are poor shots. All the same he listened apprehensively. If they killed the dog they would sneak up to the cabin. It would be only a matter of time then until his shots gave out or they set the place on fire. If they suspected the girl was there they would tell a plausible story to justify any crime.

The dog's barking ceased suddenly. The silence was ominous. Sully could hear the girl whispering to herself. Was she going off in delirious again? Would she begin to cry and call?

He went over to her. "Don't be afraid," he said with gruff gentleness, "you're safe with me. Can't you trust me?"

"Oh, yes," she whispered. "I'm not afraid. I'm praying for you. All at once I do not care for myself any more, what becomes of me. Just you I care for. And for you I pray to Christ Jesus, and to Hoop-pah, the moon god of the Indians, to save you from Sah-ook."

He sat down beside her, resting the butt of his rifle on the floor, straining his ears for the slightest sound from outside.

Something soft and warm touched his wrist, pressed itself within his palm, wound around his fingers. The little hand of Timel-soo. He could feel her slight body against his, her hair brushed his face. Then he heard a noise. The quick padding of feet. Labored breathing. He loosed her fingers.

He spoke with his lips against her ear. "Be very quiet. No matter what happens." He put something in her hands. "This is a revolver. Understand?"

His heart was pounding. For himself he had no fear. He had taken too many risks indeed death to often to care. And what was life to him anyway? Smell of the budding spruce—music of singing waters—a full meal—dreamless sleep at night—would death be much less? But for this little tender girl death was an unthinkable thing. He tiptoed across the shack.

A low whine outside. A scratching at the boards.

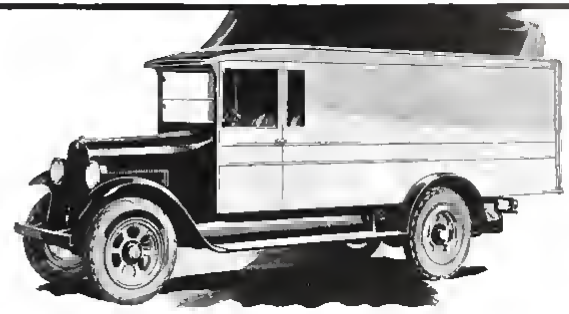
Sully laughed aloud. Shot back the bolt and opened the door. Fellow flew into his arms in an ecstasy of joy and pride. He had driven off the enemy and returned safely to his beloved master. There was not a mark upon him.

He and Sully slept by the door on a pile of furs. In the morning they were awakened by the low, sweet singing of Timel-soo.

BUT that day he made up his mind that they must leave and journey overland to civilization. He had been down to the river and found the boat gone. The Indians would return. There was not a doubt of it. Their only chance lay in getting away at once.

He cooked his skins where not even a savage could find them, keeping out five to take with him. And they started at noon. He had said nothing to the girl about his ankle, which was very painful still at times, but he knew they must travel light and comparatively slowly. Besides he was afraid she could not stand

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS



Complete—Ready to Work

When your business requires a truck—or additional trucks—the need is immediate.

You can get the Graham Brothers Truck you want—without long delay. They are built in the right sizes and with the correct body styles to fit your needs.

And your dealings throughout the long life of the truck are with one concern—the Dodge Brothers dealer. He will be right there year after year to sell and to serve.

Only great mass production enables Graham Brothers to build for you such sturdy, dependable trucks at such low prices.

GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
Truck Division of Dodge Brothers (Canada) Limited

Graham Brothers Trucks and Commercial Cars meet 91% of all hauling requirements.

½-TON COMMERCIAL CHASSIS	$ 845
1 TON CHASSIS (G-BOY)	1105
1½-TON CHASSIS	1545
2-TON CHASSIS	1785*

*Disc Wheels With Dual Rear Optional.
Prices f. o. b. Toronto, taxes to be added

SOLD BY
DODGE BROTHERS
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

KEEPING GOOD TIME:

Every Canadian boy should have a watch as his own. MacLean's Magazine has put aside one for you. Every boy (9-14 years old) who becomes a member of our Young Canada Boosters' Club may receive a fine Tip Top watch as a special prize in addition to a regular income in cash.

This work will not interfere with school duties—instead it helps every boy to learn how to keep his small accounts and how to write letters. Prizes, too, for every Canadian boy.



Address: Wholesale Department
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
143 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

THIS FINE TIP TOP WATCH—FREE

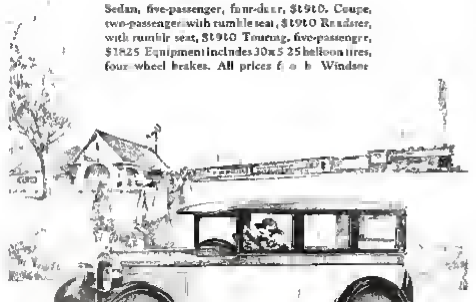
Everything The Buyer Wants *Plus Hupmobile Quality*

What do people want when they buy this Six? They want beauty, of course; style, comfort, modern features. But most of all, they want the manufacturing *quality* which has made Hupmobile famous—with the rare performance, the low costs, the almost unbelievable reliability which are the fruits of such quality. So they come confidently to the Hupmobile Six, assured beforehand that all their expectations will be realized.

Modern and Complete

Thermostatic Heat Control · Gasoline Filter · 4-Wheel Brakes · Color Options · Vision · Ventilating Windshield · Clear Vision Bodies — Dash Gasoline Gauge — Force Feed Lubrication · Oil Filter · Mohair Upholstery · Rear View Mirror · Special Vibration Damper · Snubbers · Tilting Beam Headlights · Automatic Windshield Cleaner · Walnut Grained Instrument Board and Windnow Ledges.

Sedan, five-passenger, four-door, $1910. Coupe, two-passenger with rumble seat, $1090 Roadster, with rumble seat, $1040 Touring, five-passenger, $1025 Equipment includes 30x3 25 balloon tires, four-wheel brakes. All prices f. o. b. Windsor



HUPMOBILE *Six*

a hard journey. He carried the cougar skins on his back. They would bring him over a hundred dollars.

Fellow run ahead." He had been over the trail to the lake many times. Next to him went Timel-see, clad in a tunic made of a bright red Hudson's Bay blanket and looking like a flame-winged butterfly. Sully brought up the rear, his rifle under his arm, eyes and ears alert for the slightest sound. It would take them a day and a half to reach the lake, though ordinarily he could do it in a day.

They camped that night by a small stream and Timel-see slept on a soft bed of bracken and furs. When he had made her comfortable Sully took off his boots and laid his aching, lame leg in the ice-cold water of the little brook. The ankle was much swollen. In the morning it was nearly impossible for him to get his boot on.

They started again very early and struck the big timber toward noon. It was cool and sweet under the high green roof of the interlaced firs. And the going was easy, the turf soft and springy. But Sully suffered. His bent, held his leg and kept in a vice. He set his teeth and followed Timel-see, struggling against the pain which grudgingly increased until it brought on nausea. He had to stop and lean, faint and dizzy, against a tree. He hoped the girl would not look around.

She did. She came running back. She touched him with little fluttering hands. Questioning him. Trying to lift the pack from his back. He put her hands down.

It a this confounded ankle. I sprained it a week ago. It's nothing. Been on it too long at a stretch. If we can just make the lake, there's a dug out there. It's only a few miles now.

He got himself to a stolf and went on again. She walked beside him, solicitous eyes upon him. She wanted to carry the pack. She was quite well and strong, she insisted. He laughed at her, made light of his lameness.

But he was becoming anxious. Two or three times the Arreche had stopped in his marches and seemed to listen. It was not because of the honking of pheasant, the drumming of grouse or the whirring of the rising quail enviet. He was used to that and took no notice.

At last, far ahead, the gleam of blue water through the trees. And the forest timbers themselves were giving way to the bright green of new growth nearer the water. Here a handsbreadth of a spring gushed out of a bank and crossed the path. Just beyond, rose a mossy knoll open to the sky.

With a suppressed groan Sully sank down beside the water and began to unlace his boot. "We might as well eat," he told Timel-see. "By that time I can go on again."

"It will be sunset soon." She looked at him with pitying eyes. "Why not camp?"

Sully took out his knife and slit the boot from the laring to the toe. The pain was excruciating. Even when he bathed it there was but slight relief.

Presently here was Timel-see, kneeling beside him, her hands full of moss and fibrous roots that gave forth a pungent smell. "Please," she said. "I know. It is the Indian cure." Deftly and tenderly she bathed his foot and leg, then bruised the green stuff between two stones and laid it over the inflamed skin. She tore his largest handkerchief in strips and bound the dressing in place. The comfort was instantaneous.

Sully took off his pack, stretched himself full length on the moss. "Only for a few moments," he told her apologetically. But in less than a minute he was sound asleep.

Timel-see called to Fellow. Took his great head in her hands and whispered to him. He whined understandingly and sat down close beside his master. Then the girl ran back along the trail, keeping herself hidden behind the tree-trunks.

It was an hour before she returned. Sully still slept and the setting sun slanted its rays across the green knoll into the depths of the timber like the light from a stained window into a shadowy cathedral.

She dropped beside Sully, holding one head to her breast.

She was breathing fast. She called him softly.

Instantly he was awake, sitting up, staring at her and at the long rays of the sun with blinking eyes.

How long have I slept? What is it? What a happened?"

While you slept I went back," she whispered. "Look."

Fellow was standing still and breathing, strong after the back trail.

I hid and saw them," the girl went on quickly. "Sah-ook, his brother and Yet-rhuh. They have been to the cabin. They think I am with you, that you took my boat and run away with me the night of the wedding."

Yat-chuh knows better," began Sully, then checked himself. She did not connect him with the loss of her boat at all, and he did not want her to know. They are fools, these Slwash," he said shortly.

She was leaning against his shoulder now exhausted with her exertion. He held himself stiffly, looking down upon her bright head. "You're tired out!"

No," she would her head about his arm. "Only frightened. Not for myself. Only for you. Sah-ook will kill you—"

Look here," Sully said impatiently, fighting back the desire to comfort her, to put his arm around her shaking figure. "Do you pay much a poor compliment as to believe I am no match for a Siwash or half dozen of them?" He told her she must take the dug and go on down to the lake. On no account to let Fellow return.

A plan had suggested itself to him. He knew it would work. But he could not explain it to Timel-see.

You know what I think," she pleaded, "that you are braver than a whole tribe of Indians. But I want to stay with you," she begged him. She held her cheek close against his unresponsive arm and pleaded. At last his voice was angry.

Do as I tell you. I know what I am about. We'll get across the lake to-night. Mellish and his two sons, loggers, live over there. We can stop at their place. And to-morrow they will take us down the big lake in their launch. Do exactly as I say, or you may spoil everything." He showed her a whistle that he carried in his pocket. "When I blow this twice it means I'm coming. Get into the dugout and wait for me."

He put on his sterilong, laid his long and leg within his high boot and laced it together loosely. Then he got to his feet. He leaned against the bank beside the stream. The bruises breast high about him. He could not be seen from the trail except directly in front.

He pushed up the high collar of his jersey, but let his body sag a little as that he should not look his ordinary height.

It was twenty minutes before he saw the three Indians coming, single file. Sah-ook carrying a rifle. All bare-footed. An ugly dark-faced trio moving along as noiseless as snakes.

Sully raised his gun to his shoulder, intently watching Sah-ook. "Stop!" he called sharply.

With one accord they turned to face him. Sah-ook in the act of raising his own gun, but thinking better of it. Their dusky showed in fallen jaw and staring eyes. Here was no bronze bearded, long-haired beetling browed giant, but a sun-burned, clean-shaven young man of medium height, with a crimson kerchief tied carelessly about a handsome head.

Drop your gun," said Sully, drawing his words a little, and as Sah-ook obeyed, "what do you want around here?"

We're looking for an Indian girl a half breed, the chief's daughter."

Sah-ook's voice was apologizing. "Can ashbee Chinook?

Why?

I can maybe tell you better in my language. My English she not very good."

I see ashbee Chinook," said Sully cheerfully, knowing what would follow.

Instantly Sah-ook began to talk rapidly to the other two Indians, telling them that they had made a bad mistake, that the big hairy man must have taken the north trail, that this man was no doubt only a policeman.

At that Sully blew his whistle, causing them all to jump and glance about them apprehensively. Sully flashed his white teeth in a grin. "Two mounted police are down at the Lake. I call them," he said. "Oddly enough we are looking for a man of your chief, Sah-ook. Do you know where he is?"

He's gone to Nastka," lied Sah-ook instantly, looking into the timber as if anxious to be off. "Maybe'll we run ahead and get Klattamupt's launch—"

Go to it, Sully nodded. "And mind you follow the straight trail. No leave your gun where it is. It's safer. We'll bring it along with us. Get out." He smiled again. They had disappeared among the trees almost while he spoke.

Again he blew his whistle. Waited a few moments and hobbled off toward the lake. He saw it all through a haze of sunset gold—sunset water, radiant green of young willows. And Timel-see sitting in the little boat.

She raised both slim bare arms to him in salutation. Her cloudy hair flashed loose about her.

It was like some fairy vision that must vanish with the alter-glow.

Sully quickened his pace to a stumbling run.

IT WAS warm in the high walled garden of the convent. All sorts of old-fashioned flowers, nasturtiums, sweet peas, lavender, verbena, wove a special fragrance for the delight of an unusual visitor.

Once Sully, huge as ever, but well groomed and clad in a wedding coat, negligent and on a stone bench under a lilac tree, twisting his hat in his hands. Whispers came to him over the wall where a dozen pairs of curious young eyes watched him covertly. Now and then there were smothered peals of laughter. But Sully concerned himself not at all with the little convent girls, even their laughter evoked no resentment. His mind was very full of other matters, matters which had to do with a slim, small figure in a white gown, a sweet flushed face, framed in heavy plaits of hair that shone like coiled sea-weed. Two little hands that fluttered half-way to his neck and then abashed hid themselves behind the small white figure. Two eyes as softly golden as the light in the timber forest. Eyes that pleaded—adored—

Sully stood up, calm and composed and outwardly indifferent, as the Mother Superior came toward him. He counted out one hundred and fifty dollars. He said that when his next remittance came he would send her a similar sum. She could always count upon it regularly, until Littlebelle—

She will be eighteen in September," the sister said gently, answering a question. Of course she is very young, younger than most girls in many things. But she reads and writes very nicely and sews skillfully. She is devoted to you."

Sully blushed, coughed and said rather brusquely:

She is a child, a mere child. But his heart began to hammer like a riveting machine and he avoided the sister's calm interrogative glance.

She is old enough to know her own mind." The Mother Superior's lips revealed in the odd-less little convent smile. "She will never be wholly happy away from you."

A mere child," he repeated, and moistened his dry lips.

A good woman is always a child at heart," said the sister.

I must be going," said Vane Sully.

Shall I tell her that you will return on her birthday in September?" A furtive dimple crept into the sister's cheek, close to the left of her mouth and disappeared as though suddenly repressed. It will be on Thursday, the nineteenth."

Sully bowed from the waist down with a comeliness, grace which had been his in other days. But he did not reply at first, because he could not. He walked past the nun, straight along the flower-bordered path to the little gate and during that walk of a few steps which took less than a minute, five years of bitterness, of merciless cynicism of non-belief in God were thrust into oblivion.

At the gate he turned.

"Tell her I'll be back for her in September," he said.

Just to be Sure

Continued from page 17

bachelor party if it was the last act of his life. He was tired of worrying about Jacqueline anyway. She'd been acting strangely for a girl about to be married. She'd dodged all the wedding portraits she could, skipped the final fitting of her wedding dress and spent the time getting the wildest looking silver colored dinner gowns he'd ever seen. What did she want of mere dinner gowns? Maybe she wasn't as keen about marrying Payne Weld, Jacqueline's father was fair enough to understand how she might not be. Payne had physical courage but he wasn't exactly emotionally flaming. At least, he didn't show it. As Arthur drove him down the winding drive, another car turned in the gate, passed the lodge house, and sped by them up towards the house. Big Jack turned to watch it.

THREE young men, apparently unconscious of each other's presence and in reality conscious of nothing else, were waiting in the drawing room at Harner House. One of them was small, pale, fiery-eyed and half dressed. His tie and collar were unfastened but he didn't seem to care. Another was huge, a great brown fellow, immoderately groomed, who sat there moody and stark as a boulder on a mountain-side. The third, young gentleman, if that drawing room had been the stage of a musical comedy, must have been the leading man. He suggested tenor solos and moonlight.



APPRECIATION

It is a privilege and a pleasure for us to broadcast, at this season of the year, to the millions of people the world over who use CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS, an expression of our sincere appreciation of their patronage.

These millions, representing two out of every three motorists, regularly buy CHAMPIONS with perhaps little knowledge or thought of the company which makes them, other than the conviction that the product is good.

To the best of our ability we try to make this volume of business deserved—a volume based on the belief that the surest way to win a great public preference is to provide a product whose sheer goodness will compel it.

Spark Plugs are a small unit but a most vital factor in the comfort and contentment of the motorist—and we like to think that our contribution to the industry and to the motoring public is a very real obligation to produce the very best that skill and science can devise.

Because the size of our world market indicates that our efforts are rewarded, we are appreciative and grateful to our great public.

This Holiday thought is for them—and for the manufacturers who use our product and the several hundred thousand men and women who cover the civilized world in the distributing of CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS.

A New Year of prosperity and contentment to you all.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR, ONTARIO



Only keep your skin healthy —and it will be lovely

ELIZABETH ARDEN's method only aims to keep the skin healthy: to quicken circulation through the tissues: to stimulate the action of the pores. But, in consequence, the skin grows lovely. For every step of the Elizabeth Arden Treatment enlists the aid of nature to prevent and correct wrinkles, coarseness and other blemishes. You can follow the method of an Elizabeth Arden Treatment every morning and night at home, cleansing, toning and nourishing the skin with Elizabeth Arden's *Venetian Cleansing Cream, Ardena Skin Tonic, Venetian Special Astringent* and *Orange Skin Food*.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S *Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at*

HENRY MORGAN & CO., LTD., *Montreal* W. P. LAROCHE, *Quebec*
THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO., LTD., *Toronto* ROY KITCHEN, *London*
E. MILLER *Ottawa* W. F. C. HEATHWAITE, LTD., *Winnipeg*
CHAS. OGILVY, LTD., *Ottawa* MAHONS LIMITED, *Halifax*
THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Victoria, Winnipeg
and at other smart shops all over Canada

ELIZABETH ARDEN, 673 Fifth Avenue, New York
25 Old Bond Street, London 2 rue de la Paix Paris

How Did They Do It?

DO YOU ever wonder how the ancient folk got along without the comforts and conveniences of to-day?

Without window-glass, without toothbrushes, without automobiles, without soap, without telephones, breakfast foods, stoves, and virtually all the items we consider here necessities of life.

And have you ever wondered at the part advertising has played in the world's development? It has made and is making the world better housed, better fed, better dressed. It has increased the world's capacity for things that elevate, improve and idealize the important business of living. It is a big, vital force in fostering convenient and comfortable life.

Home! Can you imagine your own home empty of advertised products?

Advertising is an authentic and essential guide to the markets of the world. Without its direction you lose much—and overlook much.

Don't fail to read the advertisements you find in MacLean's Magazine.

They will prove invaluable to you

don't." His eyes narrowed until their smouldering gave out only a gleam. "Furthermore, she needn't think I came here for her. I don't believe in marriage. I've written a great play about it. None of the producers ran even understand it. So, I'm going to produce it myself when I get the money. Old man Harper's got it, I want it."

Valley Jamieson came closer to the other two. "We'll have to get together on this. Since you're so frank, I'll say that, although Jacqueline herself amuses me, there is also the matter of bonds. Now Mr. Harper buys many bonds. I sell a few. See?" He turned to Jeff Bone. "Now, sir, if you'll tell us what you want, perhaps we can arrange something—"

Jeff Bone laughed again. "I don't want anything. I can't take by myself. I want the girl."

Darling! Jacqueline appeared in the doorway. Big Jack Horner was so accurate about that silver dress as men are about dresses. It wasn't silver. It was silver-green, quite different, and the difference was the thing which made alive the strands of red in her hair and lighted the rose glow under her skin. She came into the room with her hands out to all of them at once. "You precious darlings! All things animate and people that Little Jack Horner liked were 'darlings' and just now all her letters ended with love and kisses. "Don't you think this is a cute idea?" she demanded. "When I haven't seen you in years and have to be married to-morrow! I couldn't have borne it. Who would have thought of a girl giving a bachelor dinner but me, Valley? Isn't it sweet! Has Baldwin brought your ecktails? Peter, come here. I see I have to dress you as usual. Now just look at that tie. Have you missed me, Peter? Won't you be merry when I'm married?"

In spite of their declared sordid intentions neither Peter nor Valley Jamieson could resist the presence of Jacqueline. Her fundamental naivette was disarming, her gaiety was infectious, her person was lovely even beyond their memories. Ormolenally, her gray eyes opened almost shyly, uncertainly full of question, to Jefferson Bone. But she needn't have been afraid. He was smiling. He told her simply that he'd returned from Ecuador a couple of years ago. No, he wasn't drilling oil wells any more. That is not personally.

So Jacqueline carried her bachelor party through that first hour. Somehow, she went in to dinner on three men's arms. She had had the small table put up in the great blue dining hall and she managed to place Peter on her right and Valley on her left. Opposite. Pleasant enough but talking small part in their gay talk...out Jeff Bone...and she could not very well avoid, his eyes. Pretty soon she asked him if he still believed in dynamite.

More than ever, he said. "It's the one thing that always makes a way."

Jacqueline took that for a threat. She realized that Jeff Bone, least subtle of the three, was the only one who suspected that under her delightful half coherent gaiety and in spite of the raging color in her cheek she was afraid. Yes, she had been afraid for three days. She'd wakened Tuesday morning, perfectly shocked at the idea of a girl giving a bachelor dinner. It had seemed charming the night before. If she'd only known how to get telegrams back. On Wednesday she'd all but given up and asked Payne to get her out of it. Payne always got her out of things. But she'd been too ashamed to ask him. So she had to carry on with it and, though everything was all right so far, she was still afraid.

Jacqueline's memory of that night was an drowned in its culmination that it always recurred to her in episodic moments that seemed to come about by accident and without reason. Forgotten, were all the details of the course and that at the dinner table, the cynical toasts which Peter drank to her chance of married happiness. Valley's promise to be her first co-respondent. Once, when Jeff Bone was out of doors giving instructions about his car, Valley excused herself to make an important phone call. She went left there with Peter.

It seemed quaintly familiar...all the little tables in all the funny little places where she used to go with Peter. A warming touch of her old tenderness came back and she reached over and patted his hand. "We were sweet, weren't we, Peter, when you were in love with Art and I was in love with you? Please don't forget all about it."

But Peter was telling him about a play, a great play he'd written. "Inspired by you, Jacqueline."

She clapped her hands. "Oh lovely! Can I see it?"

"I'll ever I can get the money to produce it," he said sadly. "It takes money. How I hate the stuff."

"Oh, don't worry about that. Peter, I'll ask daddy. He has lots of it." But somehow the coziness of their intimacy was gone. She could not bring it back. 'Like a pink bubble,' she thought 'after it has burst.' She almost was glad when Valley and Jefferson Bone rejoined them.

On the way into the library for coffee and liqueurs Valley held her back while the other two men went on. That was a moment, too. There was a deep lounge in the hall and Valley drew her down there beside him, almost like the old Valley. It was not unlike one of the lounges in the saloon of that steamer in the Adriatic. No, it was Valley who was different. "Of course I was nothing but an adventurer then," he said earnestly. "You made me want to do something worth while. Of course I'm only beginning with these bonds. You know about bonds? Your father buys hundreds of them."

And he never knew that bonds meant nothing to Jacqueline, whereas adventurers did. But Valley, the adventurer was no more. Was it all illusion? Had she ever trembled inside his arm, the two of them the last to leave the deck? Maybe the water of the Adriatic didn't really turn to silver at night. Maybe that was illusion, also.

Jacqueline was called to the telephone. It was her father and he sounded entirely too gay. "I'm ashamed of you, daddy. You come straight home. What? They put Payne to bed an hour ago? Oh, you're a disgrace, the lot of you. I'll certainly not marry a man with a headache. No, I don't care to hear about it—"

There was more than an hour after that...the four of them in the library, the warm colored book-lined walls, the big leather chair beside the reading lamp where her father always sat. It seemed ludicrous for Peter to be in that chair. He was too little and turbulent. Jeff Bone was examining the pipes on a smoking table. One of them was Payne's. She'd seen Payne standing there just like that.

But he was as unlike Payne, Jeff Bone. There was a vastness about Jeff...the feeling of rugged country. His perfect dinner coat faded out of him, picture of him and in her mind he was again in boots, corduroys and flannel shirt. It didn't matter what Jeff Bone wore. He was the same. Of the three men Jeff Bone was the same, compressed threatening, thrilling. She remembered his dynamite, and, for that moment, Jacqueline was more in love with him than afraid.

She thought of it again when Valley and Peter left. Valley was driving Peter back to town. The door closed upon them. Jacqueline's door, and when she turned back into the hallway there was Jeff Bone.

He put her head through his arm. "That air felt good," he said. "Can't we go out? You've got over being scared of me now?"

Jacqueline laughed. He was silly of her to have been afraid of Jeff, just because he was big. "I wasn't scared of you, Jeff."

"No," he agreed, "you weren't. But you thought you were. You thought it was fear. But it was something else. Remember in Ecuador I told you that

Continued on page 35

Here's Definite Assurance of Better Radio Results

Make up your mind to expect better radio results when you hook up your Willard Batteries—*far better* results.

It's like having brand new batteries every time you use your set.

Better results month after month. That's because these are rechargeable batteries—easily kept fresh and full-powered all the time. Keeping them charged—if you follow our simple instructions—is as easy as turning on the electric light in your home.

Better economy, too. Because these are batteries that *last for years*.

It's no trouble at all to install Willard Batteries. You simply snap the standard clips onto your present battery wiring, and your set is ready to operate.

Willard Radio "A" and "B" Batteries are products of the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WILLARD RADIO BATTERIES



Willard RADIO "A" Battery



Willard RADIO "B" Battery

You can depend on these batteries to give years of uninterrupted service in your radio set. An occasional recharge keeps them full-powered. Because of their freedom from leakage and their steady current, Willards are standard amplifying equipment in over 200 broadcasting stations, a job identical with the one in your own receiving set.

Sales and Service through The Willard Battery men and their Authorized Radio Dealers

SORE THROAT?



The start of colds—*or worse!*

MOST colds start in the "soft palate" of the throat and in the nose—both closely related to each other.

Various forms of bacteria—some more dangerous than others—cause the trouble.

These bacteria are of course always present in the nose and throat, millions of them. And upon how successful the human system is in fighting them off, depends their success or failure in causing disease.

That first dry hitch on swallowing is your throat's way of saying "Look out! Danger ahead: the bacteria are getting the upper hand!"

A most wise precaution is the systematic, daily use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. The antiseptic that, without danger to the delicate membranes of the throat, will nip infections in the bud and thus ward off sore throat and the many more serious ills that so often follow.

Be on the safe side during sore throat days. Use Listerine regularly as a mouth wash and gargle. ***Also, then, you will be on the polite side with regard to that insidious condition, halitosis (unpleasant breath).*** — Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.

"Well—it worked! For quite a while we challenged people to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Sales now show that when they try it they stick to it! LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

LISTERINE

—nips sore throat in the bud

Continued from page 32

you would never forget? When your wife reached me all the way to San Francisco and back I knew you hadn't.

Jacqueline found a white silk scarf in the east closet and put it over her shoulders before they went out through doors at the back of the hall into a walled garden. There were flag stone walks and stone benches and flower beds in orderly rows. How odd and black were the silhouettes of flowers in the moonlight! And she was trembling with the tension of the adventure which went with the touch of Jeff Bone. He had come back to life. He wasn't illusion and she listened to the deep tremor in his voice and loved him again.

She was glad for it was a fulfillment. It was why she'd thought of having a bachelor dinner. She had wanted that just once more, and then, to-morrow, she would marry Payne who was never any more to her than just—Payne, a man she knew all about. And Jeff was dynamite. She knew what he meant by dynamite when he kissed her.

But ehn only thought she knew what he meant by it. At first she didn't understand him. "So I've come to get you, Jacqueline. We'd better go now. There's a place only six or seven miles from here the estate of a friend of mine. We can be married there to-night if you wish. The chauffeur is waiting with my car. Come on!"

When she rose from the stone bench where they'd rested he thought he was ready. He couldn't see her face as he might have known. A treasonable light from the door they had left open into the house cut through the garden again. A figure to be killed out. She was turned up stone steps a bell rang, there were murmurs when the door opened and she was carried inside, quite a distance.

She was put into a chair and for the first time the tight grip of those arms relaxed. But it was minutes before she dared to move. She hadn't strength to take the scarf from her eyes. She was afraid to do that too. What would she see? Jacqueline! That wasn't Jeff. Who was it?

She snatched away the silken blind and sat up straight. She was in a long warmly colored, book-lined room, in a big chair, under a reading lamp was Big Jack Horner. By the smoking table, filling his pipe, was Payne Trenchard. "Did you enjoy our ride?" he asked.

Jacqueline gasped. "Where? Where is he?"

"Who? The Dynamite Kid? I don't know. He spent a half hour locked in the east closet. Got tired of it finally, I imagine. So he kicked down the door and went home. Nice fellow that."

"Payne—if you ever refer to what I've said in that car I'll divorce you. Promise?"

Jacqueline hadn't the breath to cry out. She wanted to faint. The silk scarf was wrapped about her eyes and she was being carried. Near the house was a gate and she heard the catch open and close again. She heard his boots on the concrete driveway and then the low hum of an idling motor—opening and closing doors.

She was still held tightly in his arms while the car careened down the driveway. She felt the turn and the quickening speed. She was weeping now. "Please—please take this thing from my eyes! I can't see."

"No. Not until we get there." Even his voice was strained and unrecognizable. She knew now that Jeff Bone was mad. He must be mad.

They rode on madly for ten minutes up hill and down, swinging wide corners. Jacqueline was collecting herself for an effort. "Jeff? Please take me back now." And after a moment without reply: "Is it because you believe I love you and not Payne? Listen, Jeff. I've loved Payne since I was fourteen and I never did or will love anyone else. You don't understand me, Jeff. Neither do I. But all my other loves have been sort of on top of my love for him. I've gone just so far and he'd let me. But without him I guess I'd die. I'd never tell him, Jeff. But I've got to tell you. Please, Jeff."

There was no answer. The car speed on, swaying. Jacqueline was weeping again into the silk scarf. The car started up a sharp incline and halted suddenly. She struggled feebly and then allowed herself to be lifted out. She was carried up stone steps a bell rang, there were murmurs when the door opened and she was carried inside, quite a distance.

She was put into a chair and for the first time the tight grip of those arms relaxed. But it was minutes before she dared to move. She hadn't strength to take the scarf from her eyes. She was afraid to do that too. What would she see? Jacqueline! That wasn't Jeff. Who was it?

She snatched away the silken blind and sat up straight. She was in a long warmly colored, book-lined room, in a big chair, under a reading lamp was Big Jack Horner. By the smoking table, filling his pipe, was Payne Trenchard. "Did you enjoy our ride?" he asked.

Jacqueline gasped. "Where? Where is he?"

"Who? The Dynamite Kid? I don't know. He spent a half hour locked in the east closet. Got tired of it finally, I imagine. So he kicked down the door and went home. Nice fellow that."

"Payne—if you ever refer to what I've said in that car I'll divorce you. Promise?"

AS SOON as he'd passed through the door Jacqueline ran down the flag stone walk. She was frantic. Some wild thought of climbing the wall was in her mind, but when she reached it she could not reach the top. And then from behind strong arms lifted her from her feet. How could he—how could he get back so quickly?

Jacqueline hadn't the breath to cry out. She wanted to faint. The silk scarf was wrapped about her eyes and she was being carried. Near the house was a gate and she heard the catch open and close again. She heard his boots on the concrete driveway and then the low hum of an idling motor—opening and closing doors.

She was still held tightly in his arms while the car careened down the driveway. She felt the turn and the quickening speed. She was weeping now. "Please—please take this thing from my eyes! I can't see."

"No. Not until we get there." Even his voice was strained and unrecognizable. She knew now that Jeff Bone was mad. He must be mad.

They rode on madly for ten minutes up hill and down, swinging wide corners. Jacqueline was collecting herself for an effort. "Jeff? Please take me back now." And after a moment without reply: "Is it because you believe I love you and not Payne? Listen, Jeff. I've loved Payne since I was fourteen and I never did or will love anyone else. You don't understand me, Jeff. Neither do I. But all my other loves have been sort of on top of my love for him. I've gone just so far and he'd let me. But without him I guess I'd die. I'd never tell him, Jeff. But I've got to tell you. Please, Jeff."

There was no answer. The car sped on, swaying. Jacqueline was weeping again into the silk scarf. The car started up a sharp incline and halted suddenly. She struggled feebly and then allowed herself to be lifted out. She was carried up stone steps a bell rang, there were murmurs when the door opened and she was carried inside, quite a distance.

She was put into a chair and for the first time the tight grip of those arms relaxed. But it was minutes before she dared to move. She hadn't strength to take the scarf from her eyes. She was afraid to do that too. What would she see? Jacqueline! That wasn't Jeff. Who was it?

She snatched away the silken blind and sat up straight. She was in a long warmly colored, book-lined room, in a big chair, under a reading lamp was Big Jack Horner. By the smoking table, filling his pipe, was Payne Trenchard. "Did you enjoy our ride?" he asked.

Jacqueline gasped. "Where? Where is he?"

"Who? The Dynamite Kid? I don't know. He spent a half hour locked in the east closet. Got tired of it finally, I imagine. So he kicked down the door and went home. Nice fellow that."

"Payne—if you ever refer to what I've said in that car I'll divorce you. Promise?"

Government Service—and You

Continued from page 7

ested in poultry beyond being assured that the breakfast egg is all that an egg should be—or that the crisp brown skin of a roasted fowl does not conceal the stringy flesh of a barnyard grandmother—but you are a Canadian therefore you will be interested to know that at the Second World Poultry Congress held at Barcelona, Spain, in 1924, Canadian birds carried off the honors. It was a source of amazement to poultrymen from all parts of the globe that, after a journey over thousands of miles of land and sea, despite climatic changes, numerous handlings and an alien atmosphere, not a single Canadian bird was lost—a record not approached by any other country. The appearance of our native birds, fresh-vitalized in the pink of health, after such an ordeal, dispelled forever the myth that good poultry cannot be raised in a cold climate.

Individual poultry men had a good deal to do with this success, but it is doubtful if it would have been possible had it not been for the long years spent by the Poultry Division of the department in educating the producer in the science of poultry breeding. We have the opinion of the government experts that poultry raising can be one of the most profitable branches of agriculture, but quality raising takes knowledge and the scientific application of that knowledge. That is where the Poultry Division comes in and here, as in the other phases of the department's work, the ramifications are almost endless. If your chickens have the colic consult the department. The Poultry Division knows the cure. If your eggs refuse to hatch, or if your hens refuse to lay, consult the department. The Poultry Division will tell you what's the matter—better still it will tell you where you can find better hens and better eggs for that's its business.

Incidentally, it has proven itself a master of that business for, thanks to the

Celebrated M.P.'s Advice—

Father of House of Commons Tells How to Succeed in Life

Today's Great Opportunity For Alt Who Wish To Double Their Efficiency and Earning Power

THE "Father of the House of Commons" Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., urges everyone who wishes to increase his or her efficiency and earning power to "take up Pelmanism."

"Not one person in a thousand but will find it a distinct benefit," he writes, "as many thousands have done before him. The Pelman System is not only unique in itself, but deserves well of the country and the world."

Pelmanism is fully explained in a most interesting book "Scientific Mind Training," the new Edition of which is now ready. Readers can obtain a copy of this book GRATIS and POST FREE by sending the Coupon printed below to The Pelman Institute of America, 19 West 44th Street, New York City. Write for this book to-day.

Topic of the Day
Wonderful Success
Brought About by
Pelmanism

SECRET OF BUSINESS AND SOCIAL SUCCESS.

Pelmanism is undoubtedly one of the topics of the day in America just the many letters received when and wherever Pelmanism is mentioned by T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the Father of the House of Commons, and the most famous journalist of the day.

If Mr. T. P. O'Connor's considered attitude Scientific Mind Training is the foundation upon which every man or woman should base his or her efforts to succeed and Pelmanism is the key which opens the door to success, and Pelmanism "little more" which is required to bring to possessor "out of the rush" and into the first flight in any line of life.

Industrial, Political, Commercial, Social and Professional.

Of two young men in business, he writes: "one takes the Pelman Course and the other does not.

Other things being equal, the young man who takes the Course will quickly pass the one who has not availed himself of this advantage in the race of life.

I have satisfied myself that the Pelman System is all that it professes to be, and I have very little fear but in my own mind that not one person in a thousand who takes the Course will find it a most handsome benefit, as many thousands have done before him."



Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

the famous editor, author and publicist, who strongly recommends Pelmanism to everyone who wishes to succeed in life. A copy of a book containing a full description of this wonderful system will be sent free to everyone who writes for it today to The Pelman Institute of America, 19 West 44th St., New York City. (Photo by Reginald Haines.)

WHAT PELMANISM DOES

Everyone who has practiced it agrees that Pelmanism has the most wonderful effect in bringing out the hidden powers and in developing them to the highest pitch of efficiency. It quickly removes such defects as

Forgetfulness	Mind Wandering
Brain Fag	Timidity
Inertia	Lack of System
Weakness of Will	Procrastination

which interfere with the effective working-power of the brain and it develops such valuable qualities as

—Concentration	—Resourcefulness
—Observation	—Organizing Power
—Perception	—Directive Ability
—Judgment	—Self-Confidence
—Initiative	—Self-Control
—Will-Power	—Reliability
and a Reliable Memory	

for libraries, prices, names, dates, statistics, arguments and facts of every kind.

If therefore you wish—

To strengthen your will-power; to develop your powers of concentration; to acquire initiative; to open up new ideas; to acquire a strong personality in talk and speak convincingly; to win the confidence of others; to widen your intellectual outlook; in short to make the fullest use of the powers now lying dormant in you, all of which can be developed in your mind, you should send today for a copy of the new edition of "Scientific Mind Training."

I Have Not Failed Once

Coursework's Secretary Tribute to Pelmanism

EIGHT EXAMINATIONS PASSED

I have not failed once.

This is brief, concise and to the point. In a letter recently received from a Pelmanist who, as a result of applying Pelman principles has passed no less than eight Commercial examinations and has not failed in a single occasion.

The Examinations I have passed the written are:

Chamber of Commerce Advanced Bookkeeping (and Honors Distinction).
Royal Society of Arts Advanced Bookkeeping.
Royal Society of Arts Accountancy.
Royal Society of Arts Economic Theory.
Royal Society of Arts Commercial Law.
Royal Society of Arts Company Law.
Chartered Institute of Secretaries Intermediate.
Chartered Institute of Secretaries Final.

WON SILVER MEDAL

In addition to passing the Exams. in Company Law I have won the Society's Silver Medal for that subject.

My working for these Exams. I have applied Pelman methods, strengthened by a Pelman-trained power of concentration and desire to reach my definite aim, also a Pelman encouragement to become a qualified Secretary Secretary.

Candidly the results would not have been obtained had I not organized my mind under your tuition.

Life Mind Training is now ready

Rise of $3,500
Manager's Striking Success
$5,000 a Year at 35

The following letter speaks for itself. It is from a MANAGER who writes:

"I took up Pelmanism in 1918. I was at the time suffering from a severe nervous breakdown due to war service, and I attribute my recovery entirely to the study of Pelmanism."

From $1,150

In 1919 I was able to resume my pre-war occupation (retail), but owing to my health could not take on any responsible position for more than a month, I organized a sale for a wide which was conducted altogether on principles with anything attempted by the firm before.

"At the end of the year, which occurred whilst this sale was in progress, I was presented with a cheque for $800 with an expression of confidence from my employers.

Then in 24 Hrs.

"A month later I accepted a position as joint manager to a firm with four city firms as a salary of $4,000 and commissions.

Lastly in $5,000

After six months' service with my new employers I had my salary raised to $5,000 and my age is thirty-three years so I have a little way to go yet."

Thousands of similar cases could be quoted. But space forbids. More will be found in the book "Scientific Mind Training," and the accompanying literature.

Mail the coupon a postal card or a letter at once to The Pelman Institute of America, 19 West 44th Street, New York City.

FREE The new edition of this famous book "Scientific Mind Training" is now ready. It is fully illustrated and contains a complete description of the New Pelmanism. It also shows you how you can enroll for the Course at the most convenient terms. You like by instalments. This book may be obtained absolutely FREE by everyone who sends the following coupon to The Pelman Institute of America, 19 W. 44th Street, Suite 921, New York City.



WRITE to-day for FREE COPY TODAY

The Pelman Institute of America,
Suite 921, 19 West 44th Street, N. Y. City.
Please send me Free copy of "SCIENTIFIC MIND TRAINING."

Name

Address

Occupation

HONOR! SACRIFICE! REWARD!

These are the three great themes upon which Alan Sullivan has wrought his powerful serial

"The Splendid Silence"

He has gone to three countries for his striking characters—England, Japan, Canada.

In his descriptions of the gorgeous scenery of the Canadian West Coast, he has dipped his brush in beauty and painted in broad, sweeping strokes.

PERIL — INTRIGUE — LOVE

The play of these forces make THE SPLENDID SILENCE a story which takes firm hold of the reader's imagination—stirs his pulse, and makes his heart beat faster.

What the LONOON TIMES says about Sullivan

"In one great respect, Mr Sullivan is Verne's master—he can draw breathing, convincing men and women and can tell a love story which holds one by its strength and tenderness as strongly as the incidents of adventure among which it moves"

That's it! THE SPLENDIO SILENCE *LIVES*

Starting in MacLean's Jan. 15
"THE SPLENDID SILENCE"

Canadian success at Barcelona, the next World Poultry Congress is to be held at Ottawa in 1927

Keeping an Eye on Our Exports

SOMETHING of the work of the Dairy Branch of the department has been told, but it has other activities well worth observing. For example, during the hot weather months—that is, from May to September inclusive—arrangements are made by the government with the railways for the operation of iced cars over specified routes, for the transport of perishable fruit, and dairy products. Refrigerator car inspectors are maintained at strategic points, to report on the quantities shipped, condition of packages, manner of stowage, condition and temperature of the cars, and the amount of ice remaining in the bunkers on arrival at destination.

In addition to look after Canadian exports of perishable products, and so assist in building and maintaining the prestige of Canadian foreign trade, cargo inspectors keep vigilant watch at ocean ports, reporting on the condition and stowage of consignments delivered in the steamers. When goods for the United Kingdom arrive at their destination overseas, the ships are met by other representatives of the Dairy Branch, who take note of the condition of the shipments on arrival, and their manner of discharge. Undesirable conditions are taken up with those responsible in order to secure correction or redress.

A Canadian cargo inspector stationed at Glasgow recently noticed, during the discharge from a ship of boxes of Dominions from the Niagara Peninsula, that boxes were being crushed at the ends nearest the ropes. He brought this to the attention of the boss stevedore, who immediately had it rectified through better packing. Later, through the same means, greater care was secured in landing a consignment of butter and cheese.

This service extends further. A consignment of cheese arrived in London, and due to unnecessary transhipments, and prolonged exposure on the dock under a hot sun, the cheese became heated and grease ran from the boxes. The inspector notified the department which in turn warned the Canadian shippers who thus had direct and disinterested information as to the treatment of their goods and were able to demand greater watchfulness on the part of their agents abroad. A somewhat similar case was that in which a large shipment of Canadian apples was held on the quay for eleven days. The inspector reported, and the information that four hundred barrels had slacked up considerably and had deteriorated in quality was passed to the exporters. Thus it was possible directly to place the responsibility.

The same thing occurred at Liverpool with a shipment of butter, and it is significant that the value of this inspector's report lay in the fact that he quoted the data of the inspector at the port of shipment—Montreal—which showed that the butter had been adequately stowed and cooled. The thermograph—one is placed by the government in every ship carrying Canadian perishable cargo—proved that a proper temperature was maintained throughout the voyage. Yet the butter lay on the quay under a hot sun for six days after being landed.

This is the sort of service that enables our exporters to claim and obtain compensation, instead of suffering heavy loss through inability to place the fault. The same principle applies to the inspection of Canadian meats and bacon.

In Canada, where goods are in transit, the inspection is equally rigorous. Inspectors report that one car carrying butter, had been used for transporting meat and that the floor was covered with scrap paper and pieces of decayed meat. The matter was taken up by the department with the railroad company, which expressed regret and a promise to assure better equipment in the future. Similar action was taken regarding a car of poorly stowed cheese and eggs with the result that the transportation authorities almost immediately admitted responsibility, and compensation was paid without demur.

Still other inspectors protect the Canadian consumer by examining print butter for weight and proper marking, and analyzing samples to guard against adulteration with water and foreign fats. Lectures are given and posters distributed demonstrating the food value of milk and its products, plans and specifications for cheese factories, creameries, farm dairies and small cold storages are supplied free upon request; the Division of Dairy Research investigates subjects such as the origin and cause of butter mold, and suggests cure remedies, and information of general and specific interest to the industry generally is gathered and widely disseminated free of charge.

During the British Empire Exhibition in 1924, the department entered into an agreement with a great firm of London caterers to advertise on their bills of fare only Canadian Cheddar Cheese in all of their four hundred odd restaurants and tea shops and at the exhibition, where they did most of the catering. As a direct result hundreds of thousands of people *knowingly* ate Canadian cheese for the first time, and liked it. After adding all costs of handling, shipping, storage and other expenses to the purchase price, there remained a credit balance from the sales to this one firm of $1,076.80 in favor of the department.

The War Against Disease

IT SHOULD be a matter of pride to Canadians that in a country so essentially agricultural, we should be one of the few stock-raising nations which has not been visited by that terrible scourge, foot-and-mouth disease. For this we have to thank mainly the unceasing vigilance and energetic preventive measures of the Health of Animals Branch of the Department of Agriculture.

I mention foot-and-mouth disease specifically because of its constant menace, the economic calamity that its penetration would bring about, and the splendid position that Canada holds in consequence of the success of the department's efforts to keep it out of the country.

The only case of the disease that ever set foot on our soil occurred in 1868, when an animal just landed from the British Isles was detected in the pen and destroyed at once, at the quarantine station at Point Levis, Quebec. In 1908, there was an outbreak in New York State, along the Niagara Peninsula, and Canadian officials spent sleepless nights and many anxious months before the danger of importing it passed. A large number of men patrolled the border day and night. Every kind of meat, including dressed turkey and fowl was prohibited. Even railway dining cars had to leave their meat south of the border before being allowed to cross. The international foot bridge at Niagara Falls was covered inches thick in sawdust soaked with phenol, a powerful disinfectant, and any pedestrian who bore the faintest suggestion about him of drover or cattleman ruthlessly was barred from entering Canada. All livestock was prohibited from entering, and this extended even to canaries. One night a rowboat coming from Grand Island in the Niagara River to the Canadian shore was seized by the watchful patrol, and its cargo confiscated. It consisted of a number of gamecocks destined to furnish cheap fine amusement to residents of the border.

To-day no susceptible livestock of any description may enter Canada from any country, or state of the United States known to be tainted with this terrible animal malady. Importation is prohibited, also of hay, straw, forage, mill feed and other livestock food from proscribed countries, and this measure applies even to merchandise packed in

Continued on page 38

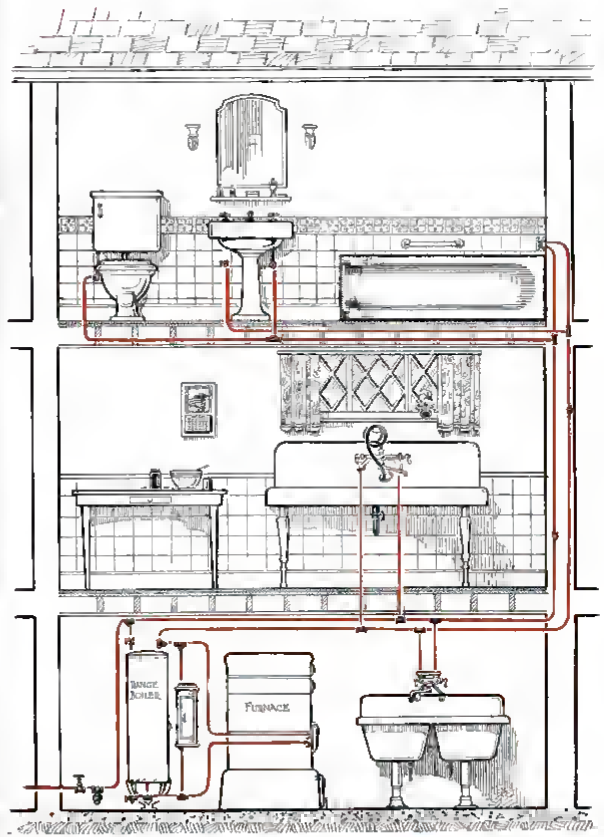
EVERLASTING ARTERIES!

"A man is as old as his arteries"— but

Genuine *MUELLER* Pipe, the everlasting arteries with which the modern home is equipped, will outlast it by many years.

Genuine ***Mueller*** Pipe is that amazing new idea of perfecting an age-old everlasting metal for water pipes for interior plumbing

GENUINE *MUELLER* PIPE IS 99.98% PURE COPPER!



It has been adopted in upwards of 150 municipalities throughout Canada as the Ideal Service Pipe material, and has now been developed for interior use

It is the ideal water piping for either the medium-priced or palatial home.

Because your water pipes are necessarily out of sight, concealed in walls and ceiling, it is of the utmost importance that they be permanently reliable

GENUINE *MUELLER* PIPE IS YOUR BEST INSURANCE AGAINST FUTURE COSTLY REPAIRS.

Being made of pure copper, it cannot rust. No stained laundry or enamel ware from discoloured water. No costly losses to walls, ceiling or furniture through leaky pipes

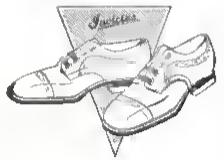
IT WILL NOT CORRODE—always a full, free flow of pure water

Resistance to freezing

Waterworks Engineers have been amazed at the frost-resisting qualities of Genuine *Mueller* Pipe. Exposed repeatedly to weather several degrees below zero this pipe, although frozen solid and alternately thawed and again frozen, showed no sign of leak or damage. Do you know of any other water service material that possesses this wonderful quality to such a marked degree?

Insist on it for your new home, or for repairs. Your plumber will give you full particulars.

MUELLER, Limited
Sarnia - Canada



INVICTUS Shoes put the finishing touch to appearance and make the modern young man feel that he is stepping on top of the world.

Distinctive and smart, the newest of the new styles Invictus Shoes give the loyal, comforting service that comes with genuine leather and fine shoe making.

The model illustrated above is No 578 —a smart shoe for the well-dressed man. Chase Arpril tan all over. Note the distinctive eyelets

The
Eagle Shoe Company
Limited
MONTREAL

Invictus
THE BEST GOOD SHOE
always keeps its shape

The pick of imported sauces

In quality, flavor and appetizing appeal, H P is the pick of them all.

Nothing else is nearly so nice or, by common consent, so tempting

H.P.
SAUCE

Oriental fruits and spices skilfully blended with ripe matured malt vinegar



Continued from page 36

straw and other ladders except where this has been certified free from exposure to infection by veterinary experts officially authorized by their respective governments. When this measure of protection was put into force considerable opposition was aroused for it meant the holding up of large shipments of imports due to ignorance of the order. It became necessary to give a large measure of publicity to the regulations of the law and altered and the co-operation of steamship companies was requested. Prior to this restriction—which included congestion of our ports due to the removal of merchandise held up for return—was arrived by turning the packing and then filling entry of the goods. But this was unsatisfactory and the losses involved were enormous though they were left to be trivial compared with what would ensue in Canada with the admission of the disease. So the bid was jammed on tight. Shippers in other countries at last realizing that they must conform, in their packing to our requirements, and shipments refused entry rapidly decreasing.

To illustrate by what apparently mysterious means animal disease may be introduced an outbreak of hog cholera occurred some years ago in a Canadian area which formerly had been free of the disease. The animals had not been in contact with infected swine than food had been locally produced and the owners and the federal authorities who were called in to fight it were at a loss to place the origin. Then someone recollected that some time before a car of hogs from the United States in transit through Canada had been derailed nearby. The animals had been put in adjacent pens until the tracks were cleared and then taken on. Short as the time was it was sufficient for the ground to become contaminated and the next Canadian swine to enter the pens were the victims.

Combating the Scourge of Tuberculosis

THE department has made rabies, anthrax and anthrax comparatively unknown in Canada and it is now paying particular attention to controlling bovine tuberculosis which has attacked thousands of animals throughout the Dominion. The most powerful weapon of the government is inoculation of suspected herds with tuberculine and the immediate destruction of animals that react to it under official supervision.

The tuberculine manufactured at the government laboratories is standardized in quality and is injected into the skin of the animal's tail. Reaction takes place within seventy two hours in the form of a swelling at the point of injection and while this reaction indicates the presence of the disease it does not tell how seriously it has progressed. This is determined only when the beast is slaughtered. Contrary to popular belief the flesh of tuberculous cattle is fit for human consumption provided the disease is localized and the lesions can be removed. If in the opinion of the government inspectors who examine the carcass it is safe and wholesome meat the owner receives the proceeds of the sale as well as the government indemnity paid on each head destroyed.

The government goes about this vitally important business of stamping out bovine tuberculosis in three ways. You are or will assume the ownership of an ordinary herd and you find indications of the tuberculin reounge among your beasts. You want the government to rid your herd of it and you make application to have this done. Within a very short time from the day your application is received by the Department of Agriculture along come officials inspectors who proceed to give your herd the tests just described. The beasts with swollen tails run immediately slaughtered and then the government men subject the entire plant and equipment of your farm to a cleaning and disinfecting process which leaves it almost as aseptic as a surgeon's knife. In this case the only compensation you receive for your slaughtered stock is what the carcass will fetch or most.

Suppose though you are the owner of a herd of pure-breeding. In this case the process of testing and slaughtering is first carried out and compensation paid for the beasts which have to be killed. After this comes two annual tests to see whether absolute cleanliness prevails in your barns and other property (or, if you prefer it, three semi-annual tests). When these have been made the government issues a accredited herd certificate good for one year from issue.

It is easy to imagine what the value of such a certificate will be to you with what a sense of confidence your product will be purchased. As a matter of fact, this bill of health will be accepted without question by any government in the world. No wonder these documents are eagerly sought after.

Which has made it possible for the third and more general plan to be put into operation. In this case two thirds of the cattle owners in a territory apply to the department for a testing of their herds. Their request is forwarded in writing through the Provincial Minister of Agriculture to the Federal Minister and action is taken.

The action takes the form in the first place of putting the territory under an utterly rigid quarantine. A number of Federal inspectors take charge of the whole district and test every individual cow calf and bull within it. After the infected animals are weeded out the work of disinfection is commenced and goes on until there is not a atom of material likely to afford a cozy breeding place to tuberculosis hurtle left in the place. Then and not until then is compensation paid.

Such sweeping measure have succeeded in ridding whole areas of this disease and the value of this kind of work is generally recognized that it is impossible with present funds and equipment to take care of all the requests that come in.

Of course this is only the barest outline of what the Department of Agriculture is doing to combat the tuberculosis scourge but the fact that in 1925 there were 1,675 herds of cattle which the government had pronounced absolutely free from any trace of tuberculosis that 2,100 herds were in the process of being made free of it and 312 applications for eradicatory treatment were on file is proof that our work is enormous in its scope and sweepingly successful in its results.

In addition to this type of field work the Pathological Division with its biological laboratory and research assistants constantly is making experiments and tests that provide the technical data on the basis of which the field force operates.

Close supervision is maintained by the department over public stockyards and stock cars. Railroad companies are required to keep the premises through which live stock pass sanitary at all times and to systematically clean and disinfect them under the personal supervision of the officers of the department. With every shipment of Canadian cattle overseas goes a qualified veterinarian and the fact that more than fifty three thousand animals left Canada for the British market last year and not one was rejected for diseases by the British officers is a fair indication of the health of Canadian livestock generally.

Throttling the Bug Battalions

ONE of the most important branches of the department is the Entomological Branch.

Is an unknown insect decimating your rose bushes? Send a sample to this branch and you will receive not only identification of the pest but advice as to its eradication. Are great insects timber being laid waste through the encroachment of the parasite and worm? It is likely that you will find artively on the job for corps of Government experts working tirelessly to combat them.

Some time ago *MacLean's* published an article on the work of this Branch which recounted in detail how damage amounting to billions of dollars had been done to the forests field crops and gardens of the Dominion by insect pests and how the department through unceasing vigilance and co-operation annually prevented the loss of millions more. This work is important that it is not possible in the scope of this article to do it adequate justice. It can only indicate the tremendous importance and effect of it upon the welfare of our agriculturists and lumbermen.

In the work of suppression of foreign pests alone it is necessary annually to inspect more than six thousand consignments and to issue permits for the admission to Canada of more than twenty-two million plants and when to this is added responsibility for the fighting of the hordes of formidable little insect enemies in every part of the Dominion it will be seen that the task is indeed colossal. Yet year by year the effect of the work increasingly is felt and although the time probably never will come when the department will be shorn of the grime it can be said that a bulwark is being built, without which the doom of all growing things from acorn to acorn would be certain and swift.

Keeping the Cattle-breeder on the Job

THE future of the business of producing livestock and livestock products is dependent absolutely upon better breeding. And this is where the Live Stock Branch of the Department comes in. Its mission is to make better breeding easy for the farmer. In every conceivable way it holds before his eyes the ideal of scrub elimination, of continual herd improvement. This ideal is fostered and encouraged by two very practical methods—the establishment of government breeding stations, where the best type of animal can be secured for breeding purposes at a nominal rental fee and by the formation and the assistance of breeding clubs in every agricultural centre. More than this all the department knows of a section where pure-bred sires are not available it loans its pedigree bulls to the farmers who needs them. If the breeder is so situated that he can't get to a market for blooded stock without prohibitive expense the government appoints itself his personal representative and buys the stock for him.

The department keeps its paternal eye on a thousand other subjects too. It keeps the producer up-to-date on market prices and conditions by means of newsletters and radio-broadcasts it furnishes exhibits to fairs and exhibitions it offers prizes for pure bred some it gets hold of the boys and girls of the farm and induces them to form junior clubs. In fact if there in any way in which good business methods and scientific principles of cattle quality and swine raising can be brought to the notice of the Canadian agriculturist which the Live Stock Branch of the department doesn't use it is because it hasn't heard of it. And its ears are very wide open for the reception of new ideas most of the time.

New Eggs for Old

ONE of these new ideas and a very valuable one it has turned out to be concerned the grading of eggs. Time was when the housewife going into a grocery store was at the mercy of the grocer word. If that worthy told her that he was putting a dozen new-laid eggs in a bag for her and that these eggs would cost her $1.00 for the dozen she sighed and trusted him—to her sorrow, at times. It is easy to believe that under these conditions she didn't purchase any more eggs than she was obliged to. Nor was the grocer always to blame, for he in his turn, had to depend on some one else's word.

So in 1923 the Live Stock branch

Continued on page 41



Ask your garage to Insist On Coghlin Replacement Springs. If he cannot supply you immediately send us his name and quick delivery will be assured.

COGHLIN
Replacement Springs
BY COGHLIN CO

PREMIER NAME CARDS
THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c Per Book



Each book contains 24 perfect little name cards, size 1 inch x 3 inches, in pocket leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
Agents Wanted.
PREMIER ART GUILD
109 Gerrard Street Toronto, Ont.

"I Sold Four Stories Lately"
writes a student of McKinnon's Extension Course in Short Story Writing given by The Shaw Schools. If you have originality and imagination you can learn to write stories that will sell themselves. Let us show you the way. Write for booklet to Department MA.
66 Bloor West, Toronto Canada.



Deafness
Perfect hearing is now being restored in all cases of deafness caused by Catarrhal troubles, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring or Buzzing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from the Ears, etc.
Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
require no medicine. But effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.
Free Book on Deafness
Write today for 168 page book on deafness giving full particulars and many testimonials. The hearing of thousands of grateful users has been restored by these little devices. Write for free book now.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated.
331 Todd Building LOUISVILLE KY

"Stammering"
or stuttering disappears quickly and permanently under our methods of treatment. Thousands have been cured of this distressing trouble. Write for free book on advice and literature.
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
BERKEMER ONT CANADA



Get your Kodak out

In somebody's home that snap-shot of Teddy's first snowshoes will be looked at and enjoyed time and time again.

Your home offers just as interesting material —and it's always easy with a Kodak.

Autographic Kodaks $5 up

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

OXO
CHILDREN'S PUZZLE
72 parts—2 puzzles in one—sent postpaid for 3c
"Oxo" Cube wrapper or capsule from 6 or 20 oz bottle of "Oxo" Cordial
OXO LIMITED
Dept B 358 St. Antoine Street, Montreal
CUBES

HOW'S THE COMPLEXION?

Creams and lotions are great for keeping the skin smooth—but they don't remove the cause of pimples and keep sure away. Pimples come from blood that's not just right—perhaps too rich—perhaps too lean. If you want to really get rid of facial blemishes try Seigel's Syrup. We just tell you to try it. You'll be convinced and use it. Any druggist store.

FOR WINTER NIGHTS
"CAMP"
COFFEE



Get In On This!

Don't stay on the outside, come on in and win some of the

$200.00 IN CASH

Offered to the Winners in MacLeanagram No. 32

Five cash prizes to those making the largest number of words from letters in the name

BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

More Fun Than an Old Fashioned Spelling Bee

You know how popular these old spelling bees were, not only among the younger people, but also with the whole community.

Just as we periodically go back to the old fashioned waltz and enjoy it more than any of the newer dances, so we get a real amount of pleasure out of these tests of our mental capacity.

These contests are of the most entertaining and simple character you could wish. You just turn the letters in the name above round and about to form as many words as you can from them.

For instance, the first three letters of the surname give you a word without changing them at all. And then there is "wand." Better stop hadn't I, or I'll be doing this contest for you.

Just read the rules below carefully, and then go ahead. You have from now until January 15th, 1927, to complete your entry. All entries bearing post mark showing them to have been posted on or before that date will be considered eligible.

1st Prize	$100.00
2nd Prize	$ 50.00
3rd Prize	$ 25.00
4th Prize	$ 15.00
5th Prize	$ 10.00



Bertrand W. Sinclair

One of the best adventure stories printed in MacLean's for some time was "Hood Winds," by Bertrand W. Sinclair. The editor has received a number of letters from British Columbians who recognized from Mr. Sinclair's descriptions, many of the islands, coves and passages used in the story. Mr. Sinclair's accuracy is not surprising when one knows that he lives at Pender Harbor, B.C. and spends the summer months cruising Pacific Coast waters in a gas yacht, the "Hoo-Hoo," seeking atmosphere and ideas. And he never fails to find them. More of Mr. Sinclair's western yarns will appear in MacLean's during 1927.

The Judges are:

Dr. E. J. PRATT, Lecturer in English, Victoria College, Toronto University.

Miss PANSY ATKINS, Teacher, Brown School, Toronto. A well-known writer on Children's Topics.

J. HERBERT HODGINS, Special feature writer, and financial expert.

The decision of the judges will be final and absolute, and in a case of a difference of opinion, the Concise English Dictionary will be used as the final arbiter.

Read These Simple Rules Carefully

1. Each entry must be addressed to the Test Campaign Editor, MacLean's Magazine, Toronto 2.

Entries will not be accepted through salesmen or on special offers.

2. Anyone, other than an employee of MacLean's Magazine the MacLean Publishing Co., and members of their immediate families, is eligible to take part in this Test and compete for the prizes offered.

3. Only one of the first three prizes may be won in all MACLEANAGRAM tests by the same person or from the same home.

4. In order to compete for the prizes, contestants must send with their entry their own renewal subscription payment or a new subscription payment for yourself or for a friend at $2.00 for one year's subscription to MacLean's Magazine.

5. The number of words you have listed must be totaled, listed on the coupon, and the lists be prepared in strictly alphabetical order. Lists must be written plainly as well as the names and addresses of Contestant and Subscriber. Unintelligible words will be disqualified as well as words changed or corrected.

6. All answers to the Test together with subscription payments must be mailed by contestants of their post office not later than January 15. Answers for the Test mailed after this date will not count.

7. In determining the winners the judges will count only genuine and recognized words of the English language. Do not use obsolete words, abbreviations or contractions. Where the singular of a word is used, do not use plural or possessive and vice versa. Do not use hyphenated or compound words. Do not use proper names (such as Christian names and surnames, biblical names and geographical terms).

8. MacLean's Magazine reserves the right to disqualify any person for any reason deemed sufficient by it and the judges who are the contestants' representatives.

9. No discussion can be entered into by telephone or otherwise in reference to these tests, and all entrants are understood by the fact of their entry to agree to accept as final the judges' decision on all matters relating to this competition.

THIS COUPON MUST ACCOMPANY YOUR ENTRY PROPERLY FILLED IN

Test Campaign Editor, No. 32
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, Toronto 2, Ont.

I attach my entry in your contest for words made from letters in the words BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR.

No. of words listed

For the enclosed $2.00 send MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE for one year to

Name

Address

Note or Renewal

Contestant's Name and Address (brief)

My name is

Address





WONDERFUL RESULTS
Beautiful Skin Assured

For thirty years ladies have praised the wonderful results obtained by the use of PRINCESS SKIN FOOD. This delightful preparation beautifies the skin, smooths out wrinkles, fills hollows, removes sallow tone and restores the illusion to youthful texture and beauty.

PRINCESS SKIN FOOD

A jar should be on every lady's dressing table. Full instructions for home use. Sent in any address on receipt of price, $1.75.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, WARTS AND MOLES.

Removed by electrolysis, the only safe and permanent method. Particulars of request. No charge for consultation. Call or write.

Write for Booklet "D" FREE

HISCOTT INSTITUTE LTD
607 College St., Toronto 2



Continued from page 39

decided to do something about this egg business. It was instrumental in causing Federal legislation to be passed by which certain standards were set up and government inspectors appointed to see to it that these standards were adhered to, under penalty of prosecution.

Now, the insertion of every case of eggs offered for sale in the Dominion would be a pretty tall job, and this, of course, can't be done; but all inter-provincial and import shipments are examined to see that they conform to the standards stocked by the dealers on the containers, and no store-keeper knows just when Federal officials are going to descend upon his place of business to see that his chronological accuracy, as exhibited by the figures on his price announcements, has not deteriorated since then last visit.

That this sharp checking up of the egg situation has been of benefit to all concerned producers and distributors as well as consumers is indicated by the fact that the annual per capita consumption of eggs in Canada has increased from sixteen to twenty-six dozen since government inspection became effective.

All this intensely concentrated energy and supervision has its effect on the whole people of the Dominion, not so much as it has on the stork breeder for the prosperity of the country as a large extent depends upon the reputation of our agricultural products in other countries.

Purifying the Seed Business

BEFORE the Seed Branch of the department got its fine-sieve conditions with regard to seed production were very bad indeed. The provinces were flooded with seeds, foul with noxious weed-seeds; flour mill by-products and commercial feeding stuffs were adulterated with useless materials (often containing sufficient quantities of harmful weed seeds to cause the death of livestock); faulty grinding left many vital weed-seeds to be later returned to the earth through manure, and to pollute the farms of purchasers of ground feeding stuffs. The makers of low grade commercial fertilizer were permitted to give spurious information regarding the chemical analysis of their products and the farmer paid heavy toll in consequence.

All this is changed now. The growing of superior seeds for domestic requirements and export is encouraged; adulteration of flour mill by-products and commercial feeding-stuffs is prevented; and all material sold as fertilizer is inspected to see that it conforms to the standard government chemical content. By these, and countless other means, the seed grower now commands a premium in the market in proportion to the quality of his products, and the Canadian farmer is guaranteed a certain definite quality when he buys.

Guarding the Reputation of Canada's Fruit

IN THE last few years, the reputation of Canada's fruit has gone up by leaps and bounds. If is safe to say that, to-day, Canada is recognized as producing fruit second to none, and we would get better than most. And this reputation the Fruit Branch of the department guards jealously and vigilantly.

One of its main activities is the important one of constant and scrupulous inspection. Inspectors are stationed at all producing districts, marketing centres and points to scrutinize all fruit and vegetables which they come across—and the scrutiny is a searching one. When these inspectors find a grower's product falling below a certain standard he is warned—the first time. A second offence is sharply penalized.

The Fruit Branch isn't content merely to see that fruit and vegetables are grown properly; it is determined that they shall be transported in such shape as to ensure the arrival of the product in perfectly fresh saleable condition. To this end numerous tests of cars and cooling and refrigerating systems are made to find out what method is best, both for the industry as a whole and for particular localities and hauls. The fruit men too, work hand in hand with the railways and secure hearty co-operation, especially in the vexed and difficult question of freight-rate adjustments.

What this means to the country is neatly illustrated by what happened in the case of the potato crop which froze in the ground in the Prairie Provinces. Here was the situation. Just over the border in Minnesota and North Dakota was a splendid crop, eagerly waiting a chance to jump in; but the Maritime Provinces also had a surplus for which no market could be found, a situation aggravated by the existence of the British embargo. Freight rates from the Maritimes to the Prairies were higher than import rates plus duty from the States.

This was the situation when the Department of Agriculture decided to take a hand. It placed itself-views before the freight traffic heads of the railways in Montreal with the result that twenty-four hours later freight-cars were having Maritime potatoes west of very special very much reduced rates.

To keep interest in Canadian fruit at its keenest, the Fruit Branch has gone into the publishing business and issues a monthly Fruit and Vegetables Crop Report, by them Canadian cooks of great cunning in the art are sent to fairs and exhibitions; hygiene and cooking schools, in demonstrate the best methods of preparing and canning vegetables; they are constantly reporting on the growers to enter their fruit in competitions abroad; and they work day and night at the job of fostering the co-operative marketing of fruit and vegetables.

For some years there has been a falling off in per capita apple consumption in the Dominion. The Department has not been rousing its eyes to the situation. Every effort has been made to determine the cause and correct the effect. Early in its investigations the Department came to the conclusion that because a barrel of apples would not fit conveniently into a modern apartment or flat, still less a half-barrel or even before people who lived in modern apartments flats or half-bedrooms (and the number increases steadily) would not buy barrels of apples. The same idea applied to large boxes of apples. So the Department conducted an experiment. It had a quantity of good dessert apples put up in small half boxes and exhibited for a day in the window of a large Montreal retail store. The following day they were put on sale and rapidly sold out, the majority of sales being to people living as described. This information immediately was passed on to the trade, and it is now possible to secure apples and other fruit in more compact containers.

If has long been the notion of prairie farmers that fruit will not grow on the prairie, but for some years the Fruit Branch, through its experiments has been proving otherwise. At Morden, Manitoba, over four hundred varieties of standard apples were tested, and the results made known, and to-day the superintendents of experimental farms and stations all over the prairies are receiving inquiries. The movement is spreading to the planting of ornamental shrubs, hedges and flower plots, so the dream of a prairie bright with blooms is not beyond the range of the future.

The One Question Without an Answer

IT IS possible to get expert advice and authentic information on every phase of practical agriculture from bee-keeping to the growing of wheat from the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture. It will tell you how and why to use cheese, give you recipes for home-made frozen desserts, teach you to control

Continued on page 42



"IT'S THE SMARTEST DRESS OF THE SEASON"

I've never had so many compliments. Let me tell you how I've had a lot more time for my children, too, since I've been sewing. They feel quite thrilled, I must confess, for only $9.95!

Pretty dresses like this at just such a savings are bringing joy to thousands of women who have learned at home (During Her Spare Time) How to Make Smart, Stylish Dresses at Small Cost. Learn this fascinating, profitable work in a few weeks.

FREE BOOKLET Illustrations in color, Book of Fashions and Fabrics which tells what the Women's Institute Method has done for others, how women and girls, and boys, 16 and up, can become expert dressmakers and earn $20 to $60 a week at home.

Women's Institutes (Canada) Limited
389 Mountain St., Montreal, Can.
Dept. C-6

Without cost or obligation, please send me your booklet and tell me how I can learn at home the subject I have marked below.

- [] Men and Dressmaking
- [] Professional Dressmaking and Designing
- [] Millinery
- [] Cookery
- [] Home Nursing
- [] Secretarial
- [] Private Secretary
- [] Advertising
- [] Illustrating
- [] Business English

Name
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address



"I never thought of that before, Sir, but of course gentlemen who know it won't have anything else. It is as you say, Sir—the 'hall-mark' of a first class house."

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE



James Woods

Can You Do As Well?

$125.00 Monthly

Over a year ago James Woods applied to us for an opportunity of representing MacLean's Magazine. He said, "What will you pay me?" We replied, "What are you worth?"

That is the way he began. Some months he has exceeded the above figure. He is most enthusiastic about his work which, of course, partly explains his success. He finds the work of representing Canada's National Magazine very interesting and he says "I am making a host of friends too."

Are you doing as well? If not, write us and let us make you, too, an offer. In your own neighborhood or district or town you can easily and quickly secure scores of new and renewal subscriptions. We will pay you liberally on a permanent basis.

Apply
Local Representatives Dept.

MacLean Publishing Company Limited
143 University Avenue
Toronto 2

Continued from page 40

the apple maggot; how to enter your poultry in egg laying contests; how to discover the effect of grain growing on the nitrogen content of your soil; how to dry-rot and steam-treat seed potatoes; how to reduce the meat bill; what is contained in the fertilizer you use; and almost anything else you want to know. The information is sent free upon request in pamphlet form. You can even find out the amount bet during the grain on Canadian race tracks for by some colossal humorist's edict the supervision of race track betting is left to the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture.

There is one question, however, for which the Department has no answer. Why is it, that in an essentially agricultural Dominion the most important department of the government, agriculture is housed in eighteen or twenty entirely inadequate and widely scattered buildings in Ottawa, one of which affords the advantages that a consolidated, modern departmental building would afford? Surely the tremendous saving effected annually by the work of that department would justify the expenditure on housing more in keeping with our dignity and efficiency as one of the leading agricultural countries of the globe!

My Friend, Jean Baptiste

Continued from page 14

But in the French schools, the bright boys are being observed and special provision is made for the cultivation of their minds. That crop will make itself felt in a few years. We shall see in the next ten years some bright French boys coming on in business life. That will be a blessing to have one crop of good Canadians increased—men like Lanrier and Cartier and Hebert the sculptor.

The Industrial Future

THE government while devoting itself energetically to developing the resources of Quebec in attracting new industries and strengthening the old, is not carried away by a rush of modern ideas and puts much energy and care is put into the conservation of the old main the development of the new. Gone however is the day when agriculture offered the only important field of endeavor. Still awarded as it probably always will be the place of highest esteem as the foundation of Quebec's prosperity, the political religious and business leaders of the race have the vision of a highly industrialized Quebec, but a Quebec peopled largely by French Canadians and a Quebec that will be to-morrow what it is to-day, except that it will be more rich and more powerful.

The whole province is alive to that ideal; the provincial government officials hold by Premier Taschereau urge it and work toward it. Their big weapon is the fact that the province has the largest untapped source of cheap power-supply readily available to the great industrial centers of any region in North America and they are beginning to utilize that weapon to the fullest capacity. Quite one of it takes the form of refusing to permit the export of power, planning thereby to force industries that require the power to erect plants within the province.

Premier Taschereau in reviewing the great commercial and industrial progress of the province during the last ten years has said that it can be attributed to "The utilization of our hydraulic forces which has not only permitted Canadian capital to multiply but has brought to us hundreds of millions of foreign capital."

"In my opinion," he added, "a high tariff wall around Quebec would not protect us as well as a vigorous policy of conservation of our electrical energy, especially if we add thereto an invitation to outsiders to come here and aid us in the development of our hydraulic power. By so doing, we will obtain four marked economic advantages, exclusion of foreign competition, creation of industrial centres for our workmen, the opening up of very much needed markets for our agricultural products, and finally elimination of emigration because of our greater means of giving our people work at home."

He issued a direct warning to the Ottawa Government to keep hands off the water power resources of Quebec. "I wish here to say," he declared, "that the Province of Quebec intends to maintain to the fullest extent its rights in this domain and I give notice to those tempted to obtain rights from an authority other than ours, that such rights are precarious."

It is this policy that has resulted in the great Price-Duke power development in the Lake St. John district of the Saguenay River. This enterprise inaugurated by the late Sir William Price and the late James B. Duke, the American tobacco magnate, is so vast that it completely dwarfs in magnitude and importance the much discussed development of Muscle Shoals. There an entire wilderness is being transformed into a modern industrial district, one that is not growing up haphazard, but that is being created according to the builders' plans. Model towns of ten thousand people are arising, as are railroads and other services, and entire industries are planning to move there to receive the full benefit of manufacturing at the source of power.

No Regimentation in Quebec

THE HON. ATHANASE DAVID, Provincial Secretary of Quebec expressed a concrete view of French Canadian aims.

"We cannot help feeling that we have a mission here something that we owe to our origin and ourselves to perpetuate in our country. Is there anyone I wonder unable to understand this or unwilling to admit it?

"I know very well that occasionally in watching us scaling the heights others may have thought that we were going to lose ourselves in the clouds of idealism. It may be true that for too long a while we were idealists only and that it took us a longer time than them to find out the value of money. But indeed can they complain on that score? Were not their victories in the domain industrial commercial or financial just the more easy for them on that account?

"Quebec sacrificed itself and its material development for over a century and a half in order to more fully assure its intellectual and moral development while others were allowed to increase their wealth and somewhat to-day to preserve it better.

"But now having acquired more assurance about what we can do and satisfied that our language our traditions, our institutions which we fought for ought not to die and shall not die here we stand before them perhaps a little proud because we weathered the storm as well.

"And this means that we are about to offer them in the fields of commerce, finance and industry, a loyal and unceasing fight."

Mr. David urges Canadians of English-speaking origin to study the history of the French race to settle this country, so that from this increased knowledge might come greater amity and understanding, and he further says: "Let me ask the question where in all the world are there two peoples of different origin who have more harmoniously than in Quebec? To which one can truthfully answer 'Nowhere!'

It is rare indeed that anyone from

Continued on page 44



3-in-One Will Make It Run

in many thousands of homes, wherever any light machinery or sticks or squeaks, oil counts. The Handy Oil Can or bottle of 3-in-One Oil. A drop or two in the troublesome bearing and in a moment all's running smoothly again.

3-in-One
Prevents Rust. OILS. Cleans & Polishes

is a pure, high quality oil compound far superior to ordinary mineral oils. Works and accumulated grease and dirt and tobacco particles perfectly. Free from grit and grease. Won't evaporate, cake, gum or harden. Rancid.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in bottles and Handy Oil Cans.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
130 LE. William St.,
New York.

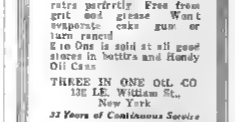
32 Years of Continuous Service

Free Sample

Generous sample and Dictionary explaining 70 uses in the home. Request both on a postal.

3 IN 1

KR469



In Detroit It is the Tuller For Value

Facing Grand Circus Park, the Finest of Detroit. 800 pleasant rooms, $2.50 and up.
Ward E. James, Manager
DETROIT, MICH.
HOTEL TULLER

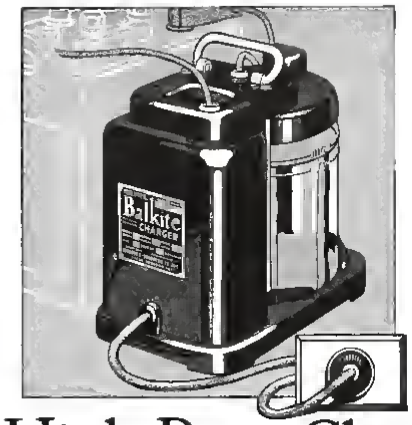
"Save the surface and you save all" Paint & Varnish

HELP WANTED

BECOME A BUILDER—EASY TO get big pay jobs. Learn quickly at home from real blue print plans. New easy short-cut method. Write for sample blue print plan and trial lessons. Mailed free. Address Building Dept. A 2796, Chicago Technical, 118 East 28th St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

HOMESPUNS

HARRIS TWEED DIRECT FROM makers. Any length cut. $2.00 per yard. Postage paid. Patterns free. Nrwoll, 49 Stornoway, Scotland.



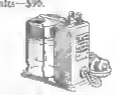
The new

Balkite Trickle and High-Rate Charger

converts your "A" battery into a light socket "A" power supply with ample power for the largest sets



Balkite "B"—3 new models
Balkite "B" eliminates "B" batteries and supplies "B" current from the light socket. Noiseless. Permanent. Employs no tubes and requires no replacements. Three new models. Balkite "B" W in $35 for sets of 5 tubes or less requiring 67 to 90 volts. Balkite "B" X for sets of 8 tubes or less requiring 90 milliamperes at 135 volts—$59.50. Balkite "B" Y for any radio set, requiring 40 milliamperes at 150 volts—$95.



Balkite Trickle Charger, $15
For those who require a charger of limited capacity only. Can be left on continuously or trickle charge thus in effect converting your "A" battery into a light socket "A" power supply. Charging rate, 1 ampere. Over 300,000 in use. Price $15.



Balkite Combination
When connected to your "A" battery the new Balkite Combination Radio Power Unit, supplies automatic power to both "A" and "B" circuits. Controlled by the filament switch of your present set—entirely automatic in operation. Can be put either near the set or in a remote location. Will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring not more than 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—practically all sets of up to 8 tubes. Price $95.

All models above for 50-60 cycle current only.

The new Balkite Charger with both low and high charging rates is easily the greatest charger value in radio. It combines the advantages of both trickle and rapid charging. At the low rate, as a trickle charger, it can be permanently connected to your battery and in effect converts it into an automatic light socket "A" power supply. At the high rate, as a rapid charger, it supplies a ready reserve of power for the largest radio set.

The Balkite Charger is noiseless in operation. In most cases it can be used during reception. Like all Balkite Radio Power Units, it has no tubes and nothing to wear out or require replacement. It is a permanent piece of equipment. Charging rates: To 6-volt battery 2.5 amperes high rate, .5 ampere low rate, to 4 volt battery .8 ampere high, .2 ampere low rate. Operates from 110-120 AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles. *Also a special model for 25-40 cycles with 1.5 amperes high rate.* Price $27.50.

(Radio set owners who are served by 60 or 50 cycle current can operate their receivers from the light socket merely by adding Balkite Combination, or Balkite "B" and a Balkite Charger. Ask your dealer.)

Hear
WALTER DAMROSCH
and the
NEW YORK SYMPHONY
in your own home

Every other Saturday night a symphony concert. On alternate Saturdays one of Mr. Damrosch's popular young recitals. Over stations WEAF, WEEI, WGR, WFI, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ, WGN, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, WOC.

Balkite Hour
SATURDAY EVENINGS
8 p.m. Eastern; 8p.m. Central Standard Time

Distributed by BURNDEPT OF CANADA, *Ltd.*
130 Richmond St. W., Toronto • 307 St. James St., Montreal
SPARLING SALES Ltd., 264 Graham Ave., Winnipeg
RADIO SPECIALTIES Ltd., 679 Pender St. W., Vancouver, B.C.

FAN STEEL
Balkite
Radio Power Units

Guard Against "Flu" With Musterole

Influenza, Grippe and Pneumonia usually start with a cold. The moment you get those warning aches rub on good old Musterole.

Musterole relieves the congestion and stimulates circulation. It has all the good qualities of the old fashioned mustard plaster without the blister.

First you feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then a soothing cooling sensation and quick relief. Have Musterole handy for emergency use. It may prevent serious illness.

The Musterole Co. of Canada Ltd. Montreal

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

Better than a mustard plaster

Cuticura TALCUM



The Ideal Powder For Daily Use

This pure, delicately medicated, antiseptic powder does much to overcome excessive perspiration. It soothes and cools, is convenient and economical and is an ideal face, skin, baby and dusting powder.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Cuticura, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

"PAIN WAS DRIVING ME WILD"

Snowbound on remote farm, gets relief from acute neuralgia

Snowbound and alone on a remote farm, miles from a doctor, a plucky Canadian woman endured for hours the racking agony of acute neuralgia.

"The pain in my head was driving me wild," she writes, "when I happened to see a bottle of Sloan's Liniment on the dresser. I gave it a trial and in no time the pain was gone. I slept peacefully the rest of the night."

Sloan's gives quick, genuine comfort to every kind of muscular pain because it doesn't just deaden the nerves. It helps the body to throw off the conditions that are causing the pain.

No need to rub. Put a little Sloan's on lightly. A healing tide of fresh, germ destroying blood begins tingling through the aching place and the pain, swelling, stiffness are quickly relieved. So clean and easy to use, too. All druggists—35 cents.

Sloan's Liniment
KILLS PAIN

Continued from page 43

another part of the country, who had lived in Quebec any length of time, does not prefer to continue to live there, aside from reasons outside of personal choice. The charm of Quebec could be analysed from many angles and accounted for by a great variety of reasons, but probably it rests primarily on the fact that life in Quebec is different. It is not standardized to the extent it is elsewhere in Canada and the United States. Life is not so flat, so monotonous as it is where everybody is living and doing as nearly as possible like everyone around them. The intimate contact of the two races, language and religion prevents either from becoming too smug about itself, from feeling that after all it is a very great institution and much better than any other.

The day of the race's fight to preserve itself has passed—and been won. Like a young giant it feels its growing strength. It has been slow in arriving, but it has arrived. And now it progresses by leaps and bounds in the material achievements hitherto neglected by a people who were content to live a happy, moral and simple life far removed from the modern struggle for success. They continue to be happy—one ventures the prophecy they always will be. But now they are ambitious!

That is all to the good for the remainder of Canada, and there is room both for thought and congratulation in the remark of Premier Taschereau: Quebec is not the dividing point of the Dominion, but the uniting link between East and West; and the most purely conservative province of the Dominion.

The solidarity of Quebec has grown immeasurably since the war conscription and the persecution complex of a numerically weaker people gave it then a bitter impetus which reached its crux in strained relations between the two races. Most fortunately that has died down like much of the war bitterness and has been replaced by better relations between French and English-speaking Canadians than have probably ever existed; that is certainly true in Quebec, anyhow. Anglo-Canadians who now share the benefit of these improved relations once bitterly resented and sometimes opposed the methods employed by the French Canadians to bring this result about. The bitterness has died because without any manner of doubt the Quebec French have in the last ten years established themselves as an ethnic group with a language and a culture of their own which has been accepted. In we accept in fact as we do in theory that the British Empire is and should be made up of races that are set, as in the United States, reduced to a condition of similarity, but are encouraged to retain their individual and national character, we should welcome the strong position the French have achieved.

At any rate, the Anglo-population of Quebec accepts the situation and welcomes it because they want to do business with the two and a half million French in Quebec and because they cannot help but see the justice of the French-Canadian viewpoint. Massey of Toronto recently said in Montreal: "We regard the two languages of this country not as constituting a barrier between the peoples they represent but rather as the enrichment of a common heritage. Canada is a diversified country, possessing different races, religions, social cultures. One hears this diversity often spoken of as a regrettable fact. Could anything be more fundamentally wrong? Let us thank heaven for the diversities which save this country from a devastating uniformity, and in welcoming diversity let us remember that after all a nation is civilized in proportion to its sympathetic understanding with which it welcomes just such distinctions in language, customs, manners and frame of mind such as make French and English speaking Canada different in one sense as they unqualified in fundamental things.

The greatest peril in North America today," he added, "is the menace of deadly uniformity and standardized commonplaceness. I refuse to think that there is not part of the continent which is proof against these dangers. So long as this province holds true to her ancient faith, her romantic tradition, the simple virtues of her countryside, and the glorious legacy of her language, Canada's contribution to the world will be the richer for them."

Stemming the Jazz Tide

WE HEAR much about the American invasion of Canada. The French of Quebec constitute our greatest bulwark against it. The intelligence of the leaders combines with the instinct of the common people to resist that tide of absolute banality and mediocrity that standardization of our modern life on this continent which is the most distressing aspect of average Canadian and American lives. Lord Durham once said: "I do not think that ethnological homogeneity is an unmixed benefit for a country. Certainly the least attractive characteristic of a great portion of this continent is the monotony of its outward aspects, and I should consider it fortunate for Canada that her prosperity should be founded on the co-operation of different races. The inter-action of national idiosyncrasies introduces into our existence a freshness, a variety, a color, an eclectic impulse which otherwise would be wanting, and it would be most faulty statesmanship to seek their obliteration." My warmest appreciation for this province have always been to see its French inhabitants excel—to let Canada the function which France herself has so admirably performed for Europe.

Let Lord Durham rest in his grave! They do! Undoubtedly we are, as a country, especially fortunate in possessing two of the great cultures of the world. Who knows what will come of the wedding? Nothing but a good flowering surely.

One person's opinion, more or less does not matter. It can only swell the chorus but for myself, as an Ontarian born and bred, I can only say that in Quebec I have truly found my spiritual home. I like its life, its old world-liness and its people better than any other I have intimately known. I feel more at home among the French than among my own people, they have more wit, more imagination and a greater appreciation of beauty in art and literature and daily life, and thrifty though they are and however practical they do not think the dollar is the end-all of existence nor the piling up of them an object in itself: to them there is surely a thing as "the art of living".

Here, there is leisure in life, even for those who are not rich; leisure to observe and think and enjoy. There is a refusal to hurry and worry that does not exist in many places on this continent; somewhat like that of the Southern States of America but far more sophisticated; for these are an old people steeped in ancient sayings and thoughts and customs.

And the people of the villages and the country are ignorant of many things of the gain age; there is in their hard and blood something older and sweeter and more essential to the happiness of man. Here is more particularly is the country—all is not dollar chasing, life has dignity, life is mellow; life has charm.

If these people were in Europe, those who could afford it would cross the ocean to get them. But they are at our door. Consequently by thoughtless people their qualities are unappreciated.

As a writer within limitations, I am freer than most men free to live where I wish for I am not seeking wealth, happiness my goal and I can earn a living at my work in most places. So I am free to live almost anywhere in North America, certainly anywhere in Canada, but Quebec, rural Quebec. That is my home!

This is the last of a series of four articles on French Canada by Mr. Pearson.

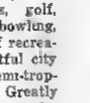


The Sunshine City Invites You

Come for a wonderful winter vacation to sunny St. Petersburg, far away from ice and snow. Play in the healthful outdoors where balmy breezes blow and the sun shines 360 days a year. Aquatic sports, golf, tennis, lawn bowling, and all sorts of recreation. A delightful city in a beautiful semi-tropical setting. Greatly increased accommodations. Reasonable living costs. Through Pullman service from all important centers. For booklet, address A. K. O'Connor, Chamber of Commerce, or mail coupon below.

St. Petersburg
Florida
The Sunshine City

A. K. O'CONNOR
Chamber of Commerce
St. Petersburg, Florida



Please send me a copy of your illustrated booklet

Name

Address

Conscience Money

Continued from page 13

It happened that Sagebrush had just stepped into the bar for a drink, and it happened that he was having his drink at the elbow of Howard. The bookmaker had the name of being a hard-boiled citizen and not to be reproached with extreme caution. He punctuated the shrill-voiced remarks of the man down the bar with a bang of his glass on the oaken shelf and bellowed: "Any man that says that Rabo didn't win that race that the judge took the race away from them could have, is a liar."

He was a big man, and held his shaggy head aggressively upright as one who dominated all and now, throwing back his shoulders he stood defiant.

Sagebrush turned in a soft voice with his Missourian drawl at his elbow said: "Stranger you ain't right. Rabo didn't race, an' the judge was right. I was across from the judge and Jim Malone won by a clear neck."

The big man looked into the composed face of the speaker and into the brown eyes that were curiously round, unwinkingly absolutely vindictive in their steadfast placidity—they were what would have been called piercing eyes.

Then Sagebrush said practically roared it: "If you say that the judge threw that race you're—"

The bookmaker ceased speaking, his large mouth, with the heavy lips hung open and his eyes seemed to have enlarged to double their size. He took a quick look down to the something hard and small and round that pressed against his full belly.

There was a sneer on the lips of the man that held the pressing something in his right hand that was shaved into his coat pocket.

Now Sagebrush was an expert bank-robber, he knew all about odds—that just now he hadn't a million to one chance if he called the other man a liar. He was also quick witted, as a bookmaker should be. He waved his two big hands over his head as an expression of disgust also in the way of safety first, and said: "Say, oh! you're like the rest of these desert rats, you don't know whether a horse has won or not. You make me sick." He whirled, and pushed his way through the crowd.

Nobody knew why Sagebrush Dan, had man had quit, had taken water had crawfished, but they knew he had. They looked curiously at the quiet man who had shut the big man up.

Then somebody recognized Howard as having been with Wedra. "That's one of the owners of Jim Malone," he said. "He looks to me as if he was a fighting wildcat if he got riled. Guess they're sore as hell havin' that race stole from Jim Malone—'cause it was. Guess he'd've hopped Sagebrush if Dan'd spit out that word liar."

Howard saw that now they were attracting attention and he left the bar followed by the four others.

Out on the track, horses, pulling the old high wheeled sulkys, were clearing for the second heat of a trotting race and the crowd was centring its attention on this event.

Howard drew up to where his four companions formed a group and said: "We'll give Fred a start with Jim Malone then you boys ride out an' go a little way along past the gate leadin' my hawse. Don't dismount 'cause I mough to get you in a hurry."

They saw Wedra ride out leading Jim Malone. After a time they mounted their horses and rode outside.

A little later Howard sauntered down to the gate. It being half-way of the afternoon, nobody was coming in and the gatekeeper was sitting in the shade of the high board fence. Howard spoke to the man: "Judge Keith wants you up to the box. There's been some fellers caught that ya gotta without badges an' they're blamin' you for lettin' 'em through."

The man stared: "That's a dang lie—I don't let nobody through without a badge."

"You'd has go tell the judge that an' rip 'em fellers that's sayin' that up the hawk—I'm to keep the gate till you get back."

As soon as the man had swung up the gravelled drive with irate strides, Howard turned to the left and halted in front of the wooden booth that held the ticket-seller. The man was counting a big pile of bills sorting them into packages, which after passing a rubber band around, he deposited in a steel box on a table at his elbow, as Howard thrust his face into the open wicket.

"One dollar!" the man said reaching into a rack for a ticket of admission.

Howard thrust a dollar bill through the wicket and took the pasteboard slip.

"You've got a heap of money there mister," he said then he laughed. "Say, what'd you do if Jesse James and his gang come along an' held you up for that?"

The man drew out a drawer of the desk and pointed to a .45 Colt gun. "I'd give him that friend," he said. "I'd be all ready for him." He dropped his eyes to shave the drawer back but raised them in a startled state at the well-known dark of a gun hammer being cocked. He was gazing into the menacing black maw of a .45 in a hand that rested on the wicket ledge three feet from his head. And the man who was holding the gun with such deadly steadiness was saying in a low, passionless voice: "Pass your gun out to me butt first. A wrong move and you die quick. Thanks! Now the bills!"

The gun that rested on the window ledge was as fixed as a piece of artillery, while the left hand of Howard slipped the bales of bills into his pockets. Once he said with crisp intenseness: "Move quick!"

When he had all the money in his pockets Howard commanded: "Look that door and give me the key. I mighter drill a hole through you—he added drolly as he pocketed the key, "to keep you from raisin' a row till I get a start—yes, I'd best do that."

The small round brown eyes that had seared with fear the soul of Sagebrush Dan seemed to drill the forehead of the ticket seller as if they were bullets, he shivered. "I know who you are," he gasped.

"What of that?"

"Just this"—the man was panting—"they say you boys never kills from blood lust. I'll make a deal with you. I'll give you five minutes start an' my word I won't raise no alarm—I get a right to bargain for my life, sure I?"

"I'll take your word," Howard said. And then, whirling away he raced down the road to where four men sat their horses. He swung to the saddle then they rolled their spurs up the flanks of the horses and galloping swept away to the south.

As Howard and Bill White rode stirrup to stirrup, the former said: "I got all was in the box office more'n enough to get the wedder an' 'em kids outer the starvation hole." He chuckled. "All the purse money was to come from the takin's at the gate, an the owner of Raba don't get the purse after all—Jim Malone gets it."

"For angel justice has been done all 'round," Bill White declared solemnly.

For nearly 50 years Player's Navy Cut has stood for all that is best in Cigarettes and Tobacco.

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES



Bowling on the Green

TO OUR many yearly visitors from Canada no other sport appeals quite so keenly as bowling on the green. For here at Lakeland the greens are always perfection and the days ever a delight to enjoy out-of-door pleasures.

No matter what your favorite sport or recreation may be, it is a safe assertion that you'll find ample opportunity to enjoy it all winter long at Lakeland.

Fishing, sailing, motoring and motor boating, golf, tennis, roque and horseback riding, all have their devotees. And many enjoy simply watching the big league baseball teams in their training and practice games.

We'll be glad to see you—at Lakeland this winter.

Write the Chamber of Commerce for full information regarding hotels, apartments or furnished cottages.

Lakeland
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
429 Massachusetts Ave. Lakeland, Florida

Send for the three booklets about Polk County's unsurpassed Agricultural opportunities. Free.

The Winners in MacLeanagram No. 29

First Prize $100.00	Mrs. Maud McLean Smith General Delivery Edmonton Alta
Second Prize $50.00	Miss Margaret Douglas 423 Winnecenne Ave. Neenah, Wis., U.S.A.
Third Prize $25.00	L. J. Simirk Ethelbert Man
Fourth Prize $15.00	Mrs. E. J. Murray, 9832 107th St., Edmonton Alta
Fifth Prize $10.00	W. G. Davies 285 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal Que.

What a Landslide!

In a recent issue, when announcing the winners to a previous contest where the winners were, with one exception, all from the City of Toronto, the following comment was made:

> "These Toronto folks seem to know a good thing when they see it. We had a large number of entries from all parts of the Dominion, but the number from Toronto was far in excess of those from other points. Let's see if these Toronto folks cannot be displaced."

Western Canada has most emphatically accepted the challenge—and yes, we must not forget our friends to the south of the line.

Frankly, we are just a little bit disappointed though with the Maritimes. Our citizens in the East have always been noted for their educational attainments and should be taking some of these prizes quite regularly.

By the way, how do you Torontonians feel about this?

What Province Takes the $100.00 First Prize Advertised in This Issue on Page 40

Abbey's EFFERVESCENT SALT



regulates the Bowels and Kidneys—sweetens the Stomach.

Lens Revelations

Continued from page 11

perfectly composed and balanced picture but which carries the secret vibration of a living emotion with it. The third effort, if properly carried out, results in a pictorial portrait in which the maker reflects what he personally saw in the subject but which may not always please his subject who, photographically speaking, rarely expects to be beautified and to be shown in a pleasing rather than in a characteristic pose.

I have always found that when I come to my studio open-minded, grateful for the opportunity to serve, I succeed in reflecting that warmth of feeling in my work even if it is not always in the pictorial class, and that I think is what makes it stand out from the work which is produced purely for financial returns. Even in my earliest efforts, when the technique was poor the composition bad and the portrait made by mere instinct, there seemed always to be that special appeal which I now realize is a response to the artists mentality.

So, in approaching my sitter with the best that is in me, I have the right to expect that he will meet me in the same spirit. It is surprising how many persons say they hate to be photographed. Always I point out the impossibility of getting a satisfactory expression when such thoughts are entertained. Generally I will meet them with some speech like this:

See you here you are set doing this for your own pleasure, but for those you love best. They do not want to see your expressing dislike or hatred. You had better consider the camera your best friend for as it is. The more willing you are the better the camera behaves.

"It is surprising how well this works. When I have my sitter in a pleasant mood I leave him to himself, while I concentrate on lighting or composition, and now and then I shoot. It is all so simple, and the simpler we realize it is, the better the results.

Of course, there is one point that must not be overlooked, and it is this: to make the technique of portrait—taking simple, a man must carry in his mind more knowledge, more experience, more understanding, than is required for any one sitting. The photographer who is educated, has artistic conception, keeps himself tempered by studying other forms of artistic expression, reads and fills his mind with lovely thoughts, is always master of the situation. There is no more intellectual occupation than that of making real portraits, although the profession is spoilt by the existence of those who let the camera do the work of the man behind the camera.

The Art of Seeing Pictorially

IN DEALING with pictorial or industrial photography, Mr. Vanderpant holds that the same principles are true. While out of doors there is not the aid of lighting and building up that there is in the studio, on the other hand, the photographer can choose his own time, exposure and subject. In portrait photography, he must be at the mercy of sitters, whether the time or mood be right and whether the sitter is an interesting subject or not.

The main thing in pictorial photography, contends Mr. Vanderpant, is that the photographer keeps his senses open and free from worry or unhappy disturbances in order that he may really observe and be prepared to properly judge and portray the impressions his surroundings make on him.

While Mr. Vanderpant's opinions concerning pictorial photography are very pronounced, there is nothing dogmatic in his relation to it. Certain methods appeal to him, and by the use of these methods he has achieved oneness and fame, but in the middle of an animated conversation he will interject: "Of course, you know other men have other methods, and they are good, but for me it is simpler to do so-and-so."

Mr. Vanderpant has recently completed a one-man showing of over a hundred prints which reveal the gospel of Canada's beauty throughout Great Britain and the continent. In his enthusiasm for a place for pictorial photography among the Arts, he is ambitious to see a permanent collection of pictorial studies at Ottawa, after the manner in vogue at Washington and San Francisco. He is the originator of the New Westminster Salon, at which 1200 prints are exhibited every year, and where this year over twenty countries were represented. Among these countries were Great Britain, United States, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Spain, Japan, Germany, Belgium, Russia, Mexico, Finland, Java, Esthonia and Morocco. With the exhibits, came letters to Mr. Vanderpant showing the utmost appreciation of his work, extending greetings and good fellowship, and asking many questions about his methods. Assurances were given also that, although he is unknown to them personally, Mr. Vanderpant's name is a studio word with other artists, and his pictures known by heart. He has exhibited in most of the countries just named, and has won many distinctive honors among them being gold medals from Saragossa, Spain, Arnheim, Holland, Tolima, Estihama, and silver medals from London, Paris, Iova, Amsterdam and Southampton.

Mr. Vanderpant is the original vice-president of the Pictorial Photographers of America, besides being a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society of London, England, a member of the German Photographic Society of Berlin, and a member of the Pittsburg Salon.

In closing, one might quote from the *Kunst*, a Dutch magazine devoted to photographic art. In its issue of March 1926 it says: "Mr. Vanderpant is a poet who is able to let his highly artistic and feeling vibrate through and above the material of a single enlargement, made from a tiny film negative. It is certainly a most satisfying and remarkable demonstration of the mind over the material. If one makes a careful study of Mr. Vanderpant's work, which is absolutely pure of style, does not the question, 'Is photography an Art?' fade away? It disappears, and instead there arises a feeling of gratitude for the joy and the beauty which photography can give to those of this generation."



PRESTO Frost Shields Insure Clear Vision

Make winter driving in closed cars more pleasant and safer than ever. Then inside steam and frost of warm car cannot be cold weather need no longer trouble you. The Presto Frost Shield is so constructed that when attached to the inside of your windshield or windows it is impossible for steam or frost to gather over the area covered by the shield. The edge fastens to the glass with rubber tape and the surface stands out only ½ inch, leaving a dead air space between the glass and the shield. No steam or frost can gather on this surface. The Presto Frost Shield is made of highly transparent celluloid and affords perfect visibility at all times.

No Inside Steam or Frost to Obstruct the View

That means easier driving and safety to you. And such a small cost, too. Only 40c to $1.40, depend ng on size. This includes everything necessary to attach to your car. Obtain Presto Frost Shields at your nearest dealer today. If you have a closed car you need Presto Frost Shields. Play safe!

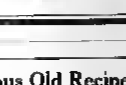
Presto Frost Shields can be used just as well for motor boats, street cars, buses—in fact wherever visibility is obscured by frost or steam gathering on windows.

Size 4½ x 4½"	40c
Size 8" x 12"	$1.00
Size 11½" x 14½"	$1.40

If you cannot secure them from your local dealer as a accommodation send to quickly introduce them, we will supply you on receipt of price. Mail check, money order or bank draft to the

CRUVER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

CRUVER BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.



Famous Old Recipe for Cough Syrup

Easy and cheaper made at home, but it beats them all for quick results.

Thousands of housewives have found how to save two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations by using this well known old recipe. For making cough syrup. It is simple and cheap, but it has no equal for results. It gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex from any druggist, pour it into a 16 oz. bottle, and add Pinex granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. If you prefer use clarified honey, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly and lasts a family a long time.

This truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes and gradually but surely the cough, tight chest and dreaded tough disappears entirely. No-thing better for bronchitis, hoarseness or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and principal guaiacol known the world over for its healing effect on membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

PINEX for Coughs

The Stick of Candy

Continued from page 5

uncomfortable. Now and then Gaines got up and went out with the lantern, turning it down carefully when he came back, muttering to himself about the river. The women continued to sit with the hook, talking at times. When she talked the voice of Gaines spoke now and then in an undertone, a single word which seemed to beat a kind of time. "Amen! Amen!"

It was the middle of the very dark hours, when Matilda began one of her periods of strange talking. Joe watched the dark shadows upon her face idly, the downward twist of her lips.

"God, be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us—"

A crash at the kitchen door broke through the words. Matilda screamed, and Jonathan leaped to his feet. Joe, the Horse, however, knew that it was either a human or an animal sound, not the river come up to them. He sat still.

Gaines crossed the room with long strides and flung the door wide open. Joe lifted his head with quick interest. There in the doorway, stood Slush Peabody, somewhat more drunk and disreputable than he had been the day before. He held to the casing, and stared inanely up into the grim face of Jonathan Gaines.

"Shay," he began, "Watersh raisin shay—where's Joe?"

"Get out!" Gaines made an impatient movement, and partly closed the door, whereupon Slush stepped halfway inside with insistence.

"Don't let that miserable critter in here!" cried Matilda. "Put him out, Jonathan!"

"Get drownded!" protested Peabody. "Be a good thing if you do get drownded!" Gaines gripped him by the neck of his shirt and with a twist and a fling sent him reeling backward. Joe heard the sound of a fall in the mud. Jonathan slammed the door and strode back to his chair.

"Good riddance!" Matilda shuddered, and began again to talk at the hook.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me."

Joe the Horse felt bad. The ceremony of the candy came back to him deliriously, but more clearly than that, he remembered the sudden look in the eyes of the man who had given it. That look had been not of the dream land of reality and it had gone straight to whatever was real in Joe, just as the look of the animals did. "Yan an' me, Joe!"

The black windows became rectangles of faint light, the room grew gray and sickly with dawn. Joe could no longer distinguish the glow above the burner of the lantern, the lamp paled and lonely Matilda blew it out. Morning had come, and Joe the Horse was glad. He had not liked this night.

Joe got up and went out into the wood shed where he put on his boots. The voice of Matilda droned altry him sing song sing-sang. It was a relief to take a long, deep breath of the sharp mountain air. Good!

Water had seeped up to the house. The ground made a squashy noise as he stepped upon it. The barn was an island but Joe was not yet worried about the horses. It would be fun to splash out with them. A great, faint roar came down from the falls and another, nearer but not so mighty, in volume came up the river from the rapids.

Joe pulled the tops of his boots up to his hips and stepped into the thick, cool, brown water. Loose sticks rt the bottom of the pile of split wood slowly moved away. He watched them for a moment interested. He was happy now that he was out of the sad house and with the river. It was yawning and stretching and waking up. It was strong.

JOE saw a dog wading into the water near the barn. Body deep the animal stopped and whimpered. It was the dejected looking dog that belonged to Slush Peabody. Skipper was looking for his master; Joe understood. He also would have been glad to see Slush and now he knew that if Peabody had stayed about the Gaines place that spotted, shivering hound would find him no matter where he had gone to sleep.

The dog knew where he was going, as soon as his courage mounted high enough he plunged into the cold water and began to swim toward a earmark which stood now empty a short distance beyond the horse barn. There was not much current in this shallow water, it was dangerous for him but Skipper could make it by heading a little upstream.

The river had climbed the posts upon which the earmark sat and was nearly level with the floor. Skipper scrambled in dripping, shook himself and almost instantly turned around in the doorway and looked toward the house. He saw Joe and recognized him with suddenly lifted tail, and a jerky wag. He barked three or four times short and urgent

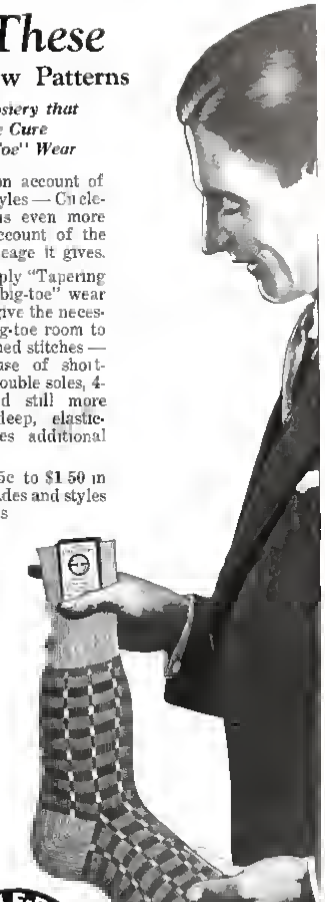
See These Popular New Patterns

in this Hosiery that has the Cure for "Big-Toe" Wear

POPULAR on account of its smart styles — Circle-Bar Hosiery is even more popular on account of the wonderful mileage it gives.

Circle Bar's 4 ply "Tapering Toes" baffle "big-toe" wear because they give the necessary, extra, big-toe room to prevent stretched stitches — the main cause of short-lived socks. Double soles, 4-ply heels add still more wear. The deep, elastic-knit cuff gives additional comfort.

Priced from 75c to $1.50 in all the new shades and styles at your dealers.



If your dealer hasn't the size or style you want, send money giving size and color. We will supply you direct, postpaid.

CIRCLE-BAR KNITTING CO. LIMITED
Wiarton, Ontario
Mills at Wiarton and Owen Sound

CIRCLE-BAR 5 FEATURE HOSIERY

Tapering Toes, 4-Ply Heel, Double Sole, Elastic Top

Made for Men, Women and Children in Botany wool, silk and wool, cotton, Rayon, pure thread silk, Rayon, mercerized, Lisle and cashmere.

School Re-Opening

Cash's Names

for marking clothing and linen. SAVE CONFUSION AND LAUNDRY LOSSES.

12 Doz. $3, 6 Doz. $2, 3 Doz. $1.50

J. & J. Cash, Inc., 9 Grier St., Belleville, Ont.



Maybelline

OPENS and CURLIFTIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY and LASTINGLY

Maybelline Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



Don't Have

GREY HAIR

Inecto Rapid permanently restores your hair to its natural shade

Eighteen beautiful natural shades to select from as if needed, a special shade can be developed to match your hair perfectly, when sample is supplied

The natural shades available through the use of INECTO Rapid closely reproduce the natural colors of actual hair. They do not look like hair coloring. Only INECTO-Rapid will give these same shades

Use only the genuine for sale at good hair goods stores, beauty parlors and drug stores or by mail at $2.25 single size, $3.50 double size. Write

W. T. Pember Stores Limited

Hair and Scalp Specialists,

129 Yonge St., Toronto

Distributors to the Drug Trade:

John A. Hustea Co., Toronto

Every case of INECTO-Rapid contains one tube of Pember's Antiseptic Lubricant for applying to the hair before using INECTO.



Getting Thinner Every Day

Something Must Be Done and Done Right Now—Quick

Hollows in Cheeks and Neck Growing Deeper Every Week

Tens of thousands of thin, run-down men—yes and women too—are getting discouraged—are giving up all hope of ever being able to take on flesh and look healthy and strong.

All such people can stop worrying and start to smile and enjoy life right now, for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets, which any druggist will tell you all about, are putting flesh on heads of skinny folks every day.

One woman tired weak and discouraged, gained 15 pounds in five weeks and now feels fine.

We all know that the livers of Cod Fish are full of vitalizing flesh producing vitamines and these same vitamines of the highest class are found in McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets—sugar coated and as easy to take as candy.

And this shows what faith the makers have in McCoy's, for they say: If any thin person don't gain at least 5 pounds in 30 days your druggist is authorized to give you your money back—and only 50 cents for 60 tablets. Ask any live pharmacist anywhere in North or South America.

But be sure to get McCoy's, the original and genuine.

Jonathen Gaines stepped in front of him, shouting and swinging the pitchfork.

For an instant Jan the Horse wavered. Never before had he rebelled against what men told him to do. Now he must. The pull out there across the water was too strong; he felt as though he were going to wake up at last.

Jan took the pitchfork away from Jonathan Gaines and pushed against his chest so that he fell down. Then he moved on rapidly, watching for logs. He dodged one, shoved another aside with a heave. They would have to come harder than that to kneck him over! He was strong!

The river was up to the armpits of Joe the Horse and the floor of the corral was flooded when he got there. Skipper licked his face and danced with nervous joy as the giant pulled himself up into the little building.

"Skipper knows his friends!" cried Peabody. He drew a long breath; color came into his face. He took a drink out of a bottle. "Going to gimme a ride ashore on them shoulders, big feller?" I come down here last night to warn you folks must of gone to sleep. Ol' man Gaines could saved all his stuff but he was sore. Hey, Joe!"

Jan grinned. There was a friendly look, bright and warming to the heart in the eyes of Slush; he chuckled. Skipper smiled and wagged. Joe knew that they both liked him. He patted the arm of Peabody, pointed to his own shoulders and nodded.

"Sure!" cried Slush. "I'm erstee', Joe! I'll carry the pup!"

Joe took off his boots, which had filled and become a hindrance. He started to let himself down into the water so that he could take on the load. Then he felt a sudden thrill and stopped, lifting his head quickly like a startled animal. Danger!

There it came, down the river! A swelling wall of water, black with logs. A brawn rolling deluge with power enough to sweep everything before it; house and barns and corncrib. The dam had broken.

In a few quick beating seconds that followed many things happened. Joe heard a splash. Slush had dropped the dog into the water.

"Try it alone, Skippy!" he choked. "I can't make it!"

Instantly Skipper was back to the corncrib, trying to clamber up the leg of his master, pleading with devoted eyes.

"Go on, Joe!" Slush tried to push him out. "Mebbe you can make it swimmin' downstream or ridin' log! Never mind me!"

JOE THE HORSE knew that death was coming. If he fought for shore alone he might get there ahead of death but there was no longer any hope of taking the others with him. He looked into the eyes of Slush; he looked down into the upturned gaze of Skipper. Warmth and fellowship and the stink of candy took in the eyes of both of them.

His lifelong dream seemed to fade away from Jan. That warm thing that he saw shining in those two pairs of eyes was real. Now at last he had found something that was eternal—stronger than his own mighty body, stronger than the logs, for it made him want to stay there in the face of death. It held his soul with gentle fingers. He would rather have the water come in at his mouth than to leave Slush and Skipper. They loved him.

He picked Skipper up and put a muscle bunched arm around the shoulders of Slush who did not draw away from him as others always had done. Man and dog huddled close. Fool and drunkard and worthless dog, scorned and rejected of men, stood in a quiet brotherhood.

Jan took one more glance into the kindness of the eyes of Slush. After the first pang fear had gone out of them. Joe saw the real man in him who stood beside him, and knew that he himself was real. He was awake at last and still smiling as he turned to meet the logs.



Take away the torture of tired feet!

You know how hot, tired feet ache and throb, swell and even blister—and how such a condition robs you of anticipated pleasure.

But if only you knew of what welcome relief is obtained from the application of Absorbine, Jr.!

With the soothing relaxation of muscle tension comes a cool comfortable feeling—perfect relief.

Try this antiseptic liniment just before the next big dancing event at which you want to appear at your best.

At all druggists' $1.25 or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle 10c postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
321 Lyman Bldg.
Montreal

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT



How Folks Grow Thin

Folks do grow thin, as you know. Excess fat is not one-tenth as common as it was. For so many do it by abnormal exercise and diet.

The modern way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, based on many years of scientific research here and abroad. They act to correct the cause. People have used them for 19 years, and reported the results to others. You see the results in every circle. Almost everyone has friends who can tell them.

The use of Marmola requires no abnormal exercise or diet. One simply takes four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal. The results are enduring, and many other benefits accrue.

You should learn this fact, as millions have done before you. Watch the reduction, watch the gain in vitality. You will be amazed and delighted.

Do this now, for your own sake. Excess weight is unnecessary. It is a blight. Learn how easily you can overcome it, and how the reduction lasts. Go try Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
2334 General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

Mail for 25c Sample **Free**

Humble Pilchard Becomes a Blueblood

Continued from page 15

the operating plants where the fish were poured into the great containers to a shippery, slimy mass and came out at the bottom dried and flaky stock-feed or fertilizer on one side of the machinery, golden oil at the other.

The quantities were such that transportation became a problem. Coastwise freighters were in demand to carry the meal and the oil the latter still being handled in drums. Soon it was seen that this method was not satisfactory and one of the most progressive shipping companies in the trade fitted out a new steel coasting freighter with large steel tanks, the oil was shipped in bulk. It was carried to Vancouver, berthed alongside the railway docks and was pumped straight from the ships holds to tank cars. Much time, labor, and trouble was saved by this method of handling. In the fall of 1925 one small fish reduction plant alone made $40 000 at reported.

During the winter, 1925-26, there was a rush to share in these possibilities. Sixteen plants large and small were erected and fitted out for the 1926 pilchard movement. Naturally United States industry saw the opportunity. The largest pilchard-reduction plant on the west coast of Vancouver Island is a half-million-dollar establishment known as the Canadian Packing Company Limited. This is a child of the California Packing Corporation.

Coastwise freighting companies awoke to the possibilities of the new industry. The success of the initial bulk shipments were so apparent that a second company put a 75 000 gallon tanker into the trade. Later, the oil fleet was still further augmented when the original company added another tanker, bringing the total to three. Such was the flow of oil however, that the three ships were unable to handle it all and great quantities were shipped out in the old-fashioned drum containers.

One of the railway companies realizing the promise of the immediate future built steel tanks of 100,000 gallons capacity at Vancouver to store bulk pilchard oil. The Vancouver Board of Harbor Commissioners followed building tanks of about 300 000 gallons capacity. The market, which had been almost exclusively in United States began to expand. Japan wanted the fish meal. Europe asked for quotations on the oil. The oil producers asked for a deep-sea rate from Vancouver to European ports. This request was considered at a shipping conference in San Francisco.

"Vancouver wants a price on pilchard oil to Europe," explained a delegate. The shipping men considered it casually; they did not think it was a serious matter, or that the oil would be of importance in their large affairs.

"Make it seventy cents a hundred pounds," suggested an ocean middleman.

This was high enough to be safe; almost high enough to be prohibitive. Yet, it would enable the quoting of a price if that was what was wanted. To the surprise of all the shipping agents, the price was accepted and the pilchard producers contracted with one of the shipping companies to ship 1000 tons of pilchard oil on every motorship the company had in on its schedule during the autumn and winter.

Late in July, the first shipment of bulk pilchard oil left Vancouver for Europe on board one of those motor ships. It consisted of 625 tons of the oil, 300 gallons to the ton. As each gallon was worth about fifty four cents, the shipment represented a value of more than $100 000. Since July a similar amount of the new oil has been going forward each month.

How the Plants Operate

ACCORDING to present indications, the demand for pilchard oil is likely to remain far ahead of the supply for an indefinite time to come. In some instances buyers have already indicated their desire to contract for all the output of certain plants over a period of years. Shipping companies are now bidding competitively for the freight and it is probable that the rate to Europe may be cut very considerably. It was only a casual rate at first in any case.

The humble pilchard has on account of his wealth of yellow oil become a blueblood. He is respected among fishermen where once he was scorned.

The oil itself, pleasing though it may be to those who buy and sell it is not pleasing to the casual observer. It is a clear liquid attractive to the eye but to the nose it has a clinging, lasting quality that causes pete and anguish in one who is not participating in its material benefits. If one only stands at the top of an open tank of pilchard oil on shipboard and lets the aroma arise and outwrap him he will have reason to remember the experience for hours. His friends will remind him of it the next day when they meet him in his office uptown or elsewhere.

The fish spawns in the open sea, but where and when no one knows. The supply is unknown. Captains of ships, in past years, have at various times noticed the fish moving miles from shore in almost solid masses many miles in extent. Last summer during July and early August the fish were packing the waters off the west coast of Vancouver Island so thickly that the roaming vessels reported they sailed through living masses of the creatures, instead of through salt water. The fishing boats took all they could than ran for the canneries, discharged feverishly and went out to drop their nets again. Sometimes the run was so tremendous that the waters around some of the canneries were alive, and men stood on the company wharves and scooped the fish out in scoop-nets fastened to the ends of long poles. Night and day the reduction plants labored.

There is now $2 000 000 invested in the pilchard industry. The returns this year are estimated at between $800 000 and $900 000 for oil alone. So keen is the demand that there has been a considerable increase in the number of fishing vessels on the west coast.

The pilchards are caught in purse seine nets. There is no time lost in cleaning or dressing. As they come from the nets the fish are poured into the holds until the vessel can take no more. Then the short run is made to the reduction plant wharf and there the fish are discharged into the maw of the reducing machinery. This equipment is new, and very effective and last. It macerates, cooks and segregates under tremendous pressure. The oil flows out one side while from the other there streams a steady flow of cooked flesh and bones which have been ground to a light dry meal. The meal is sacked to be piled away for shipment; the oil is run into storage tanks, or into the steel shipping containers.

From Fish to Soap and Margarine

THE oil is worth from forty to fifty five cents. Well-nourished pilchards will produce sixty gallons of oil per ton. This means that five tons of pilchards will produce one ton of oil. The operating reduction plants can assimilate 200 tons of pilchards per hour, and they have operated this year for many days often day and night.

As has been said, the first market to which British Columbia pilchard oil was dispatched was the United States. Soap manufacturers were the buyers. Then there came inquiries from Holland and Germany, and now there are 2000 tons going to those buyers each month. In addition Great Britain manufacturers are now getting busy. They have sought and received samples; found them suitable

Truly Wholesome

A baking powder may be a fairly efficient leavening agent and yet contain ingredients that make it unwholesome. If you use any baking powder containing alum, food products baked with it are apt to have a bitter taste, and, according to scientists, will not be good for the health. Far better to use a truly wholesome baking powder, even if it does cost a few cents more per can.

Magic Baking Powder
"contains no alum"

Nor has it any other harmful ingredient. It contains only phosphate, starch and soda—all of the very finest grades, expertly blended. It never adds a bitter taste to the nice things you bake, but makes them light, white and truly wholesome. Insist on "Magic" and refuse all substitutes.

SAVE THE COUPONS
AND GET
VALUABLE
PREMIUMS FREE



The Moment the first hand is Dealt

—you know they're Colonial Bridge. The soft velvety slip and clear, easily-read indexes stamp them immediately as playing cards of exceptional merit.

Canadian Playing Card Company Limited, Montreal.

Colonial Bridge

ENTIRELY PRODUCED IN CANADA BY CANADIANS



Takes the guess-work out of candy-making

Use little Cox's Gelatine in candy-making, and your fudges, bonbons, caramels and other candies will always be deliciously smooth delightful and healthful. Some sweets simply must have gelatine in them, as gelatine prevents crystallisation or graining.

Cox's Gelatine is the most useful culinary help that you can use. It makes soups savory and appetizing. It transforms a few left-overs into tasty dishes, it adds to the appearance and zest of salads and meat-aves all desserts. And it is unflavored, unsweetened and dissolves quickly. Cox's Gelatine can be used in almost every kind of food to make it better.

COX'S
Instant Powdered
GELATINE
Made in Scotland

Your grocer sells Cox's Gelatine in the familiar shaker-sard box. Write for our booklet

Cox's Gelatine Recipes

It is printed in both French and English and contains a wonderful variety of new ways for using Cox's Gelatine. A copy will be mailed free on request. Address

COX GELATINE CO. Ltd.
Dept. 2-C, P. O. Box 73, Montreal, Quebec



Cox's Gelatine as always sold in the red, white and blue checkerboard box

Coughs and Colds Mean Restless Nights

which sap the vitality. Danger lurks in every hour a cold is allowed to run. Assist nature to bring your children quickly back to health and strength and avoid serious complications by the prompt use of Gray's Syrup — over 80 years in use.

always buy in Large Size

GRAY'S SYRUP of RED SPRUCE GUM
Montreal D-WATSON & CO. New York

for certain uses, and have ordered two trial shipments, one of twenty and the other of fifty tons which went forward in August and September. It is believed these will be followed by much larger orders.

There are numerous uses for the oil. It goes into soaps, perfumes and other delicate toilet preparations. It enters into the manufacture of varnishes and paints, in place of linseed oil it is ever being used in the manufacture of margarine.

Truly, there be strange things that come out of the sea.

The Great Hush, Hush!

Continued from page 10

day is that we are entirely satisfied with the status under which we exist and we do not even require to be consulted as to questions of foreign policy. We are perfectly satisfied that the ministers who are in charge of Great Britain's affairs to-day are fully capable of dealing with them without any assistance from us, and if their deliberations should ever bring the Empire to war we are perfectly willing to come in feeling satisfied that we are fighting for a just cause."

Or here—crossing Downing Street for his office across the way, is oliolia, hustling Mr. Amery, secretary for that terrible, menthiul the Dominions, Crown Colonies, Protectorates and Mandated Territories. There is a sharp distinction now drawn between the Secretary of State for the Dominions and the Secretary of State for the Crown Colonies, etc., etc. Indeed the chairwoman now has two brass plates to clean on the walls of the Colonial Office where formerly there was only one. But as Mr. Amery is head of both departments, the departure has hardly torn the constitution to shreds. It is still much the same old place with much the same old officials running it. In much the same old way, whatever government may be in office and think itself in power.

Or, here comes Richardad with his visions of an awakening India. Chamberlain aloof detached, bearing his honors at Locarno but wondering no doubt what the dominions really think of it all. Churchill, that wayward genius who has about boxed the political compass in his day, speculating what his budget will look like when England has paid her shot in the coal strike.

Tragedy, Comedy, or Farce?

AND so, down that short, narrow London Street pass the players into the wider avenue of Whitehall. One watches them curiously speculatively. No play surely ever had as much advance publicity as had the last Imperial Conference. From the ends of the earth came stories of its importance. One read in almost awed tones how it was to determine the fate of the Empire. And, now that the curtain has finally fallen, what shall we call the play?

A tragedy?
A comedy?
A farce?
One wonders!

A little of all three? Possibly! Yet questions of the highest constitutional significance were handled.

Had the conference spent all its time debating grave military secrets with Whitehall filled with spies, it could hardly have been more mysterious, more determined to hide its deliberations from a prying world. Why the conference should have adopted such an attitude, why delegates from the dominions should have agreed to it will probably never be fully revealed.

But there it was. The Navy showed its battleships; the Air Ministry demonstrated its newest aircraft; the Army Council exhibited its latest designs in tanks with greater freedom than the Imperial Conference revealed its discussions on the treaties of Locarno or committees disclosed their deliberations on such deep mysteries as the nationality of married women, the collection of cold storage statistics or the stimulation of overseas settlement. True the conference had its liaison officers, told off to supply information. Daily, one, or both, would meet Press representatives at the Colonial Office.

Daily, until everything was formally rent and dried, the newspapermen would listen to a narration which always stopped at the point where it should have begun. It was not that the liaison officers out of perversity of spirit were hiding what they should have given out. They were courtesy itself. The trouble was they had rarely anything concrete to tell.

Yes, the Prime Ministers met this morning, but its proceedings were, of course, quite confidential—"

"The Nationality Committee met this afternoon and reached a decision on some of the delicate matters before it."

"What was the decision, may I ask and could you indicate what the delicate matters were?"

This from an irreverent newspaperman.

A shake of the head, a smile and "—I am sorry, but—"

"Oh quite," the newspaperman wearily muttered, cocking his heels in an endeavor to puzzle it all out. One might have imagined the Nationality committee had been discussing secrets of the British naval code. But it hadn't. The delicate matters here only re whether a Canadian girl may or may not retain her British nationality after she marries an American. Delicate? No doubt. But surely women throughout the Empire would have had a better and more effective understanding of this problem before the committee could they have been permitted to learn a little more—in an official sense—of its deliberations. As it was a day-by-day relation of the conference had to be pieced up bit by bit a little from this delegation, a little from that and the whole fitted together like pieces in a big new puzzle. Not you will admit, the best way in the world to keep the public reliably informed as to how Empire problems are being discussed.

INDEED in those dull November days Downing Street itself offered a striking contrast between the discussion of public affairs in secrecy, and the arguing of a difference between two dominions in the light of open day.

Leave Number Ten for a few moments and wander down the street toward Whitehall. There on the same side of the street only a few yards from Number Ten, there is another dreary looking building whose worn steps tell of the treading of many feet. It is the Privy Council office, where the highest court in the Empire sits in judgment. There is nothing very awe-inspiring about it. The porter who passes you up the stairs hopefully spends his time trying to cook his lunch before a gas fire. You wander along without the slightest fuss or formality. The court-room has more the air of a library than anything else. Counsel look on their solemn in their wigs and gowns. But it is rather hard to realise that the half dozen elderly gentlemen sitting comfortably at the table without either wigs or gowns interposing a question now and then in a conversational tone are their Lordships of the Judicial Committee. It is the Labrador dispute between Canada and Newfoundland they are discussing. There is no secrecy. The man in the street may follow the proceedings if he will.



Since 1864

For three score years, Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee has been renowned for its superior quality and rich flavour.

Of equal goodness is Seal Brand Tea—which fully maintains in every respect the reputation created by Seal Brand Coffee.

Chase & Sanborn's
SEAL BRAND
Coffee and Tea



Sore Throat

SORE throat and tonsilitis are quickly relieved by gargling the throat with Dr. Chase's Every-Day Mouth Wash.

This lotion is composed of the finest ingredients obtainable for this purpose. While non-irritating and pleasant to use it is powerfully antiseptic and a most effective means of destroying disease germs.

Dr. A.W. Chase's Every-Day Mouth Wash
Keeps the Breath Sweet
50 Cents, all dealers

HEALTHY HOMES

are one of where the carpets are clean, for dirty carpets harbour disease.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

and a damp cloth quickly removes dirt, ink and grease. Clean yours periodically and be safe. 60 years reputation. At all Stores, or send postcard for free sample to—

F. CHIVERS & CO., Ltd.,
21 Albany Works, Bath, Eng.

Imagine the same disputes before a committee of the Imperial Conference if it were possible. The secrecy! The fear that an odd word or two might destroy friendly relations between the two dominions! Yet who thinks for a moment that the Privy Council will judge any the less fairly because it hears argument in public? Undoubtedly questions come before the Imperial Conference which are better kept secret—such information for instance as confidential reports for defence. Or the other hand there are many questions on which the public is entitled to be informed. It is not enough that the public be told that a certain decision was reached. It should be told why and how that decision was reached.

The conference of three years ago made considerable advance in the way of publicity.

The conference of 1926 turned its back on the progress made by its predecessor and whispered in secret.

One Seat—Fifteen Bucks

Continued from page 9

That's why I put the whole bank roll on my team to win from Merton.

WELL, the night of the game there is practically nobody left in Merton and all the population of my little burg is crowded with them into our rink. We'd imported a referee and taken out an accident policy for him as well as swearing in a couple of special constables in case things got too warm.

There is seven million yells meeting in the roof and falling on the ice and three's at least seven fights started before the referee rings his bell and starts the real battle.

Moore takes the puck at the face-off and starts down with it. The Merton centre is a dogged little cuss and back checks right after him. Parker doesn't even start down with the play. The Merton defence bounces Bud pretty hard when he regains them and their left wing starts off with the puck. Parker seems to be just half-awake when the play reaches him, but he's awake enough to poke the puck away from the Merton fellow's stick so smooth he doesn't miss it for a minute and then hem an his way to the Merton goal. As I was telling you he's a greased lightning on his skates and he goes through the defence without getting his hair mussed. Moore, force of habit I guess is right up with him but does he pass it with the pair of them inside? Not on I noticed it! He lays a shot on the goalie's pads and Moore's left standing there. A sure goal that we didn't get. I'll tell you I didn't feel so good just about then.

Well, that's the way the game goes along for about ten minutes. Every time one of those guys gets through along with his side-kick, he won't pass the puck and we don't score. Then Merton gets a break. Moore fails to get the puck on a face-off and the Merton centre steps around him and flips one easy in the general direction of our goal. The puck kind of rolls along the ice and finally ends up by rolling right around the end of Burbridge's stick. It isn't even going fast enough to hit the net. It just rolls over the line and then drops dead. Burbridge swears the thing winked up at him. Anyway the goal judge presses his button and the little red bulb over the net says that the score is now 1-0 for Merton. The Merton crowd made so much noise I couldn't hear myself swear.

That goal put some pep into the Merton team. They swept in on our boys three abreast and wouldn't be stopped. At that, neither their centre nor their left wing did any damage but they had a kid on the right boards that had a real shot and he burned two past Burbridge that nobody could blame him for not stopping. Meantime this pair of lovers that I'd been nourishing in the bosom of my drug store all winter acted like they never heard tell of each other. You'd have thought that there was a rule against passing the puck. They didn't look the least bit good.

At the end of the first period there was Merton money being offered at two to one. And I'd had to give seven to five before the game. I'd have taken some of that two to one stuff if I'd had time but I was very busy. In the first place I had to send Marianne on an errand. Then I had to go to the dressing room and tell those athletes of mine how many kinds of bum hockey players they were. You can imagine that that took a little time. I also had to stop a fight that was about to start between my two star forwards.

I stepped it all right. I took the pair of them aside and pointed out to them a pretty picture of one end of the rink where Marianne was busily engaged in telling the Merton goal-keeper how wonderful he was. He seemed to be enjoying it. I also told them that Marianna had need to go to school with the Merton goal-keeper and that it was understood that they thought more than a little of each other. The boys took that it all in good faith and added another little thought.

Suppose I said that you two dumbbells set out this next period to make this goalie look feeble. Do you think that if you were to pass the puck and act as if you knew were about his key than the elementary fact that it is played no less by six men a side all wearing skates that you could do it? They didn't say anything but they looked at each other. Maybe they left kind of sympathetic or something, each thinkin how the other had been had around by a designing gimme.

Well, the second period resembled the first just about as a turk so I resemble Arthur Meighen. Moore takes the puck at the face-off and sets and full speed for the Merton net. When he hits the defence he fakes a pass to Parker, who's right up with him and then goes through with the puck. Instead of shooting he slips the rubber over to Parker and that wise bird sails right in on the goal. But he doesn't shoot. He slips the puck back out to Bud and a second later chases a right on over the Merton net. It turned into a slaughter right then and there. Those two boys of mine had the puck two-thirds of the time and the rest of it the rubber was in the Merton net. That poor goalie of theirs must have thought he was working in a park lantern. Burbridge in our goal alarms to have slept through the third period.

After the boys had scored about six they began to see if they couldn't knock the cap off the Merton goalie. It was funny to watch him duck the high ones.

Well I won playing on that game but I had to hire me a new Phm B. Even after I told Parker about how I had slipped Marianne a five to go down and vamp the Merton goalie he still insisted that he couldn't stay round where she was any longer. Thats why he went West and that's why he's down here with the Port William team after the Allan Cup. It'll be pretty good to see at least one of the old Campbellville team on the line-up of the world's champions won't it, eh?

Moore? Oh he had it pretty bad about Marianne, all right. When he found that the Merton goal-keeper was a married man with three kids and that she'd only pumped him on her own account, why he went after her harder than ever. I guess that liked him best anyway. They're engaged now and he's down here getting his degree in this Phm. B stuff. Yes, he's the manager of my store now. Nice boy. Bud. I wish he and Parker were playing together to-night, though.

If they were I'd have anted up fifty instead of fifteen before I'd muss it.



This Woman Earned $65.00 a Month — Right at Home!

Here is the simple record of a woman out in Saskatchewan who found a way to help out when things looked rather black. And in hundreds of homes throughout the Dominion other men and women are turning their spare hours into real dollars. Read Mrs. Stevens' inspiring story and send for free information about our Home-Earning Plan.



Mrs. Stevens' Letter

FOR a long time I had been looking for some way to make extra money. Then one day, two years ago, I noticed an advertisement of the Auto Knitter in the Saskatoon Star and although I had answered several "Make Money At Home" ads, (only to find that a person had to spend a great deal of time and money learning something that was really difficult) I decided to make one more try. I wrote to the Company and in a short time I received an Auto Knitter with their splendid guarantee to take all of my work. In two or three days I learned how to make socks and in a very short time I could make women's and children's stockings, sweaters, toques. I have two small children and my house work to do, yet during the last six months I averaged $65.00 a month clear profit. You may use this letter and my photograph if you wish as it may be of benefit to some other women in a similar circumstance."

Signed Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Saskatchewan

Here is the Whole Plan

In the quiet privacy of her own home Mrs. Stevens knits wool socks with the Auto Knitter—a simple hand knitting machine that knits socks complete from top to toe. When a few dozen pairs are knit they are sent to us parcel post. Upon being received they are counted and weighed, and the exact amount of yarn that has been used is returned to Mrs. Stevens. This does not cost her one cent. We replace it each time so that more socks may be knit. With this replaced yarn we send a Money Order paying for the knitting, and in order that these Money Orders will be clear profit we pay the Postal charges on the work that is sent in, and on the yarn we replace.

Have you ever heard of a cleaner cut or more business-like way of making money? You have positively nothing to do but knit socks, mail them to us, and receive Money Orders and new yarn. Not once or twice, but week in and week out year after year.

It Does Not Matter Where You Live

As everything is done by mail it does not matter where you live. Nor is it necessary to know one thing about a knitting machine. The actual knitting of a sock is nothing more than turning a handle three hundred times and making simple needle changes. The work is light, clean and easy. Young people, old folks, even children all work for us.



We Supply the Machine and Yarn You Supply the Spare-Time

The great success of the Auto Knitting business is based upon co-operation. With over Two Thousand merchants selling the socks our workers knit, we have immediate sale for every pair we can possibly get. Auto Knitting is a tested, established way of earning money without leaving home. Every week we mail Hundreds of Pay-cheques to those who work for us.

There is No Canvassing

You are perhaps familiar with the ordinary ways offered for spare time money making, the most common form is canvassing—but very few find themselves suited for selling, and to others it would be quite distasteful. Other plans offered are equally as unattractive and undignified.

It is therefore easy to understand why those who take up Auto Knitting are so happy in their work. For they are engaged in an occupation that is not only interesting and pleasant, but it is private.

Simply Send us Your Name

Some folks hesitate about sending in a coupon thinking that it will obligate them to buy something. Well, here is one coupon that won't. When you send your name, we will mail you a beautiful booklet giving you complete information—How to get started, and what you can earn. We want you to know of the pleasant and profitable place we have for you as one of our workers. We want you to know of the substantial amounts that even a small part of your time will earn for you. We want you to know that no matter where you live or when you start you can work for us. Simply send us your name, you will be delighted with what we send you.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Limited
Department No. 621
1878 Davenport Road, Toronto 9, Ont.

Dear Sirs—
Without the slightest obligation on my part please send me information about making money at home.

Name.....

Address.....

Province.....
Publication MacLean's Jan. 1 27



Varying the Menu With Mexican Dishes

Touches of Indian, Spanish and French culinary art are found in the cookery of Mexico

By ESTELLE C. MACPHERSON

THE influences on the cookery of Mexico attributed to the different periods of her history are easily discernible to those who seek for them. Her cookery is, unlike that of any other country, a mixture of ancient Aztec, Indian, Spanish and of the dishes left behind by the French invasion.



Pineapple lily, a favorite Mexican dessert

Of the wonderful sun worshipping Aztec civilization, the people who fought and sacrificed to preserve their freedom before being hoodly reduced to Spanish slavery and ignorance there remains to day to mark their passing, only a few ruined cities, and the cookery and drinks which have survived the destruction of a nation.

Owing to its varying elevations almost anything may be grown in Mexico. Corn and beans are the most dependable crops so of corn the bread of the country is made while beans are second in importance. Nearly all of the dishes which are of the sort that may be leisurely cooked in thick earthenware pots and stone griddles, gain in flavor and ripen by simmering or standing about, to be warmed when some one strolls home for a meal.

Tortillas are the ancient Indian bread loaves made of corn and used by all classes. They take the place of both the bread and potatoes in our diet and are very good. Where white flour is obtainable pastry may be bought, and small sweet loaves or buns called *pan blanco* a bread of poor quality. While tortillas may be purchased, and are warmed as desired, northern people resident in Mexico prefer those made in their own kitchens.

Tortillas

NO REAL Mexican meal could be complete without tortillas and frijoles. Tortillas are made as follows—

Soak two quarts of dried corn in lime water. The solution must be strong enough to burn sharply when a drop is applied to the tip of the tongue. When the kernels have swelled to the bursting point, which takes from three to five days, wash them repeatedly until the lime is all out of them. Take a few of the kernels at a time and pound or crush them until they are soft enough to put through a food chopper. Put the corn through the chopper three times. If a sausage grinding machine is available, the kernels will require little crushing. These machines are replacing the stone process in some parts of Mexico. The lime makes the corn pulpy and adhesive. No salt or leven is used. Put the dough into cakes and bake on a thick griddle.

Frijoles

FRIJOLES are dried beans cooked to a pulp, then warmed in lard or bacon fat as required. They are undoubtedly good although they may not sound so. In hotels or restaurants when the frijoles are served it is an intimation that the course is completed, nothing but a dulce (sweet) will follow, so ecstatically your hunger, if it still persists, on the frijoles. They are very soothing to Northern throats after the ochre chili flavored foods.

Some such intimation of the approaching end to the menu is necessary as the courses have no regular sequence except in the large modernized hotels. Soup, one of the French dishes, may appear at any time during the meal.

Almost all Mexican cookery contains quantities of red chili peppers. It is impossible for most uninitiated people to really enjoy sauces and foods thus prepared but the novelty of them is fascinating.

A typical middle class Mexican family dinner might be composed as follows—enchiladas, frijoles, salad, fruit and coffee.

Enchiladas

CUT the tops from one and one half dozen chili-peppers, remove the seeds, soak the peppers in water one hour, mash to a pulp, remove the peeling by putting them through a colander, add one half tablespoonful of salt. Put a tablespoonful of bacon fat in a frying pan, cook the chilies in this, three minutes after they start to boil, thicken with a little flour. Take sixteen tortillas, heat in deep fat, drain, dip in the chili sauce and sprinkle with grated onion and cheese. Roll, then sprinkle rolls with more onion and cheese. Serve hot on lettuce leaves. A salad served with this would be dressed with lime-juice and oil—the frijoles warmed. The coffee is roasted until very black, then ground very fine, and served with the grounds, not unlike Turkish coffee. Should you ever desire to serve enchiladas, any of the following sauces hereafter described, especially the one given for picadillo, will prove very good.

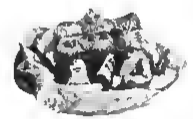
Mexican Dishes Adopted by Northern Palates

IT IS my intention, in this article, to give the readers recipes for Mexican dishes which may be easily prepared in our homes made of materials grown or purchasable in their local districts. Hereafter, while using the Mexican name, the dish will be adopted to our requirements. On the Pacific Coast, where many Mexican dishes are used, by the substitution of green or red peppers for the chili-peppers many delicious dishes have been concocted.

Pimquilles Fritas cooke a nice chafing dish luncheon or supper. Fry some bits of bacon



A dish of chicken tamales in their corn-husk casings



The pancake enchiladas, a savory Mexican dish

in a baking pan and add two green peppers from which the seeds have been removed and the peppers cut into rings. When they begin to brown, slice on top of them two good sized tomatoes, cover and let simmer until tomatoes and peppers are well cooked. Flavor with salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Now slip four eggs on top of this as if for poaching, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, cover and let simmer slowly until eggs are cooked. Dot bits of butter over them and sprinkle with parsley minced very fine, and a dash of paprika. Serve in the dish in which they were cooked, accompanied by buttered toast.

Picadillo is excellent for a dinner or luncheon. Grind one pound of lean beef through the food chopper, also one medium sized onion. Fry the onion in a little fat until light brown. Soak a thick slice of bread in one little milk. Season the meat with salt and pepper, add to it the onion and the bread squeezed rather dry and crumbled, and one beaten egg. Make the mixture into cakes, fry until brown on one side, then turn them over, cover and cook until done. Lift the meat balls from the pan into the hot place one onion chopped fine, fry until light brown, then add one heaping table spoonful of flour, brown and stir in one half cup of water and one half cup of milk, stir until thick. Slice two red or green peppers from which seeds have been removed, boil in a little water ten minutes, then add one and one half cups of tomatoes. Cook well, then stir this mixture into the brown sauce and blend. Put the meat balls in a baking dish or casserole, pour the sauce around them, let stand in oven or on back of stove fifteen minutes or more, to ripen. Keep well covered and just at the boiling point, but not bubbling. These are very good served with baked potatoes or plain boiled rice. A dish of grated cheese is generally served with them, to be sprinkled over them if desired.

Chicken tamales, and chicken tamale pie are internationally famous on the Pacific Coast, chicken tamales were long heralded as the most desirable of late supper dishes. They are made of two parts of ground fresh or canned corn, two parts of dried corn prepared as for tortillas or yellow corn meal cooked to a stiff porridge consistency, three parts of ground chicken, raw or stewed, and one part of ground olives. The mixture is seasoned with salt, pepper, red pepper ground chili peppers or ground seeds of the red or green peppers. If you want it hot with peppers the soaked and pounded chili-peppers may be used, but one green or red pepper with a few of the seeds ground up with the pepper shell will make it quite sufficiently snappy for the general taste.

Corn husks, green or dried are used as containers. Place a dessert spoonful of the mixture on a corn husk keeping it well to the centre, roll the husk lengthwise, place on empty husk over the edge and roll it around the first husk, put another spoon of the mixture on a



CHILDREN CRY FOR Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

Constipation — Wind Colic — To Sweeten Stomach
Flatulency — Diarrhea — Regulate Bowels

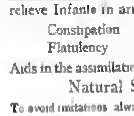
Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates

To avoid imitations always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

IRISH LINEN

Direct From the Manufacturers

Robinson & Cleaver have produced the finest linen on the market for over 50 years; by purchasing from them you ensure a STANDARD QUALITY AT LOWEST PRICES



IRISH TABLE LINEN.—From the least expensive to the very finest. Table Cloths 2 yards square from $2.78 each. Napkins to match $3.13 per dozen. Extra Heavy Unbleached All Linen Damask, by the yard, width 58 inches $5 per yard.

IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.—Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs from $1.95 per dozen. Men's size from $2.25 per dozen.

Delivery of Goods is Guaranteed. ORDERS OF OVER $48.75 CARRIAGE PAID by Parcel Post to destination or by Steamer to port of landing.

This beautifully illustrated Catalogue of Fine Irish Linens together with Samples will be sent post free. Ask for No. 587

ROBINSON & CLEAVER
Irish Linen Manufacturers
BELFAST
The Home of Irish Linen
NORTHERN IRELAND

Wrap up warm inside

Hot BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU

husk, keeping the mixture in the centre of the husk, place this about the little roll cover the lapping edges with an empty husk alternate the ends of the husks so that some of the large ends and the narrow pointed ends will go to each end of the roll. Apply another prepared husk to the other side of the roll, keeping it round, place five little corn husk pouches in all about the centre roll, then wrap the bundle in two thicknesses of corn husk, tie each end of the corn husks tightly up, close to the centre contents, making a neat little rounded parcel with ends of husks protruding to a bunch of fringe effect. Steam the tamales for three hours, serve as they are. To eat them, the end strings are clipped on, they rest on the individual plates, the husks are separated by layers with the fork, and the contents hunted out.

When corn was out of season, and one wishing to be bothered with drying husks, some clever cook evolved the modernized Chicken Tamale Pie, a supper or luncheon dish hard to excel.

Chicken Tamale Pie—Scald one cup of corn meal and drain well, partially dry it in a shallow pan in the oven, stirring occasionally to keep it from caking. Drain canned or cooked tomatoes, two cups of drained chopped pulp will be required. Mix together three-quarters of a cup of milk, the corn meal, one can of sweet corn, three well beaten eggs, two tablespoons of butter, two cupsful of ground stewed chicken, then stir in the tomato pulp, one cup of whole stoned olives, keep these as whole as you can if you have to put them the pitted kind are convenient to use, two dashes of pepper, two dashes of paprika, one and one half teaspoons of salt, one fourth teaspoon of black pepper. If neither the corn nor tomatoes are seasoned more salt may be required. After stirring the mixture well taste it to make sure it is well seasoned, adding more salt and red pepper if desired. Place the pie in the dish it is to be served in, and steam it for two and one half hours. The tamales cooked in the corn husks are quite moist when served but the pie is drier. In order to make a completely attractive dish, a delicious sauce is served with it. To make the sauce take one and one half cups of the thin of the tomatoes, one cup of rich chicken stock, dash of cloves, allspice and cinnamon, two stalks of parsley, boil gently ten minutes, strain through colander, then thicken with one tablespoonful of butter rubbed to paste with one tablespoonful of flour, cook until thick. Serve the pie very hot with sauce in a same hot or dish.

Sopa (Mexican Rice)—Wash well one cup of rice, put one tablespoonful of dripping or butter in a frying pan add the rice (uncooked and well drained) and stir until the rice has won. Then add one and a half cupfuls of tomato one onion cut fine, two sprigs of parsley, two cups of soup stock or two cubes cubes and two cups of boiling water. Season with salt, a dash of red pepper, white pepper and little paprika. Put into a thick dish and on top of the rice place a large green pepper, whole from which the seeds have been removed. Dot bits of butter over the top, cover the dish, and simmer gently in oven or on top of the stove for forty minutes, adding hot water when necessary, but do not stir.

A bowl of grated cheese is served with this or if preferred the cheese may be sprinkled over the rice and allowed to melt before taking the dish from the fire.

Mexican Butter Beans—Required: Four tablespoons of fat, two large onions, two tomatoes, one pepper, two pints of butter beans, one tablespoon of flour.

Shell all the vegetables, thin cutting the beans after stringing them, slantingly through the pods. Let soak overnight or an equal number of beans. Place the vegetables, excepting the beans, in the fat and cook until brown, then stir in the flour and blend well, add two cups of hot water, stir well, then put the beans into the mixture, simmer until the beans are cooked, adding hot water as required. Season with salt and pepper when half cooked, and add a dash of red pepper just before removing from stove if desired. Beans cooked in this way if sufficient time is given them to ensure their being well cooked, are very good indeed. A different method and way of meeting an old familiar friend.

Caldo

CALDO is a typical Mexican soup. To our familiar vegetable soup, add thin rings of peppers, red or green, and some corn (either fresh kernels cut from the cob or rooned corn), using rice to give the soup more solids than is generally served in ours. Tomatoes may be used or not as desired. This soup is of French ancestry and is made thick like the soup of the peasants whose bowl of soup with bread, makes his entire dinner.

Mexican Scrambled Fritos—Eggs prepared after this manner make a nice luncheon or Sunday evening supper dish. They too may be prepared in a chafing dish. Required: Four eggs, one small onion, one tablespoon of butter, one quart can of tomatoes, one teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, one-quarter teaspoonful of paprika, one-eighth teaspoonful of soda, one heaping tablespoonful of flour. Buttered toast.

Cut the onion fine, and cook in the butter for five minutes, then add the tomatoes and seasoning. Let these cook together five minutes, then mix the flour with a little water and stir into the sauce and add the soda, following this immediately with the well beaten eggs. Stir until it thickens and serve immediately on buttered toast. A teaspoon of Worcestershire Sauce sprinkled over the eggs, when cooked, is sometimes used.

Spanish Lunch With Rice—This is another Mexican dish which lends itself readily to chafing dish suppers or luncheons and is an exceedingly palatable way to use up the end of a roast leg of lamb.

Required: Two tablespoons fat, half butter and half dripping will do nicely, three small onions, one green pepper, three fresh tomatoes, one and a half cupsful of canned tomatoes, one cupful of cooked diced lamb, one and a half cupsful of cooked rice, one and a quarter teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper.

Fry the chopped onion and pepper in the hot fat five minutes; add the tomatoes peeled and cut in the slices and cook until the sauce becomes quite thick. Then add the lamb, rice, and seasoning. Heat thoroughly, stirring constantly.

Tatimole—This is a dish of the ancient Aztecs. It is made entirely of shrimps. No person seemed able or willing to describe the actual process to me, but it is very good indeed. I rather thought it must be made by pounding some of the boiled shrimps to a paste then making of these a sauce with the addition of the least suspicion of garlic oil and lima juice and probably a little stock or water. Into this sauce whole shrimps were placed. These latter had been boiled and then lightly fried in deep fat. Eaten with Tortillas it was delicious.

Mexican Lilies—A dessert to conclude a Mexican luncheon or dinner should you wish to plan one or the other, may be made as follows—

Select your prettiest dessert plates; glass ice cream plates set on a china plate with a lacy paper doily between would be very appropriate. On the centre of the glass plate, place a slice of pineapple from which the core has been removed. Take six small bits of orange, about a fourth or sixth of a section, and place them on the pineapple about an inch from the outer edge of the slice. Marinate some oranges, cut in small pieces, about four pieces to each mirliton, in some of the pineapple juice, to which has been added a little lemon and enough sugar to make it a syrup. Cut a banana into lengths. Each length must be just the width of the pineapple from the edge of the core cavity to the outer rim of the slice, so cod the end of



HEWETSON *Guaranteed* SHOES *for* CHILDREN

It is more difficult to build shoes for children than for adults. Children's shoes must be roomy, stylish and built to stand the severe punishment that youngsters inflict on their footwear.

Such a task requires the work of specialists. Hewetsons have specialized in children's shoes for many years—that is why Hewetsons are guaranteed to be the best shoes for children from First Steps right through to the adult stage.

Do not fail to look for the Hewetson trademark—it is your assurance of securing the proper shoes for your children without paying an unnecessarily high prices.



Made stronger to wear longer.

The J. W. Hewetson Co., Limited
Shoemakers to Children
Brampton, Ontario and Acton, Ontario

E2E-11

MACLEAN'S QUESTION BOX

By EDWINA SETON

Note—When a personal reply is asked for a stamped, self addressed envelope must be enclosed.

No notice will be taken of anonymous communications. Writers must sign their names, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Information about educational institutions and business places is confined to Canadian ones.

Question—Mrs. K.C. Have always been interested in economics, particularly home economics, which was my work before I married. Now that my children are at school, I have time to write again, but find it difficult to know where to send my articles. One American magazine calmly stating Canadian manuscripts not accepted, while another said: Unsolicited manuscripts returned unread.' I am a thorough Canadian and would like to mail it there is no magazine published in Canada that goes thoroughly into the subject of home economics?

Answer—It is news to me that any American publications would discriminate against Canadians. The better class ones do not do so. There is a very good book called 'Where and How to Sell Manuscripts,' particulars of which I've sent you. You might try and induce a newspaper editor to let you have a weekly page on Home Economics. Submit several sample pages to him and see.

Question—Mrs. M., Maritimes. I should like to fill orders for hooked all-wool ottoman tops and cushions of very fine work and original design. Will you kindly give me addresses of agencies that might handle articles of this kind.

Answer—You might be able to sell them through the Canadian Handicraft Guild, Montreal. If you want their address send me a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Question—Mrs. W.T. I've been shown a lovely necklace woven of fine amber beads with a design in colors, made in the form of a band, very flat and thin, about one-half inch wide. Can you tell me where to get detailed information regarding the making of these and the requisite supplies?

Answer—A book called 'The New Bead Book' is sold at the five, ten, fifteen cent stores, also the necessary beads.



From every steaming cup of Salada comes the fragrance and bouquet that can only be drawn from fine tea. You have not enjoyed the best if you have not tried the genuine Salada. Sold everywhere. Buy a package.

the Pearl Grey Laco
INSIDE FROSTED

marks an advance, in several important particulars, on any lamp previously produced

—The frosting being inside the smooth exterior is easily kept clean

—It is rugged and strong in construction, not breaking easily

—It lasts longer, and is therefore more economical than any of the old style lamps

—Its light while clear and brilliant, is diffused and free from glare and harshness.

—Its light is practically as strong as the old style, clear glass lamp, and much stronger than the outside frosted style.

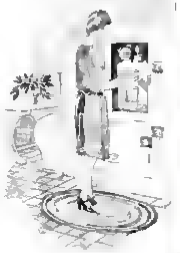
Ask your dealer to let you see it



LACO MAZDA LAMPS
INSIDE FROSTED



YOU CAN INSTALL THIS KELVINATOR FREEZING UNIT IN YOUR PRESENT REFRIGERATOR. MAKE ICE INSTEAD OF MELTING IT—ALWAYS HAVE EFFICIENT CONVENIENT AND HEALTHFUL REFRIGERATION



SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS ON OUR HOUSEHOLD BUDGET PLAN

You can choose from a large array of Cabinet Kelvinators by Leonard in the most beautiful styles and finishes; get one of the famous Leonard cleanable refrigerators with our electric refrigeration, or Kelvinate any good refrigerator. Don't deny yourself the joys of Kelvination any longer. Kelvinator dealers everywhere—look in the telephone book for the one nearest you and ask him to call, or write direct to us for information

KELVINATOR is so easy to own, costs so little to operate, no modern home need be without Kelvination

KELVINATOR is "cold that keeps"—keeps cold—keeps food—keeps both economically, conveniently, healthfully—without attention. The Zone of Kelvination is the Zone of Health. Everything about your refrigerator always clean, dry, sweet, wholesome. And it costs no more to operate than an ordinary 60-watt lamp burning continuously.

KELVINATOR is simplified electric refrigeration beyond which Science has not gone. The first successful domestic system to apply the principle discovered by Lord Kelvin, for whom it was named—it is today the acknowledged system of longest proved efficiency.

KELVINATOR has been not only the pioneer but the pattern for the industry, and has always led in the development of electric refrigeration. Used by thousands of women since 1914, it has become their most prized household possession.

If you investigate, you'll Kelvinate!

KELVINATOR of Canada, Ltd
1161 Dundas Street, East, London, Ontario

KELVINATOR NIZER LEONARD

Kelvinator ©K.C.1927

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

Better Always Better

The Home Beautiful

Indoor Gardening

The appropriate plant adds to the charm of any interior

By ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON



The baby ivy is remarkably hardy and furnishes greenery for garnishing

NOW that the Christmas season is over there still will be on the market a great number of the so-called holiday plants at a good deal more reasonable purchase price than before the gift-season. With proper care such flowers can be prolonged in good condition until Easter. Azaleas, begonias, cyclamen, cyphyllium, erinnum, cinerarias and spirea fill the florists' windows, and the various ferns are obtainable in profusion.

The truth that one man's meat is another man's poison, holds true to some extent in the care of plants. It is always possible, however, to make a selection of kinds that require about the same temperature and the same humidity and tend them as a class. There are a few practical suggestions that may be applied to all house-plants, however.

The first, in regard to gardeners. They should be carefully watched to see that the plant is not standing in water; this creates a cool sourness which is fatal to even the most hardy growth. All plants need light; all home plants need moisture—if this is available, both at the root and in the atmosphere, so much the better. Careful watering is essential. If the pots are tapped and "ring" the assumption is that water is required. The containers should not be stood in water, but so placed that the water can drain away freely. A little artificial nutrient in the form of plant tablets used according to direction or nitrate of soda (one quarter ounce to the gallon) is not a bad thing bi-weekly. Light is of the greatest importance to plants; without it green plants cannot assimilate their food because their chlorophyll cells cannot function. You have noticed how colorless is a plant grown in the dark. This is because it had not the sunlight to stimulate its chlorophyll which is the essential green property. Whether the plants are of the sun-loving or shade-loving kinds, we should see that they are placed in positions where the light diffusion is good.

Take the azalea for instance. The ordinary atmosphere of a home is often too dry for these flowers and is frequently the chief trouble in the case of newly purchased plants. They should have as light a position as possible, and should not be placed near gas and radiators. The plants must be watched. To make sure that the soil does not dry out. If the blooms show signs of wilting, stand the pot in a pail of water for about twenty minutes in order that the ball of soil be thoroughly saturated. It may seem a little troublesome, but it is worth while to place azaleas in a cool room at night, one in which the temperature does not exceed sixty degrees.

Begonias come in many varieties. The Lorraine, Cincinatti and Melior varieties are popular at this time of year. The flowers are rose pink in color. Varieties of *begonia gracilis* or hybrids of it such as *begonia gracilis roseo*. Salmon Queen, a most lovely plant; Vernon, with light orange carmine flowers and red foliage; and *begonia luminose* with flowers of brilliant dark scarlet, are also delightful. The fibrous rooted begonias are of a permanent nature and are more desirable for their foliage than their flowers. An old favorite is the Rex, the variety ovreo which is of great enduring characteristics. These plants like a good light position, away from draughts, and



Baths forced for home growing make most satisfactory house plants.

and unless it is removed they cannot breathe properly, and good growth is thwarted. As begonias grow they will require support probably, but two or three small sticks and string is all that is necessary.

Cyclamen is a gracious plant. It has remarkable lasting qualities and responds easily to the least care. It is not at all unusual for cyclamen purchased at this time of year, to look fresh and sturdy at Easter. Like the other flowers mentioned, cyclamen requires a certain amount of humidity to keep in good shape, and dryness is deleterious. Watering must be done carefully, and drying out avoided. Of course, in the green houses, the atmosphere is constantly warm and damp, and although it is impossible to reproduce such an atmosphere in the home, it is nevertheless not difficult to keep up proper conditions by watering, keeping the leaves clean, and setting the plant in the kitchen sometimes. The kitchen by the way is an excellent plant-hospital for it is the only room in the house where there is naturally any real humidity. A good position is a sunny window in the bay for cyclamen during the day time, and anywhere that decoration is necessary in the room at any other time. When the cyclamen comes into your home it represents probably eighteen months of culture before reaching your hands. Whatever little special attention you can give therefore seems worth while in carrying it through to its full span of life.

Primulas are desirable plants, but sometimes have a peculiar effect on the skin, producing a rash much like poison ivy. If one is at all subject to plant poisoning it would be well to avoid them. However it is not one person in fifty who would be subject to it.

Every year thousands of cineraria or senecio are sold for use in homes. There are at least three types in many colors, the star flowered, the large-flowered and the cactus-flowered. They range from pure white to intense purple or crimson. Ordinary conditions suit them well.

The aspidistra is a truly domesticated plant for







In the centre a cactus rock garden. Left, Spruce. Right, Cineraria

A Royal Welcome



Hearty indeed has been the welcome accorded to "Wacosilke" For this lovely fabric is what dainty women have always desired—

a fabric with the alluring softness and sheen of pure silk, yet with a texture that is not affected by perspiration or washing and can be rubbed as often as desired without fading, stretching or shrinking

Your favourite store will gladly show you "Wacosilke" in exquisite lines and colours in plain and figured designs suitable for frocks, lingerie, pyjamas and children's dresses.

It costs much less per yard than silk

WACOSILKE

A combination of the finest WABASSO combed yarns and CELANESE brand yarns

Pretty as the Pompon

Manufactured in Canada only by

THE WABASSO COTTON COMPANY, Limited

Three Rivers, P.Q.

Celanese is the registered trade mark in Canada of Canadian Celanese Limited

Genuine BAYER

ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
Pain	Neuralgia	Toothache	Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets

Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetylsalicylic Acid — A. S. A.) While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture of against imitations the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross"

it flourishes in a temperature comfortable to human beings It will flourish in a cool hall way or in a living room of ordinary temperature, and requires very little attention but a fair amount of light and occasional watering It is of two sorts, the green-leaved and the variegated, both of which are very attractive Other plants which flourish in ordinary house conditions are the lobster cactus, with its profusion of deep rose-pink flowers spines baby's tears a sort of creeper which hangs gracefully over the edges of its container, and the fuchsia, with its numerous pendant flowers, an attractive for baskets or window boxes.

Ferns, Foliage Plants and Grasses

FERNS, even more than the flowers already mentioned require a humid atmosphere for growth Their general treatment is that of flowers If the plant



The spider lily with its white-striped, grassy leaves is unusual and decorative

is near a window, turn it occasionally, so that every side will have its share of sunlight, for all this will make for symmetrical growth An overhead sprinkling once a week is advantageous

Chief among the true ferns which are successful as indoor plants is the Boston fern This is of two varieties—one type is distinctly upright the other drops over its container in a graceful arms The pteris ferns are excellent, and the maidenhair also is sold in restricted quantities This fern will not last long, but while it does it is delicacy and grace itself The other two, the Boston and the pteris, will do well under ordinary living room conditions and are easily preserved for years A good way to insure a moist mulch about the roots of ferns is to place steeped tea-leaves about their stems over the earth of their pots This holds moisture long after watering, preserving the soil conditions to which they are accustomed in the wild state

The asparagus fern is an excellent foliage plant, as is the variety called *Asparagus sprengeri*. These two flourish in ordinary living-room temperatures, and will endure for many years Other foliage plants which will be at home only in a sun-room are the multi colored croton or codiaeum, a warm green house plant, and only satisfactory for a short sojourn in the living room as well as the dracaena or cordyline.

An unusual plant which recommends itself to charming house use, is the spider lily Very much in the nature of the decorative grasses which are both a useful adjunct in the dressing of the out-door garden, this delicate white-striped foliage is the smartest possible interior greenery In its natural state, this plant would throw creepers along the ground, sprouting offshoots In a pot, these creepers hang in graceful drops from the main plant with their cascades of new leaves at intervals Anyone of these clumps may be removed and potted, starting an entirely new growth Beginning with one spider lily, you could soon fill the length of a window with its clear, cool green, and the curtain of drooping creepers falling below.

The baby ivy is one of the most endearing of the plants which may be grown, indoors, throughout the winter. Commonly known as English ivy, although emanating originally from Ireland, it is the fastest growing of all the ivies. In a hanging vase, it is beautifully decorative and is especially adapted to indoor growing, for it does not become over-long or cumbersome in this smaller variety With potted ivy and spider lily growing indoors, there should be no difficulty in supplying your own table garnishings The ivy is very decorative, with its heavily veined, smooth waxy leaves—almost a conventional marking against the deep rich green of its healthy coloring

Bulbs and Their Growing

PERHAPS of all indoor plants, the bulbs such as hyacinth narcissus tulips and freesia are the easiest to tend and they yield the satisfaction of being grown entirely by the owner Any good loam is satisfactory for growing bulbs, and the pots should be large enough to accommodate root growth In a low pot, six inches in diameter, four or five hyacinths will grow nicely six or seven crocuses four tulips six or more narcissi and as many freesia When potting, place a few pieces of broken pottery or charcoal in the bottom of the crock to produce free drainage, and place the earth in loosely Tap the crock gently against the table to settle the soil and while still loose, set each bulb an inch and press gently down until the top is flush with the earth You can now firm the soil with the fingers, leaving about an inch empty at top to allow for tree watering It takes from six to eight weeks for a satisfactory root system to develop so that the best procedure is to water the bulbs generously right after planting, and place in the cellar or some other dark fairly cool place for that length of time before forcing If the atmosphere in which the bulbs are set to root is too high, the roots will form too quickly, and the resultant bloom will be short-lived The temperature should not go above forty-five degrees Fahrenheit When the pots are full of roots—and this may be ascertained in turning out the earth in the palm of the hand by striking the bottom of the pot gently—they may be brought upstairs to the sunlight Three should be a clearly-defined network of roots all about the outside of the pot soil before this is advisable however At first it is better to place them in a fairly cool room—say where the temperature is from fifty to fifty-five degrees Later they may be moved to a warm room in the full sunshine, where regular and generous watering will usually produce fine bloom

The Paper White narcissus is the one bulb which does not require to be put away before forcing and it may be grown successfully in pebbles and water Other narcissi require the usual treatment Varieties which are particularly lovely, though we may have to wait a little longer for their bloom, are the Double Van Sion and Golden Spur, which bloom slightly earlier than the Emperor and Victoria. Madame Plemp and Empress are also excellent flowers These are all trumpet narcissi Sir Watkin and Cynosure are two of the best although incomparabile, while Great Warley Homespun and Lucifer are fine varieties and hardy

The Gracious Hyacinth

HYACINTHS are easy to grow in the bulb vases procurable almost everywhere They require to be set away just as though potted and will do better in a little artificial nutrient is introduced into the water occasionally The vases should be kept filled so that the bottom of the bulb is always touching the water The water may be kept sweet by a bit of charcoal in the bottom Roman hyacinths are the first to bloom Dutch hyacinths take longer Hyacinths in particular require to be well rooted before they are forced A few of the better varieties are *Alba superbissima* and La Grandesse both white; *Gigantia* and Sarah Bernhardt pink; Lord Macaulay, red and Koningstroon and King of the Blues both blue.

Tulips provide bloom later than either the hyacinths or tulips, for they take longer to form a satisfactory root-system With these the early singles and early doubles seem to force better than the Darwins, with the exception of Clara Butt and Bartigon. However these graceful long-stemmed varieties may be grown indoors with care, and they have the added loveliness of a faint woodsy scent

Desert Offerings

IMAGINE a dish of blooms which requires watering only once a week and lives a hundred years! Such is the practical charm of those delightful little garden groups of spineless cactus and hens and chickens (*Echeveria secunda*) which are being built in loveria bowls and bases for the dining table or drawing room They are wonderfully quaint and surprisingly rich in color for the occasional russet and red appears in the miniature trees and "bushes" while their beds of porous rock are softened with masses of bright color or velvet green They are miniature rock gardens in perpetuity where the winking impudence of a grandfather cactus the moss and contortion of a baby cauliflower may look up through the pulpy leaves of its shrub-like brother to the inhuman dignity of a cousin of the Navajo desert, or the bristling whiskers of the representative from Mexico

RENT this ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER for $2. a day

Beautify all your floors and linoleum Quickly without stooping kneeling or soiling hands



With it you can easily beautify ALL your floors and linoleum in the time it formerly took to do a single room. By this new electric method all hard work is avoided.

All you do is to spread on a thin even coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax. This cleans as it waxes. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floor and let ELECTRICITY do all the work—easily and quickly

Try this Johnson Electric Wax Treatment on *all* your floors—old or new, whether of wood linoleum, tile or composition

JOHNSON'S WAX
Electric floor Polisher

This Electric Floor Polisher runs itself—you don't need to push it or bear down on it—just guide it. It is ten times better and quicker than the old fashioned hand methods. And the electrically produced polish is far more even, brilliant and wear-resistant

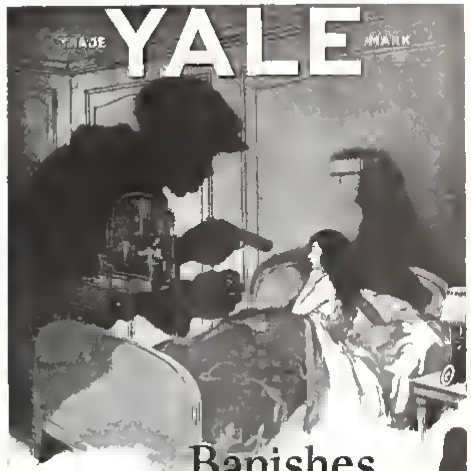
Rent It for $2.00 a Day

From your neighborhood store or your painter You can rent this beauty-giving Electric Floor Polisher for $2.00 a day In one day you can make every floor a foundation of gleaming beauty on which your rugs and furniture will reveal new charm and value

Telephone NOW and make an appointment to rent a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher for a day Or buy one outright for your own exclusive use. The investment is small for so great a convenience

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD.,
Dept. M. L.
"*The Floor Finishing Authorities*"
Vancouver — Winnipeg — Toronto — Montreal
Factory: Brantford, Can.

YALE



Banishes Fear! from your home

Night loneliness . . . the sound of stealthy tampering at the door — a moment of helpless terror . . . *Has she forgotten to lock it?*

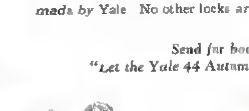
But the Yale 44 Automatic Deadlatch needs no remembering. When you shut your door the heavy square latch bolt is *automatically* thrown nearly twice the usual distance into the strike and deadlocked!

Thus it is proof against forgetfulness from within and violence from without It cannot be left unlocked It does automatically what you might forget to do manually

Be sure you have the right locks on all your entrance doors

Look for the Yale trade mark. If it's *marked* Yale it's *made by* Yale No other locks are Yale

Send for booklet,
"*Let the Yale 44 Automatic Protect You*"



YALE 44 AUTOMATIC DEADLATCH

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.
Canadian Branch
St Catharines Ont Canada
YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

International Milling Company

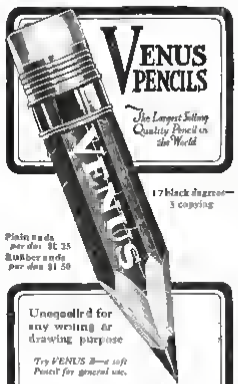
7% Preferred Stock

Circular dealing with the progress of the company over a period of years has just been prepared. This deals with the progress particularly from the standpoint of earnings, assets, working capital, profit and loss surplus and reserves, all of which have shown substantial progress for many years.

Many Canadians are interested in International Milling securities and the bulk of the preferred stock is held in Canada. The holders of the stock who have received annual statements year after year are thoroughly familiar with the fine progress made by the Company. The character of the preferred stock prompts us to draw more general attention to its investment merit.

Full details in our circular on request

A·E·AMES & CO
LIMITED
BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1889
INVESTMENT SECURITIES
MONTREAL TORONTO LONDON, Eng.
NEW YORK VICTORIA, B.C. VANCOUVER



Plain ends per doz. $1.25
Rubber ends per doz. $1.50

Unequalled for any writing or drawing purpose

Try VENUS Best soft Pencil for general use.

American Lead Pencil Co
220 Fifth Ave., New York
Makers of UNIQUE The Ideal Colored Pencil, in 12 colors — $1.25 per dozen

MacLean's Magazine in Europe

MACLEAN'S may be obtained at the undermentioned dealers:

ENGLAND—LONDON—
Selfridge & Co., Ltd., Oxford St.
R. C. Wilby, 1 Green St., Leicester Sq.
Parrish & Co., 86 Southampton Row
W. S. Dexter, Fish Street Hill
Yates Library, 9 Wigmore St.
W. J. Wells & Sons, Sherbourne Ave.
Louis Epstein, Cannon House, Cannon Street
E. T. Nolan, 99 Duke Street
E. C. Offord, 28 Wimpole St.
F. S. Robert, 34 Museum Street
May & Williams, 24 Berry St., Dunbar, 20 New Bridge St.

LIVERPOOL—
M. Grant & Son, 8/9 Lord Arcade St.

FRANCE—PARIS—
Hachette, 111 Rue Reamur

Any newsdealer in Great Britain and Ireland can now procure MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE.

BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

National Stock-taking Finds Business World Optimistic

By J. HERBERT HODGINS

IT IS time for a national stock taking again.

In New Year's day survey no other particular purpose it may at least be turned to good effect in reviewing our national, as well as our individual position.

In other words, what have we accomplished in 1926 and what may we look forward to for 1927?

A year ago, at this time, we found the thinking world versed Canadian business reviewing full of confidence for the coming 1926. Perhaps we are incorrigible optimists, we Canadians. Youth is invariably optimistic. The fact is that in spite of setbacks of past years we still have the ability to rise above passing discouragements and to look forward buoyantly.

However, no Canadian who knows them with any degree of accuracy will class these executive heads of the Bank of Montreal, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., the president, and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, the general manager, as dangerous optimists. In fact, time was when certain Canadians were prone to rank at least one of these two distinguished bankers as the Dean Swift of Canadian finance. But what were once regarded as gloomy forebodings have now come to be recognized as sound, economic caution and having ridden past some of the dangerous shoals at least which threatened to perturb business, we now can look backward and count this season of caution as an entirely reasonable corrective. In other words the medicine-bitter as it was at the time, has remedied the ill—at least to a measurable extent.

And at this time, as we are about to enter another year, we find Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., summing up his business conviction with: "I believe the underlying conditions are sound and that the future can be viewed with confidence."

Another pleasant bit of reading comes from the economist of the New York Trust Co., who makes the statement, "Continuing the progress noticeable in 1925 Canada so far this year, (1926) has given evidence of its generally increasing prosperity."

With a background of enlarging business, Canadian business men confidently bid good-bye to a passing year and enter into a new twelve month in a spirit even more hopeful than was theirs twelve months ago.

When all issued and done in the main, 1926 was a bountiful year for Canada—bountiful that is in the economic sense, by reason of an abundant crop, a crop which perhaps was not equal to that of the previous year, but still so substantially large that the out-turn from agriculture alone will be but slightly under the previous year's figures. In all other departments of our economic life we have gone forward.

What are some of the straws by which the winds that blow may point to our increasing progress?

As estimate for *The Financial Post Survey*, 1927 shows gross revenue of Canadian productive industries to be $5,655,241,624 for 1926. This represents an increase in the purchasing power of Canadian people $50,000,000 greater than in 1925.

Agriculture shows a lower revenue the decline being less than $200,000,000. However, while it is to be regarded as highly satisfactory in the face of the spotty results in many groups of products. Forestry revenue shows a slight decrease the immense gains in the pulp and paper industry being more than offset by declining lumber production. Every other line of activity in Canada shows gains.

Improvement in purchasing power is concentrated in six provinces, three provinces Ontario, Quebec and Alberta, showing slight declines in revenues.

Actual improvement in the physical volume of production in Canada is greater than the figures indicate as the price level has been lower this year than last.

Summary of the figures prepared for The Survey below with comparisons over a term of lone years.

All is not disappointment however our cereal crop is down. The wheat crop of the West may be less for 1926 than it was for 1925. It may have suffered in grade because of unfavorable weather conditions at harvest time. But the fact remains as Mr. Foley Howland, president of the Imperial Bank of Canada, stressed the other day, "that the returns for the western farmer will be good and that owing to the reduction in his debt load the proceeds of the previous crop he will have more money to spare than for some time past."

After all, our agrarian spending power is the thing that counts in this country. It is good to know that the farming community is sufficiently rehabilitated that it can now buy with its crop proceeds the things which make for convenience and comfort in rural life. It is good to know this, not only because it enriches rural Canada, but because it assures for the further progress of Canadian enterprise.

A Survey of Achievement

JUST what have we accomplished in the past year to give us further national prosperity?

For one thing, there is our international trade. Donald M. Marvin, economist of the Royal Bank of Canada, makes this statement: "The relative importance of foreign trade in the commercial life of Canada is far greater than it plays in most countries. There is no doubt that considerable argument can be brought forward to support Mr. Marvin. For one thing, for a country of such vast potentialities, yet small population, as Canada to prosper it is vital that we secure an outlet for the goods that we produce.

In the twelve months ending September 30, 1926, the value of Canada's foreign trade amounted to $2,300,000,000 or more than $250 per capita as compared with a foreign trade of less than $150 per capita for the United Kingdom, and less than $100 per capita in the United States. The Royal Bank of Canada *Review* points out: "World trade has not yet recovered to a point where it has surpassed the volume of 1913 and it will be some years before it catches up with the normal growth which might have been expected in these intervening years but Canadian external trade now has a value in terms of pre-war prices at least 25 per cent. ahead of that for 1913 and the dollar value of the present trade is nearly double that of 1913. Changes in price levels make necessary this double statement of the change. In 1900 Canada's foreign trade amounted to $64 per capita; in 1913, $136; in 1922 $156; in 1923, $181; in 1924 $210; and in 1926 $250. The rate of the recovery and expansion of Canadian external commerce has far surpassed the rate of general recovery and this movement suggests that the further stabilization of Europe will bring further demand for Canadian goods."

Business in many departments has contributed to the country's general prosperity throughout the past year, or as Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., has said, "A broad survey of trade conditions in the year under review finds much to hearten and little to discourage. Confidence finds ample, practical demonstration in an increased capital investment. This expresses itself to a further development of our natural resources and to a lesser extent in an expansion of our pulp and paper industry, the aggression in our mineral development and the fuller harnessing of our water powers."

Probably the growth of our pulp and paper industry is the most remarkable and certainly it has produced large profits. In a two year period Canada's exports of wood, wood products and paper increased from $63,000,000 to $278,000,000. The consumption of newsprint in the United States exceeds 3,000,000 tons annually. Canada supplies more than half of this amount. Within the coming twelve months, Canadian mills now advancing to completion will add approximately 450,000 tons a year to the present output. Obviously unless the present rate of consumption expands our newsprint manufacturers will be confronted with the possibility of a surplus in the market at no distant date.

In our hydro development the most outstanding effort is that being undertaken by the Aluminum Company of America on the Saguenay. This is an undertaking of more than local interest. The completed plans provide for a total of 1,100,000 horse power, or approximately 40 per cent more than is available at Niagara for Canada. The creation of this new industrial centre, clearly will add substantially to the Province of Quebec, if not indeed enhance the prestige of the whole of Canada.

Canada is making rapid and enormous strides in the opening up of our great mineral resources. In 1913 for instance the mineral production in this country was $145,000,000. By 1925 the annual production had gained 57 per cent. at $228,000,000 and the possibilities are for still greater production for the year just closed. Canada will soon rank second among the world's gold producers.

But with all this remarkable development in our national wealth of recent years, probably the finest thought which we can bear in mind with regard to the longer future is as Sir Vincent Meredith has pointed out, that "no limit can reasonably be put upon their progression." At the earliest any apprehension which we might reasonably entertain with regard to Canada's pulp and paper resources or as to Canada's mineral resources, must be removed far into the future.

Resources and Responsibilities

THOSE assets which we continued to accumulate in 1926 unquestionably confer a fine carry-over into 1927. At the same time, it would be unwise to overlook some of the reinvestment liabilities—or if not actual liabilities at least responsibilities.

To begin with we have a newly elected Government at Ottawa and it more or less remains for the newly convened parliament to determine the possible reactions of this new administration upon business generally. At least, it may be accepted that the political situation has cleared. There are not the same uncertainties which existed a year ago at this time. Then it will be recalled we had a Government in power under uncertain circumstances and the result was very much as anticipated, general unsettlement throughout the country. However, the Government has gone back to power in the meantime with a fresh mandate from the country. More firmly entrenched, it should proceed to restore confidence to business.

Taxation has been the great bugbear of business throughout the post-war years. Finance Minister Robb has given us a certain measure of relief in the past year by paring down the income tax. His first step in this direction was perfectly sound and so popular that many individuals have been disposed to regard his Budget decision in this respect as contributing in no small measure to his government a return to power at Ottawa. As the year closed there were hints of further tax reductions in the offing. Both the Toronto *Globe* and the Toronto *Daily Star* gave significant indication of the Hon. Mr. Robb's possible decision. It was hoped at that time would aim to *lop off* another $20,000,000 from the income tax impost.

If you have any doubt as to the possible effect of tax reduction upon the country as a whole, just stop and consider for a moment the extent to which the past year's clipping of the income tax has increased your own personal spending power. The general manager of the Imperial Bank of Canada, speaking at the fifty-second annual meeting of the shareholders expressed the hope that the Honorable Minister of Finance in considering further Dominion taxation for his 1927 budget, "will give some consideration to capital."

"To say candy," said Mr. Phipps, "Incentive for gain is the stimulus to all business, and consequently vital to the prosperity of the country. When taxation presses too heavily on capital—those who possess it may naturally be expected to

GROSS REVENUE BY PROVINCES

Province	1923	1924	1925	1926
Prince Edward Island	$ 28,869,492	$ 26,815,800	$ 25,200,000	$ 26,823,360
Nova Scotia	166,368,112	168,000,000	174,000,000	181,000,000
New Brunswick	128,949,024	124,560,000	131,200,000	138,284,800
Quebec	1,204,158,672	1,320,000,000	1,393,760,000	1,481,377,040
Ontario	2,187,328,479	2,354,565,000	2,423,000,000	2,490,000,000
Manitoba	202,418,400	200,760,000	235,150,000	255,000,000
Saskatchewan	320,408,857	424,000,000	441,000,000	460,000,000
Alberta	261,108,168	279,975,000	296,975,000	341,414,110
British Columbia	681,697,363	302,100,000	311,440,000	408,000,000
Yukon	5,000,843	5,000,000	5,000,000	5,237,864
Total	$4,946,000,340	$5,332,160,000	$5,595,010,287	$5,656,241,624

GROSS REVENUE BY INDUSTRIES

Industry	1923	1924	1925	1926
Agriculture	$1,360,000,000	$1,452,000,000	$1,700,000,000	$1,677,600,000
Forestry	400,000,000	420,000,000	455,000,000	400,000,000
Fishing	10,005,643	14,000,000	20,000,000	24,000,000
Trapping	15,000,000	15,000,000	15,000,000	18,000,000
Mining	214,000,000	220,000,000	244,000,000	267,000,000
Electric power	80,000,000	94,000,000	95,000,000	98,000,000
Construction	364,000,000	395,000,000	388,000,000	370,000,000
Manufactures	2,493,000,000	2,800,000,000	2,700,000,000	2,801,000,000
Total revenue	$4,946,000,000	$5,332,160,000	$5,595,010,287	$5,656,241,624

Dominion and Provincial Government Bonds

Municipal Bonds

Public Utility and Industrial Financing

Foreign Issues Quoted

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED
E. R. WOOD, President
Head Office: TORONTO, 26 King St. E.
MONTREAL, LONDON, ENG.
Established 1901



Increase Your Income

In re-investing funds now maturing in January, look well to the income returns you will receive.

Nothing less than 7% per annum should satisfy you. United First Mortgage Bonds pay 7% and ensure you safety of principal.

They are secured by a 40% margin of excess security value in selected income-bearing city property, they are surrounded by every safeguard ever devised by the legal profession, they are the obligations of responsible property owners and UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED.

Let us send you details of issues being offered now.

United Bond Co.
Limited
Howard C. Wade, President. Wm. Brown, Vice-President and Manager
221 Bay St., TORONTO — Imperial Bank Bldg., WINDSOR.

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $1 to $3 an hour in spare time at home writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.

The MINNEHAHA COMPANY Limited
100 Dundas Street, Toronto, Ont.



WATER POWER

the essential industry in the development of our other natural resources

WATER POWER—developed water power—is the vital factor in Canadian production and prosperity.

In her rivers and waterfalls Canada possesses an asset that will greatly strengthen her position in the industrial world. Great industries are coming to Canada because of the abundance of hydro-electric power.

In the investment field, probably the greatest opportunities for sound investment exist in the bonds of power companies that are associated with the demands of cities, paper mills, mines and other basic industries of Canada.

Every progressive citizen should have a part in the development of our power resources.

We invite your enquiries for investment service

NESBITT, THOMSON & COMPANY
LIMITED
Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Ont., Winnipeg

A "Nest Egg" for Children

Thrift is the foundation of success in life. Teach your children thrift the life insurance way. Invest in a policy on your life for a young son or daughter. Start this savings fund when the child is young and the lesson will impress itself on his or her mind.

When grown up the child will have a "nest egg" to start on the right road to success.

For complete information, write or call on any of the following Canadian offices:

The Travelers Insurance Company
and
The Travelers Indemnity Company

Montreal Office: Lewis Building

Toronto Office: 25 King St. West
Winnipeg Office: Paris Building
Halifax Office: Bennie Building
Quebec Office: Quebec Power Bldg.
Ottawa Office: Jackson Building
Vancouver Office: Vancouver Block

Established in the Dominion Over Half a Century

BOYS WANTED

Easy work and big cash earnings. The work is after school and on Saturdays in your home neighborhood and we give you a Free Start.

Write Boy Sale Dept. MacLean's Magazine, Toronto.
Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name
Address
City Province

Municipal Bankers
BOND AND SALES CORPORATION LIMITED
Dealers in
Canadian Government Municipal and "Dollar for Dollar" Bonds
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED
34 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO
Sir John Withyam Kt. LL.D — President
Sir William Hearst KCMG — Vice-President



TWO streams start from the same source, but find their outlet a thousand miles apart.

Your life may flow into the troubled ocean of debt, or into the placid waters of independence.

Your Bank Book will decide.

The Royal Bank of Canada

5600

Strengthen Your Holdings of Mining Stocks!

The Financial Post Survey of Mines, recently off the press, will help you decide what is to buy and what to sell. This book (8 x 12 inches in size) gives the facts about every Canadian mine—its early history, its capitalization, its cost, its reserves, financial and ore, its directors. It is an such information that your buying and selling should be placed.

To get this Book you must Act Quickly; Only a few hundred copies are left

Of the 8,000 copies printed and ready for distribution, well over 7,500 copies have already been sold and delivered. Mining investors have been eager for this book. It is evident the whole edition will be disposed of in the next few or three weeks. We are anxious that those names get into the hard hands and for that reason urge you to send your order now.

Use the Coupon herewith

THE FINANCIAL POST SURVEY OF MINES
143 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2.

Please send me The Financial Post Survey of Mines. For this I enclose one dollar.

Name

Address

Occupation

M.M.

he slow to risk it in business ventures which, if successful will, instead of enriching them, merely bring profits which will be swept away by the tax gatherer. On the other hand it a disposition is shown to deal fairly with capital in the matter of taxes on profits and income, effort will be stimulated and millions of dollars perhaps now invested in tax free bonds and such like, will again seek employment in other channels which seem to afford a greater opportunity for gain, and what is equally important, men of business capacity and large ideas, who may now be indifferent, will devote themselves energetically to the promotion of business activities which cannot fail to bring about better markets for labor and the products of the agriculturists, the lumberman, the manufacturer, etc., which means greater prosperity for the whole community and which cannot in the end fail to attract desirable immigrants to our shores. It is a thought worthy of consideration."

There can be no doubting Mr. Phippen's contention. It has been demonstrated wholly and abundantly in the United States, as I pointed out in my article in the December 15th issue of *MacLean's Magazine* which set forth the results of tax reduction in the United States.

Other standing problems of business interest which carry forward into the New Year have regard to immigration of people, immigration of capital and the seasonally recurring problem of a government-owned railway. "This is the opportune moment for Canada to make a supreme immigration effort," according to President Beatty of the C.P.R. This statement from an executive of an organization that represents the largest single investment in the future of Canada, is not to be regarded lightly. "Canada is still lukewarm on immigration," according to *The Financial Post* which, however, is convinced that "this is indeed the golden moment to be animated in immigration, and we should not let it slip by carelessly, indifferent to our own needs and our world responsibilities." *The Financial Post* does not attempt to blame the Government for indifference on the subject of immigration, but rather the people. As it points out: "It is not surprising that the Government should be playing with the immigration issue since they cannot move ahead of public opinion and public opinion is only mildly interested and perhaps even antagonistic to increased immigration activity and expenditure."

As to immigration of capital, "From a purely material point of view," says Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, "it makes no difference whether the capital that develops our resources comes from the United States or elsewhere, but I shall not be misunderstood if I say that the Empire reasons which are more than merely sentimental, Canada as a whole would heartily welcome a greater influx of British capital. One of the many unfortunate which Britain and the Empire have had to face as a result of the war has been the curtailment in the Motherland of exportable capital. This condition will gradually improve, and although the lower interest rates now current in the United States preclude for the present the floating of Canadian public loans in London, this condition is not altogether applicable to money borrowed for private enterprise."

Whether a government-owned railway is business or politics is just a little difficult to determine. Suffice it to say that Sir Henry Thornton has made vast progress with the C.N.R. There will be no quibbling over the fact, however, that the C.N.R. surpluses mean at a time of general upturn, and not leadings as the Imperial Bank president has stressed on one of the important industries which indicate the naissance of better business. The combined gross earnings of C.P.R. and C.N.R. for the twelve months ending September follow: 1924 $290,000,000; 1925 $280,000,000; 1926 $322,000,000, or an increase this year over last year of ten per cent.

These, then, are some of the high points in business as Canada experienced them in 1926. There are problems ahead for 1927—there are always problems ahead. If we did not have problems to solve, we would make no certain progress. And it is in the extent of their solution that we measure our nation-building.

Let this serve as encouragement to enter another year. Those who give serious thought to our business problems, and those who are versed by practice and precept to be our guides, reflect in their views—confidence, confidence, and more confidence.

ANSWERS TO FINANCIAL QUERIES

Question—*I would be much obliged if you would give me your opinion of National Debenture Corporation 6½ per cent sinking fund collateral trust, gold bonds.—J.M.C., Ontario.*

Answer—According to its charter, The National Debenture Corporation is authorized to issue $2,000,000 in 6½ per cent collateral trust gold bonds, which are the senior obligation of the company, and of which amount it is now offering $500,000, secured by a general charge on the entire assets of the company, with a specific amount of collateral consisting of trustee securities deposited with the Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited, as Trustees for the holders of the bonds of Series "A". In accordance with the trust deed under which this collateral security is deposited with the trust company, The National Debenture Corporation, Limited, is bound to deposit $100 in trustee securities for every $100 of The National Debenture Corporation, Limited 6½ per cent. collateral trust gold bonds of Series "A".

The trustee is the custodian of all the bonds of The National Debenture Corporation, Limited and before releasing any bonds for delivery to the public it is the trustee's duty to certify that they hold the above mentioned 105 per cent. in trustee securities as collateral for the bonds issued. This certification is registered on each bond. In addition to the proceeds received by The National Debenture Corporation, Limited, from the sale of these 6½ per cent. debentures, the corporation has acquired a considerable amount of assets for the surcharge of its junior securities with the shareholders of the Fort Arthur and Fort William Mortgage Company, Limited, which mortgage company will shortly go into voluntary liquidation in order that its assets may be transferred to The National Debenture Corporation, Limited, thus providing considerable amount of extra security for the bond holders over and above the 105 per cent. deposited with the trustee.

As there is every evidence that The National Debenture Corporation bonds will be amply secured by collateral, these bonds should be a safe investment.

Question—*What are the possibilities of dividends from Dominion Combing Mills?—J.C.M., Toronto.*

Answer—While the business of Dominion Combing Mills so far this year has been on a favorable basis and a fair margin of profit is reported, shareholders, it is understood, should not look forward to anything in the financial statement that would indicate a possibility of dividends. The operations of the company, for 1928 while satisfactory so far as volume is concerned, were not profitable to any extent, as the wool market was erratic and buying often resulted in losses that wiped out profits in other operations.

PERSONAL SERVICE

Subscribers to *MacLean's Magazine* desiring advice in regard to Canadian industrial investments, or life insurance problems, will be answered freely. Inquiries should be addressed to the Financial Editor of *MacLean's Magazine*, and a stamped, addressed envelope enclosed.

If your inquiry concerns insurance, please give full details of your own financial and family position so that definite and individual suggestions can be given.

ASK ANY RADIO ENGINEER



The "Mountie" isn't lonely any more

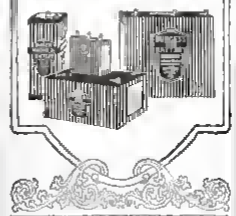
WHEN the supply ship steams south from the last outpost of northern civilization in September, not to return until the following July, loneliness will never again beset the lives of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who patrol that vast, wild area.

Radio is now brightening the long winter nights with music, special programs, messages and greetings from their "home folks."

And in the receiving sets of the "Mounties" is the best equipment obtainable. The batteries they use must be dependable. They must serve until new supplies are brought in a year later.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
CANADIAN FACTORIES AND OFFICES: NIAGARA FALLS AND WINNIPEG
In United States: Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities



BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

Maybe Adam Laughed at These



No Shoot!—Have you heard the story of the Scotchman who went crazy trying to shoot off a cannon a little at a time?

Damaged Goods—Yes, I was educated at Eton and Oxford."

"Dear me, isn't it possible to educate them?"—*London Opinion.*

Saved!—Musical Comedy Producer: "We've lost the manuscript! All we've got is the music."

Director: "It's all right. I remember both the jokes."—*Life*

Await the Last—"D'you know, I haven't spoken to my wife for five years."

"I shouldn't let that worry you, old man—your turn will come again!"—*The Passing Show* (London)

A Suggestion—"But," said the ambitious screen star, who was about to perform an apparently dangerous feat "suppose the rope should break?"

"By George!" cried the director. "That's a good idea."—*Frolics and Flutters*

Fair Question—Clergyman (to dying mining prospector) "But, my friend, don't forget, the streets of the Heavenly Jerusalem are paved with gold!"

Prospector: "Excuse me parson, are you quoting from the prospectus or from the battery report?"

Construed—"Brederer we must do sumthing to remedy de status quo," said the Negro preacher to his congregation.

"Bruddor Jones, what am de status quo?" asked a member.

"Dat my bruddor, am de Latin fo' de mess we'se in."—*Outlook.*

Moral Effect—The prison governor gave the ex burglar a long lecture on the necessity of mending his ways, and then discharged him. The man, however, still remained. "What are you waiting for?" required the governor. "My tools," calmly replied the man.—*Tatler*

A Tactful Soul—Miss Ponder said the boss "you are a very handsome young woman."

"Oh!" said the typist, blushing.

"You dress neatly and you have a well-modulated voice. Your department is also above reproach."

"You shouldn't pay me so many compliments."

"Oh, that's all right," said the boss. "I merely wanted to put you in a cheerful frame of mind before taking up the matter of punctuation and spelling."—*Copper's Weekly*

A Saving Margin—The passengers in the big car speeding toward the railroad crossing began arguing whether or not they could beat the train.

"Don't get excited," said the driver, "I can easily make it."

"And I say you can't!" shouted the front-seat passenger. "The train will beat us by twenty seconds."

"Gwan!" said the driver, who kept increasing his speed while the argument continued.

Finally a passenger in the rear seat, who had said nothing so far, remarked as he clutched the sides of the rushing car: "For my part, I don't care a hang who wins this race, but I hope it won't be a tie."—*Jester*



FROM the Ingenious rooms of the Hotel Cecil one may look out upon the real London—the Thames-side London, with its splendid vistas in the Norman battlements of the Tower and the Gothic beauty of Westminster with the time-mellowed pile of Lambeth Palace beyond. Across the river this London that Dickens loved marches with irregular gait every hour, the wherries and merchantmen that ply there from the water's edge. At night, yellow lights blink out of the dark murk of their dancing reflections on the river and then glide by on their mysterious business.

Beneath the northward windows the hurry and ghosts of the Strand reflects that other London—the London of gaiety and fashion. The sky there is aglow with the myriad lights of theatreland and the West End, on the Lion Nelson, looming on his tall column stands forth clear to the eye.

The visitor to London who stays at the Hotel Cecil has no need to leave its walls as an all-star characteristic host.

HOTEL CECIL
LONDON

For Tariff apply the Manager Cables 'Cecilia,' London, or any Office of Thos Cook & Son.

ASTHMA



The attack is relieved at once and comfortable rest assured simply by vaporizing Cresolene near the bed at night.

Introduced to U.S. in 1879

Vapo-Cresolene

Used while you sleep

It is the drugless treatment for bronchial affections, coughs, colds, influenza, whooping cough, bronchitis.

Sold by Druggists
Send for descriptive Booklet C.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO
Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Que.

Wake up

sleepy Eyes with this refreshing lotion

No need to start the day with Eyes swollen from sleep. A few drops of *Murine* upon getting up in the morning will take away not only the puffy look but the tired, heavy feeling. *Murine* contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. All druggists sell it. Buy today!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

THE WORLD-FAMOUS ADHESIVE. Tubes 15c., 20., 25c.

SECCOTINE

Reg. TRADE MARK

MEND YOUR BREAKAGES AS THEY OCCUR.

Canadian Agents

MENZIES & COMPANY, LTD., 439 King Street West, Toronto

For Sale in all Drug Stores, Hardware Stores, Stationers and Department Stores



Happy New Year!

THERE is a fundamental difference between the editor of a magazine and the celebrated matron who was domiciled in a shoe. An editor never has so many readers that he doesn't know what to do. His complex is that of Oliver Twist. He is always asking for more.

The January 1 issue of MacLean's will go into the hands of 10,000 more readers than did the issue of January 1, 1926. The issue of January 1, 1926, went to 10,000 more Canadian homes than was the issue of January 1, 1925. In two years the circulation of Canada's National Magazine has been increased by 20,000, an achievement not to be sneezed at when the size of this country's population is considered.

In 1912, when the Busy Man's Magazine became MacLean's, the battery of adding machines worked overtime in computing its circulation. Two years later that circulation had reached 40,000. To-day MacLean's guaranteed, audited paid circulation is 100,000 per issue. Twice a month the presses are running off more than 110,000 copies, and with increasing frequency the Sold Out sign is being exhibited by dealers and newsagents throughout the Dominion.

NO CANADIAN industry has more often been made the butt of croakers than the magazine business. "Can any good thing come out of Canada?" they have wheezed. And they have cultivated the good old inferiority complex at home and spewed their arms to the products of alien thought and cash.

In spite of such knocks, in spite of the fact that as a matter of straight business production, Canadian magazines are operating under grave and unfair handicaps, in spite of the energetically-operated avalanche of foreign competition, MacLean's has forged ahead and will continue to advance still further.

Why?

Since Eve took the apple, never has any salesman succeeded in selling twice any commodity that the public doesn't really want. The fact that MacLean's is printed and published in Canada is not of itself sufficient to account for its growth. Canadians are reading it because they find it of value to them, because it makes a sincere and unceasing effort to keep them informed on matters affecting themselves; because its fiction is largely of this country, written by those best qualified to portray it—Canadians.

The editors are fully aware of the fact that they cannot please everybody all the time. They are not superhuman. They realize that much remains to be done, that there is room for improvement. Crossing their fingers and touching wood, they venture to predict that progress will be made during the year just entered. With the usual certain typographical changes go into effect, which it is hoped will add to the attractiveness of the pages. Gradually other improvements will be introduced.

NO EFFORT has been spared to secure for 1927 the highest type of covers, illustrations and reading matter. The best serial Alan Sullivan ever wrote will commence in our next issue—"The Splendid Silence." In despatching his illustrations H. Winton Taylor wrote: "Honestly it is the best serial I think I ever had to do and I enjoyed it to the limit." Coming from an illustrator who is constantly reading manuscripts sent him by the best magazines on this continent, Mr. Taylor's opinion is worth noting.

While Alan Sullivan at present resides in England, no one can write of Canada with more assurance. He was born in Montreal and he qualified as a mining engineer at the University of Toronto. In this capacity he spent many years in Northern Canada, prospecting and living the life of a sort of coureur du bois. His literary work bears the impress of this experience. His novels "The Rapids" and "The Passing of Oulibet" are admirable examples of his ability to capture and translate into story form the spirit of the wilderness.

Other serials by R. E. Pinkerton, Arthur Hunt Chute, Robert Watson and Francis Dickie also are scheduled. Then MacLean's has secured exclusive Canadian publication rights to a new series of short stories now being written by Rudyard Kipling. In addition to the established Canadian authors who will appear regularly, much fine material from native writers hitherto unknown will be presented.

Through its feature articles MacLean's will continue to preach the doctrine of Canadianism, not by platitudinous outpourings, but by serving as a mirror in which Canada may see herself.

MACLEAN'S

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

On the First and Fifteenth of Each Month

H. Napier Moore, *Editor* — George H. Tyndall, *Advertising Director*

CONTENTS

JANUARY 1, 1927

VOLUME XL — NUMBER ONE

Cover painted by M. E. Mumelman.

WHERE THE WEST BEGINS (article) — Arthur Hunt Chute — 3
Decoration by L. A. C. Pudna

THE STICK OF CANDY (short story) — William Marriam Rouse — 4
—Illustrated by Charles Goldhammer

GOVERNMENT SERVICE—AND YOU — Article One — Norman Reilly Raiou — 6
Nurturing Our Agriculture

ONE SEAT, FIFTEEN BUCKS (short story) — John Howard — 8
—Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

THE GREAT HUSH HUSH! (article) — One Who Was There — 10

LENS REVELATIONS (article) — Constance Errol — 11

CONSCIENCE MONEY (short story) — W. A. Fraser — 12
—Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

MY FRIEND, JEAN BAPTISTE (concluding article) — George Pearson — 14

HUMBLE PILCHARD BECOMES A BLUEBLOOD (article) — L. V. Kelly — 15

JUST TO BE SURE (short story) — Stephen Avery — 18
—Illustrated by T. Wyman Clarke.

THE KLOOTCH GIRL (short story) — N. de Bertrand Lugrin — 18
—Illustrated by Frank Johnston

Special Departments

REVIEW OF REVIEWS — 22

WIT WISDOM AND WHIMSICALITY — 24

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL—Indoor Gardening — Anon Elizabeth Wilson — 56

BUSINESS AND INVESTMENTS—
National Stock-taking Finds Business World Optimistic — J. Herbert Hodgins — 60
Financial Quarter — 62

MAYBE ADAM LAUGHED AT THESE — 63

IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE — 64

Women and Their Work

VARYING THE MENU WITH MEXICAN DISHES — Estelle C. MacPherson — 53

MACLEAN'S QUESTION BOX — Edwina Seton — 55

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada, Great Britain and most British Possessions, $2.00 per year. In United States and possessions, and in Mexico, $2.50 per year. In India, Australia and all foreign countries, Fifteen Shillings per year.

Single copies in Canada, Ten Cents. In Great Britain, One Shilling.

NOTE—If correct amount not remitted, we will bill for difference as we do not desire to offend in any manner.

Copyright, 1926, by the MacLean Publishing Company, Limited

All rights reserved

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE TORONTO 2 CANADA

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President.

H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President. — R. V. TYRRELL, General Manager.

THE MACLEAN COMPANY OF GREAT BRITAIN LIMITED

88 FLEET STREET E.C. LONDON ENGLAND

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southam Bldg., 1550 Metcalfe St. Winnipeg, 310 Confederation Life Bldg. New York, Room 1403, 52 St. James Bldg., 1123 Broadway, (corner 25th St.). Chicago, London Guarantee & Accident Bldg., 360 N. Michigan Blvd.



They Last Twice as Long as the Smaller Batteries of Equal Voltage

That is the fact which every radio owner who uses Eveready "B" Battery No. 770 learns after he has tried to economize by buying smaller 45 volt batteries.

It is estimated that fully 80 per cent. of all radio receivers have four or more tubes. All such sets require Heavy Duty Batteries, yet many radio owners try to economize by buying small size batteries which in the end cost from half to twice as much for the service they give.

On the same set and under similar conditions, Eveready Heavy Duty "B" Battery No. 770 will last twice as long as two sets of smaller batteries of equal voltage.

To get the maximum of "B" Battery life and satisfaction, follow these simple rules:

On 1 to 3 tubes—Use Eveready No. 772

On 4 or more tubes—Use the Heavy Duty "B" Battery No. 770.

On all but single tube sets—Use a "C" Battery.

When following these rules, the No. 772 on 1 to 3 tube sets will last for almost a year; and the No. 770, on sets of 4 or more tubes, for about eight months.

To establish a standard measure of "B" Battery life, we have taken the average year 'round use, which careful investigation shows to be two hours a day.

If you listen longer, of course, your batteries will have a somewhat shorter life. If you listen less, they will last just that much longer.

To learn more about the entire Eveready line, write for the pamphlet "Choosing and Using the Right Radio Batteries" which we will be glad to send you on request. There is an Eveready dealer nearby.



CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., LIMITED

Montreal · Toronto · Winnipeg

Warehouses

Toronto — Montreal — St. Boniface, Man.

"NOTE: A "C" Battery greatly increases the life of your "B" Batteries and gives a quality of reception unobtainable without it. To do sets may easily be changed to permit the use of a "C" Battery by any competent radio service man.

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
they last longer

—Owning and operating Radio Station CKNC (357 metres), Toronto, on the air Monday and Saturday evenings.



Enjoy the *charm* and *style* of custom-made furniture

at prices you can easily afford

IT isn't *how much you pay* but *how well you buy* that determines the kind of furniture you have.

For example: In a genuine Kroehler-made living room suite or davenport bed you will get beauty, comfort and latest styles. Your friends will *believe* it is custom-made. And why not? These stylish new Kroehler Suites have the custom look. They feel custom-built. The charm of color and fabric is there. The lines are obviously distinctive, modern, authoritative. And with the famous Kroehler Hidden Qualities, embodying many improved features of construction, this Kroehler-made furniture is made to *outlive* the average furniture by years and years.

Actually, the one outstanding difference between Kroehler Furniture and the strictly hand-built kind is—*the attractive price.*

You can buy a Kroehler Suite at most reasonable prices imaginable for such quality. These low prices are possible only because the Kroehler factories produce the largest volume of fine upholstered furniture of any one concern in the world. Materials are purchased in tremendous quantities at lowest cost. Most modern, scientific methods are employed. Thus, manufacturing costs are reduced to a low point—and our dealers' prices to you show it. If slow, costly, small studio methods were used these identical pieces would cost you many times as much.

Remember—any genuine Kroehler-made piece is *fine quality* furniture. The inside is as critically built as the outside.

Frames are of kiln-dried hardwood. Resilient, non-sagging seat springs are heavy, high-carbon wire of Premier quality, flexibly interlocked. Filling is *germ-cured* flax fiber, best moss and cotton. Seat cushions are filled with fine wire coil springs, padded with clean, white felted cotton. And, in the davenport beds, the folding bed frame is all-steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs

Your Kroehler dealer can show you a wide variety of coverings; silk damask, tapestry, mohair, velours, jacquard velours, frieze and moquette, leather or leatherwove.

You can buy Kroehler Living Room Suites or Davenport Beds for cash or on easy payments. Be sure the Kroehler name plate is on each piece.

* * *

Our book "Enjoyable Living Rooms"—illustrated—containing many modern, artistic living room arrangements, for all types of homes, will be sent *free* of charge. Address Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. *Factories at* Kankakee, Illinois; Bradley, Illinois; Naperville, Illinois; Binghamton, New York; Dallas, Texas; Los Angeles, California; San Francisco, California. *Canadian factory,* Stratford, Ontario.

KROEHLER

Living Room Furniture